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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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In next month's American Mercury:

(Ready January 25th)

UP FROM METHODISM

By Herbert Asbury

Mr. Asbury is a member of the family which gave Methodism to the Republic. His great-uncle was Bishop Francis Asbury. His relatives for four generations have been Methodist pastors and missionaries. In this remarkable article he tells how he revolted against the family faith, and why. A genuinely important contribution to American religious and cultural history.

Other things in the same number:

Above Paradise, a superb piece of charming foolery by James Branch Cabell.

Golden Wedding, a short story by Ruth Suckow.

Sales Resistance Stiffens, a study of unsound American business methods, by J. R. Sprague.

The Monroe Doctrine, a realistic account of its origin in English diplomatic trickery and its degradation to the uses of modern usury, by Charles C. Thach, of the Johns Hopkins.

Poe as Critic, by George E. DeMille.

And a dozen other articles, in addition to the regular departments, "Americana," "Clinical Notes," "The Theatre" and "The Library."

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BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

PUBLISHED *by* THOMAS SELTZER, *5 W. 50th St.*, NEW YORK

In 1924

NONE but the best books survive the season in which they are published. It has been the good fortune of the house of *Thomas Seltzer* to bring out in the season just closing many books which have the lasting quality of the really great in literature. Their reception by the critics, and their popularity in terms of sales, give proof that their fame will be even greater in 1925 than it is in 1924.

THE BOY IN THE BUSH, by *D. H. Lawrence* and *M. L. Skinner* ($2.50), has made more new admirers for *D. H. Lawrence* than any of his other novels with their hosts of readers. It is the story of a "black sheep" in the Australian bush, a vivid story full of movement and humor, written with the insight and the beauty of style which *Lawrence* commands in greater measure than any of his contemporaries.

"A boy in Mr. Lawrence's bush is worth two in any other writer's hand," says A. Donald Douglas in the *N. Y. Post*. "Mr. Lawrence has never wrought with more enchantment, more vivid and haunting magic."

John Macy, in the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"I nominate Mr. Lawrence as president, prime minister, of fiction in English. Why limit ourselves to English? So far as I know, modern Europe has nothing better to offer."

Lloyd Morris in *N. Y. Times*—"Mr. Lawrence has not only re-created an epoch; he has populated a continent."

SOME DO NOT, by *Ford Madox Ford* ($2.00)—This novel of society, glamorous in its romance, vitriolic in its realism, has created an immediate and universal sensation. "Vanity Fair in 1924," is the heading that *Stuart P. Sherman* gives to a long and wholly favorable review in the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

N. Y. Post—"Dwarfs most current fiction to negligibility. A masterful piece of writing . . . presents characters one would find difficult in matching from current fiction. Passages that fairly shake one's soul . . . Prose that any living author might envy."

Henry James Forman in *N. Y. Times*—"With a technique and a prose that have gone through the fires of a large knowledge and a deep experience, Mr. Ford achieves what is certainly one of the ablest of recent English novels."

THE JANITOR'S BOY, by *Nathalia Crane* ($1.50), is still holding its own as a best-seller in poetry. These lilting verses by an 11-year-old Brooklyn girl have captivated the whole nation. "An authentic literary phenomenon," says the *N. Y. Post*. Limited, Autographed edition on fine paper, $3.50.

THE CASK, by *Freeman Wills Crofts* ($2.00), is evidently the most expertly written detective story of the year. The reviews and scores of letters from delighted devotees of detective fiction attest it.

WHO WILL REMEMBER? by *Margaret Irwin* ($2.00), is as enchanting a romantic tale as has been published in many years. The eighteenth century and our own are mingled in it curiously.

THE RAINBOW, by *D. H. Lawrence* ($2.50), and THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS, by *George Douglas* ($2.00) are two books of enduring fame which have been reissued in attractive form and made popularly available. Their reception has amply proved the need for their re-issue.

For 1925

MANY books of importance are in preparation for the spring of 1925. A more complete announcement will appear in the next issue of *The Mercury*. Write to *Thomas Seltzer* for the Spring Announcement. Following are descriptions of four titles scheduled for early publication.

THE CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD, by *Ira S. Wile, M.D.*, vice-president, N. Y. Children's Welfare Federation, former Commissioner of Education of New York City. Fifty fascinating studies of children and their treatment. ($2.50)

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by *Marcel Proust*—The third part of Proust's great series, in two large volumes uniform with *Within a Budding Grove*. This part, like the previous parts, is complete in itself. (Probably $5.00.)

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY, by *Giovanni Verga*, ($2.00) translated by *D. H. Lawrence*—The most famous short novels of "Italy's greatest writer after Manzoni."

THE HOUNDED MAN, by *Francis Carco* ($2.00)—A masterly study of fear, the winner of the *Prix du Roman*. A novel of the "Hell's Kitchen" of Paris, written by one of the most interesting of modern French authors.

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher* — George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, *Editors*

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A List of Books illustrating the scope and richness of the biographies and records of personal experiences to be found among the Dutton publications.

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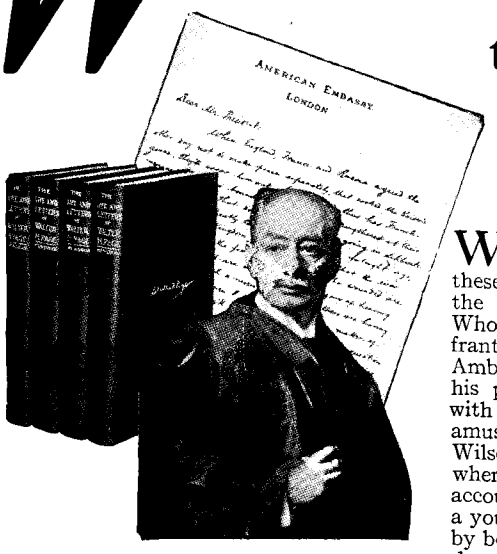

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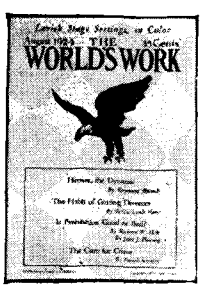

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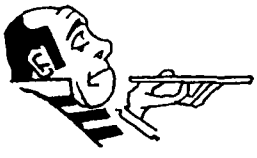

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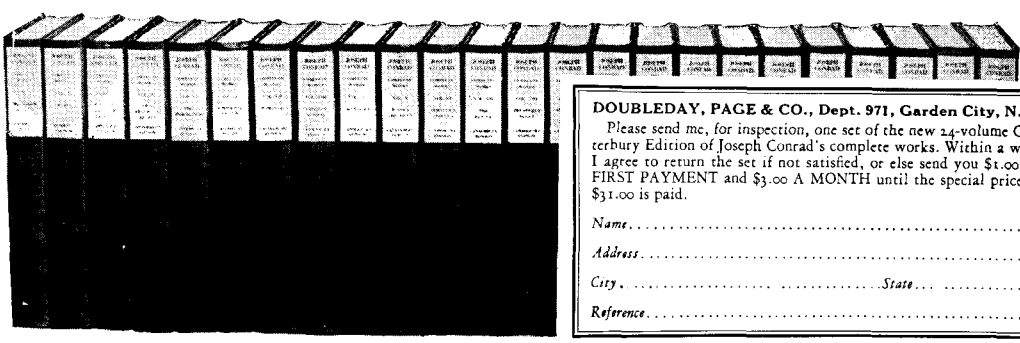

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THE MASTER MINDS

BY FRANK R. KENT

In this country the hopeful idea of those who established our political system and laid down the rules for the game was that there would emerge from it, as a governing class, the men best qualified by intellect and character to govern. Constant journalistic analysis of Congress, plus the frequency with which congressmen make public exhibitions of themselves, long ago destroyed popular belief in that theory, and has, in fact, implanted a pretty general conviction that it works the other way.

However, there are two great political delusions to which the American people and the American press still cling with apparently unshakable persistence. One is to the effect that politicians and political leaders are very smart fellows. The other is that in a presidential campaign the national headquarters are manned by astute and able men, whose main idea is to elect the ticket, and who are inspired by the utmost devotion to the cause and the candidate. The plain fact as to the first of these notions is that politicians are really no smarter than other men, but only somewhat more greedy. As to the second, no candid person who has had an opportunity to see things from the inside will deny that the absorbing thought of the great bulk of those at a national headquarters is simply to get on the payroll as early as possible, to stay there as long as possible, to do as little as possible, and to grab just as much as possible. The triumph of the ticket is, of course, considered desirable, but not vital. In the hour of defeat the hearts that are broken at headquarters are those that had planned a personal transfer from the party payroll to the public payroll. They do not suffer save for purely selfish reasons.

There is in these observations no desire to disparage the few genuinely fine and unselfish men who figure in every campaign and not only get nothing out of it for themselves, but make very real sacrifices in time and money. Nor is it intended to reflect upon the few paid but highly competent fellows who have their hearts in their jobs, and earn a lot more than they get. There are always some of these, but they are so few they do not even impart a flavor to the rest. Allowing everything for the notable exceptions in the ranks and conceding competency at the head, a national political headquarters remains the very finest example of inefficiency, the greatest conglomeration of bluff, bluster, buncombe, bribery, backbiting and blackmail that we have in the United States. That description applies to both parties and to all campaigns. It makes no difference whether they have much money or not much. The more money

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there is on tap and the larger and more elaborate the organization, the more accurate the description.

Presidential candidates are elected in spite of their campaign management, not because of it. In any campaign, if both national headquarters were closed down in the middle of the fight or, better still, if they were never opened at all, the candidates would not lose votes, but gain them. They would profit by the mistakes avoided and the money saved. For every person on the payroll who functions, there are twenty who merely draw their pay and clutter up the place. For every dollar effectively spent, a thousand are thrown to the birds. For every vote gained, two are lost.

These may seem extreme statements. Actually, they are not so at all. Any man who has seen this game from the inside will agree it is not an exaggeration to say that the pinnacle of petty pilfering is reached at a national headquarters. Instead of being directed by the able and astute, the place is packed with the stupid and greedy. Instead of helping the candidate and the cause, headquarters probably hurts and handicaps both in a hundred ways. At least, that is the logic of it. Actually, however—such are the illogicalities of politics—there is some reason to think that the squandering, plundering and blundering hurt no more—perhaps less—than would a rigidly honest, highly efficient organization, run under civil service rules. In politics, perhaps, it is extravagant to be economical and foolish to be wise.

All this does not mean that the chairman of the national committee and the directing heads of the campaign are necessarily bad men, or weak men, or foolish men. Sometimes, as in the last campaign, both chairmen are able, honest, highly respectable, personally efficient, and completely devoted to the interests of the heads of their tickets, and sometimes they work as hard as men can ever work under circumstances that violate all their notions of logic, reason and right. It does mean, however, that able and devoted chairmen are the exception and not the rule, and it further means that, even when you concede them ability, integrity and loyalty, the basic facts are not altered. No matter how big the chairman may be, the system into which he is thrown is bigger. He can neither make it over, change it, nor abandon it. He has to play the game as it always has been played, and there is no rule, save those which do not matter, that he can alter. It is easier for a bird to fly with a broken wing than it would be to run a national campaign with "business efficiency." The chairman may try to do it, but if he is sufficiently inexperienced to make the attempt seriously, he will certainly emerge with a bruised spirit. The whole thing is headed in just the opposite direction, and there is no way to turn it around.

II

The reason the public still cherishes the delusion that there are master minds in politics and that the men on the inside at headquarters are adroit, resourceful fellows, who work and scheme and plan and are full of secrets, subtleties, oily tricks and subterranean guile, is because it does not know the facts. The newspapers have never had time, opportunity, or incentive to pull the covers off headquarters management the way they have been pulled off a lot of other things—Congress for instance. During the campaign, everybody, including the newspapers, is lined up on one side or the other. The game then is to spread poison about the opposition candidate and party, and to vaccinate against the poison spread by the other side. No one has time to discuss the vast and sordid bluff put up at headquarters. Nine-tenths of the management of a presidential campaign consists in the swift and nervous collection of a great sum of money and the even more rapid and panicky distribution of the same. It requires, perhaps, a certain talent for stealth to do this successfully, but certainly no high order of intellect. The

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other tenth, which covers the bureaux, the boards, the strategy committees, the conclaves and conferences, is relatively unimportant.

Few outside observers ever get behind the portentous chairman and the paid publicity agents. They never know that the only real secret these men have is the very important one as to who is on the payroll and where the money goes—much darker data than those which show from where the money comes. There is no way and no reason to get at these things during the campaign, and, as soon as the election is over the payroll disappears. It vanishes into air. Everybody wants to forget it. No record of it is kept. The hundreds of big and little fellows who were on it have unostentatiously dropped off, and the roll itself has sunk out of sight, not to be revived for four more years. It is as completely hidden as are the exact amounts sent into the various States the week before election, and to whom. These are the real secrets of national politics—and the only ones.

A little reflection is enough to make clear the reasons why the national headquarters in a presidential campaign not only never function efficiently but are invariably centers of an indescribable chaos and bewilderment. The curious thing is that, if they were more efficient from the business point of view, they would probably be less efficient politically. The whole game is rigged to attract the greedy. The celerity with which the millions are collected and the equal speed with which they must be distributed draw the practical politicians as honey draws flies. They come running in from all parts of the country, their hands out in front of them. The collecting begins in July, and the total sum gathered in ranges from one to ten million dollars, according to the skill and daring of the collectors. It goes out just as quickly as it comes in, and when the campaign closes not a dollar, as a rule, is left over. To have a surplus might be efficient from the business point of view, but it would be horribly inefficient from the political.

If there were no other reasons, the swift and haphazard way in which the headquarters organization is formed, and the exceedingly temporary nature of its existence, would, in themselves, be sufficient to account for its inept and doddering nature. It is absurd to expect skill and force from a human machine that has to be assembled in four weeks and dies in four months. The brevity of the service makes it impossible to draw into it any but unattached persons, men and women without permanent places, or those whose permanent places are of so small moment they do not mind leaving them for the temporary excitement, high pay and glorious ease of campaign work. There are, of course, volunteers who come in because of their real devotion to candidate or cause, and there are also efficient and experienced holders of public office, seasoned by many campaigns, who come in as a matter of party duty, but the rank and file are invariably composed either of those who have no regular avocation, or those whose work and prospects are not sufficiently important to induce them to hold on to them.

Enough has been said to indicate the material from which the organization must be recruited. If that were all, it would be handicap enough. But the selection of the force must be determined, further, by purely political considerations—it not only is touched by politics, it is saturated with and steeped in politics, through and through. Few appointments to even the most insignificant places are made without a political recommendation. The party chairman has almost no freedom of choice whatever. He is unable to pick the most available material with which to build his human machine, even when the transient nature of his machine very greatly limits that material. If he is a Republican chairman, it would be fatal to have a Democrat appear on the payroll, no matter in what capacity. Equally deadly would

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it be to have a Republican on the Democratic roll.

This is the system, and it has been the system since presidential campaigns were first conducted from a central headquarters. It will continue to be the system so long as campaign funds are collected. There is no way to change it. There is a class of politicians which literally lives on campaign funds. The presidential years offer them their biggest opportunities, but the gap between one presidential campaign and another is bridged over by the local and State campaigns, in which there are also, and always will be, campaign funds. No election in this country, whether for President or for county clerk, is ever held without the raising and spending of a campaign fund. It is true that a certain amount of money is legitimately needed to reach the voters, but the amount needed is always an insignificant proportion of the amount raised. The great bulk of that amount in every campaign, whether it be for President or sheriff, is wasted. The great bulk of it never gets down into the precincts for which it was intended. The great bulk of it is grafted.

The idea of such campaign funds, of course, originated with the practical politicians. The habit of providing them is simply the business man's method of discharging his political obligations. There are two reasons why it is always possible for the politicians to raise them. One is that it somehow satisfies the political conscience of the business man to give money to the cause or candidate he favors, even if, as often happens, he gives it furtively and in defiance of the law. The second is that, regardless of whether they possess political consciences or not, most large givers to campaign funds, whether in national or State elections, cherish the belief that such gifts secure for them the good will of the political bosses and that, in proportion to their contributions, they achieve protection against attack. That the money raised is largely wasted or stolen means nothing to them.

III

In the course of generations, a belief in the necessity of campaign funds has become a settled conviction among the American people. This belief is now and always will be promoted by the politicians for their own purposes. An elaborate and expensive system of campaigning has been built up. Ways of spending money more or less legitimately, if uselessly, have been devised. Either through lack of reasoning power or because their interests dull their intelligence, the politicians who profit most from such funds are, themselves, sincerely convinced of their necessity. No one stops long enough to see clearly the complete humbug of the game. Many honest party leaders—and there are such—seriously contend that, unless enough money is provided, an efficient campaign cannot be made; that unless there are sample ballots, literature, slogans, advertisements, bureaux, and money to get the voters to the polls on election day, it is not possible to make a successful fight.

That is not true—or rather, it is true only because both sides do it. If both sides cut down their campaign activities and campaign funds nine-tenths, the voters would be better informed because less bewildered, just as many would come out, and the candidates would be better off. As I have said, most of the money collected goes into the pockets of the politicians and their friends, in one form or another; not one dollar in a hundred actually gets down into the local precincts for the purposes intended. Large campaign funds will be necessary only so long as they are permitted. The real sufferers from their abolition would be the State political machines, which obtain from them the bulk of their nourishment.

While campaign funds sometimes reach enormous proportions in mayoralty, gubernatorial and senatorial contests, the climax comes in the presidential campaigns. Then the money is reckoned by the millions, not by the thousands. From the moment it

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starts rolling in until the last dollar rolls out, the practical politicians in forty-eight States concentrate on the idea of getting their share. There are two ways in which they succeed, both considered entirely legitimate and essential to party success. One is by convincing the man who holds the purse strings that, in order to carry their particular State, it is necessary to put in their hands a definite (and usually large) sum. The second is by getting places on the party payroll for the four months of the campaign for as many of their political followers, friends and dependents as possible. From the day of his selection until the fight is over, the pressure is persistent and unrelenting on the unfortunate chairman. Most of his time is taken up in talking with men whose sole purpose is to get as much money as possible for their States, and whose game is to convince him that his ideas of what is necessary are entirely inadequate.

That is why he usually knows so little about the real situation, and why his judgment is generally so bad. He never gets anything but "dope." It is possible for him to compromise with some of these practical men, but in the end he must satisfy them. He can neither reject their judgment as to the necessity of putting money into their respective States, nor refuse to make places on the party payroll for those for whom they make personal demands. He may temporize and cut down, but he is bound to yield in the end. He cannot afford to offend such men, for they are the keys to the party machines in their States. If they "lie down" he may lose their States. More than any one of them, he is concerned primarily with the party's success. He can take no chances. He must make no influential enemies in his own house; he has enough to fight in the other. So he has to yield, and he does.

In the last campaign, a more or less distinguished statesman, about to start out on a three months' stumping tour, said to his party chairman words to this effect: "Of course, I don't want to be paid for speaking for my party. That would be repugnant to my whole nature. Naturally, you will pay my expenses, but I want nothing beyond that. However, in order to make this trip for you, I have had to cancel all my Chautauqua engagements. I had intended to make ten speeches, at $150 each, during these three weeks. I know you don't want me to lose any money, and I won't let you pay me a cent more than I would have made from those Chautauqua lectures." And the chairman, though extremely skeptical about the Chautauqua lectures, gave the statesman $1,000 for his expenses and $1,500 to cover his "losses."

Another party leader, about to start on a speaking tour, said to the chairman, after he had drawn his expense money: "You understand, I am not being paid for making this trip, and I really am making a considerable sacrifice in time and money. I don't want any money, but here is a little list of people in my State who are always taken care of around headquarters in a campaign. I will appreciate it if you will find places for them." And the chairman had to do it. How could he refuse? It might have meant that the State leader would get sore and lie down. Leaders have been known to do that sort of thing. On this particular gentleman's little list were his sister-in-law, the editor of a county paper in his State, his stenographer, and a couple of impecunious local politicians. They went on at salaries ranging from $30 a week up to $100.

There was another case of an important State leader who put a woman on the payroll at $150 a week and "expenses." The first week her expenses ran to $300. No one wanted her around. She was not needed, but it was impossible to deny the request of this leader that she be employed. He was too important. She did no real work, but she stayed. Still another instance: an influential politician had installed, at a large salary, the head of a bureau, because of the supposedly great influence wielded by this person with a certain class of voters.

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The pay was $250 a week and expenses. A secretary was provided. There was no real work to do. The appointment was made solely to placate an element that seemed slightly off the reservation. It was merely another case of the customary political blackmail, the ordinary hold-up. After a few weeks, the head of this bureau discovered that the head of another bureau had a messenger. An immediate demand for one was made on the chairman. The chairman pointed out that a messenger was entirely unnecessary and asked why one was wanted. The reply, in effect, was this: "You have a messenger. She has a messenger. I want a messenger, and unless I get one I will quit, and tell our people just how you treat us here at headquarters." The messenger was granted.

Henry Simpkins was put on the payroll at $135 a month. One week later, a note came down to the chairman from the bureau head: "I have promoted Henry Simpkins from messenger at $135 a month to file clerk at $250 a month." And the chairman had to stand for it. He swore, but there was nothing for him to do. He could not take the chance of offending a person so influential with so large a class of voters,—particularly as this particular person would have very probably transferred himself promptly to the other party payroll.

IV

These are not isolated instances; they are typical. As I have said, there are, of course, a number of earnest, capable, devoted people at headquarters beside the chairman,—men and women of his own personal selection, and without whom he could not stand the strain of four months' collecting and distributing. But the great majority of them are simply boll weevils, —machine hangers-on and political incompetents. One exasperated man, in the middle of the last campaign, burst out with, "They load us up with the riff-raff in their districts and then go out and wonder why the committee doesn't function." It is an actual fact that, in that campaign, one political leader,—and he an ex-chairman, too,—gave no less than three hundred letters of recommendation to persons seeking to land on the payroll. Not many got on through these form letters, and he knew they would not, but their presentation certainly helped make life unpleasant for the chairman.

The salaries paid range all the way from $30 a week to $300 and "expenses." Not infrequently the "expenses" amount to much more than the salary. They include living in suites at the best hotels, giving dinners and parties, and enjoying life generally. Party payrolls in national campaigns have sometimes gone as high as $80,000 a week, and not often has there been one that went below $15,000. No one ever sees the payroll save the treasurer and the chairman. It is the most deeply hidden of all headquarters secrets, and after the election it is destroyed. Everybody is interested, of course, in seeing that it is—those who are on it as well as those who put them on. It is never produced before investigating committees. It is never asked for. It would be almost as interesting,—perhaps more so,—than the list of contributors. It would certainly be instructive to the contributors to see who gets the money they give.

Naturally and inevitably, this method of choosing the men who are to man headquarters means waste of a lavish sort inside. Probably the prize example of what can be done in this respect is the story told by a man, unquestionably in a position to know, of $4,000 paid for a marching song composed in honor of a certain presidential candidate. The money for the march, it is declared, was actually paid, but if anyone ever heard the march during the campaign he has not yet been found. It is also vouched for that, in one campaign,—not the last one,—the long distance telephone bill for a single day at headquarters exceeded $1,000. This is not hard to believe, for in the last campaign persons employed in the publicity depart-

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ment in one headquarters in Chicago called up friends in the opposing party headquarters in New York, and conversed for half hour periods, largely on the topic of where they could get a supply of liquor for a little reunion to be held when the campaign ended.

There is no way for the chairman to stop these things,—even if he wanted to. If he tried, he would have a far worse mess than he has now. Actually, the party treasury leaks like a sieve. And why not? The whole idea of collecting a great fund is to spread it around. The purpose is not to invest the money, but to spend it—and the time in which it must be spent is short. It may be a hard job to collect seven or eight million dollars in four months, but it would be far harder to spend it wisely. Obviously, it would be the height of folly for the chairman not to spend all of it. Suppose he held back part, and then lost the election? He would be buried under an avalanche of blame. There is no reason for him to be saving. The money is given to be spent in the one campaign, and the people who give it do not care a straw who gets it or what is done with it. No return is expected or required. No accounting is made. To spend it all, much of it has to be wasted and much given to incompetent and unworthy persons.

The interesting thing is that all this waste and inefficiency are really not as wasteful and inefficient, at bottom, as they look. If campaigns were commercial enterprises it would, of course, be heartbreaking, but, since they are political enterprises, waste and inefficiency are natural to them, and get results. That seems a paradox, but it is not far from the truth. It is certainly true that any national chairman who attempted to enforce business methods and economy straight down the line would score a most tremendous failure. He probably would not last, indeed, through the campaign. For, aside from the publicity and propaganda output, the one function of campaign management is to secure coöperation from the party machines in the different States, and you can't do this by making them live up to business standards. You can do it only by conducting the campaign in the same old way, by letting them participate in the spending of the millions, by utilizing the money to take care of those who, while useless and incompetent enough about headquarters, are useful and competent in the local precincts, or who have friends who are.

Business inefficiency is thus political efficiency. If campaigns were organized on any other basis, the practical politicians would take no interest in them. If men had to be appointed on their merits and earn what they get, headquarters would be largely deserted. Moreover, no such men are available for a four months' job. If there were no chance to reward camp-followers with well-paid posts requiring no work, if there were no chance to participate in the distribution of the spoils, if there were no opportunity to hand out favors, contracts, advertising, and money to the Muldoons, the political machines in the several States would be undernourished and enfeebled and the workers disheartened and discouraged. Eliminate the easy money and you take the heart out of the organization. Through generations of campaigns, both sides have got so used to easy and profitable participation in the loot that any chairman who refused to put more people on the payroll than were needed to do the work, or who picked his men because they could and would work, or who refused to put into a State more than the sum which, in his judgment, could be effectively used,—any such chairman as this,—and there has never been one yet,—would unquestionably kill his candidate. He would make such bitter and powerful enemies within his own party that they would do him infinitely more damage than those in the other party. No surer way of "souring" the party machines could be devised. And in the long run it is always these State and city machines that have to get the party vote to the polls. If they lie down you are lost.

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Probably the thing that would hurt more than anything else would be to cut down the money put into the hands of the State bosses to the bare amount necessary to satisfy immediate machine cravings, thus giving the leaders no opportunity to hold out a slice for use in the following local fight, in which they have a closer and more personal interest.

V

It is a system,—this under which campaign funds are expended,—nearly a century old. It is next to impossible to alter it, though it is nine-tenths bluff, bluster, and humbug. If neither party had any money or management, neither country, candidates nor cause would suffer. The most that can be legitimately and efficiently spent is about one-tenth as much as is actually spent. That much, perhaps, is necessary in order to keep the party organization alive. More is necessary to any party only when the other party has more.

As the years go by the system strengthens instead of weakens. Campaigns become more and more elaborate. New ways of spending money are found—for example, on moving pictures and the radio. More money and more men are needed. The scale is thus larger, but the basic idea behind the campaign funds remains unchanged through the years. The waste cannot be helped. There is no way out of it. It is politics. If it were efficient, it would not be politics. If it were pure it would not be politics. If politicians spent all they get, instead of salting it down, if there were no petty plundering, it would not be politics; it would be something else. Politics is run now just as it was in the days of A. P. Gorman and Mark Hanna. Progress has been made in everything else, but not in political management. Not a new trick has been learned in a quarter of a century.

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THE WORTHLESS WOMAN TRIUMPHS

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

A STRIKING aspect of Dr. Gina Lombroso's anti-feminist work, "The Soul of Woman," is her calm and insistent assumption of the preference of men for worthless and inferior women. There is no bitterness whatever in her attitude in relation to this alleged preference; no vituperation, no sarcasm; nothing except a little regret. "Man's blindness to woman's real merit," she writes, "is one of the things that prevent intelligent and good women from having as much influence on men as vulgar and coarse women. It is one of the reasons why the woman whose self-control is as great as her intelligence . . . remains practically undiscoverable, or rather unseen by men. This is because she does not exert the perverse power of fascination of the common woman, who displays her charm to one and all, who paints her character as she paints her face." And in the same unruffled spirit she continues: "Men will admire, even as a woman would, the young girl who throws herself into the water to save her little brother; they will give great praise to one who has sacrificed everything to devote herself to her sick father; they will take an interest in the great literary problems raised by a woman; they will admire, if it be the case, her artistic talent; but none of them will feel his heart beat for one of these heroines; not one will feel himself urged to commit any folly for her, as he would do for some marvellous beauty who has been described to him, or for some simple film actress." And then, a little sadly, she concludes: "No thinking person can help regretting man's fondness for the least desirable type of woman."

I fancy that ten thousand denials would not move Dr. Lombroso from her attitude of calm assurance; and should her opponents challenge her to produce her evidence, she would probably ask them to consult their history books. Were she a little malicious—which she obviously is not—she would also possibly request the men among her opponents to search their own hearts to find out whether or not she is wrong.

The men might lie—and probably would; but history remains; and the Aspasias, Cleopatras, Bianca Capellos, Mary Stuarts, Ninon de l'Encloses, Emma Hamiltons, and Lady Blessingtons of life have formed such monstrous regiments of women who were well loved of men that Dr. Lombroso would apparently find little need to retreat from her position. For these women, who were a few at the head of enormous numbers who have flourished (and still do) in the utmost profusion in all places and at all times, were not merely heroines of romance, sought after by men and beloved by them; they were something very much more than this. They were successful women. That is to say that, judged by the standards of the modern young and ambitious woman, they succeeded in obtaining from life all that she is determined to obtain for herself if she has any luck whatever.

I do not mean, of course, that, judged historically, the careers of Cleopatra or the Queen of Scots were successful. They were extremely unsuccessful. But as women they were successful, for they and all the others mentioned were able at the zenith of their power to obtain from life all that the young and the romantic (and perhaps the

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old and the cold also in their inmost hearts) believe to be most worth while. Passionate love, extraordinary devotion, luxury, gaiety, wealth were theirs; and that they did not always preserve them to the end does not alter the fact that they did once possess them—which is a great deal more than Dr. Lombroso's women of "real merit" can always claim to have done.

Of course, one may belittle the success of these light women by belittling love, devotion, wealth, gaiety and luxury, and asserting that all these things do not constitute real happiness and success. Perhaps, indeed, they do not; but in the eyes of youth they do, and in view of the drift of this article, I lay much emphasis on the opinions and convictions of youth.

II

Picture to yourself the normal modern girl who has had a good education and is ambitious to do well for herself. What does she want from life? In the first place, she wants romance; in the second, she wants pleasure and excitement, in the third, she has what almost amounts to a mania for adorning herself, and she demands money with which to gratify it. It is absurd to say that this is an over-colored picture of the modern girl. It is nothing of the sort. Is it then to be believed for one moment that the careers of the eminent women of merit of the world—of the Elizabeth Frys, the Lucy Stones, the Florence Nightingales — all women of indubitable moral superiority—can satisfy the aspirations of the modern, high-spirited young woman, overflowing with vitality and eager to rush forward and meet life? And were you to ask her if she would not prefer to be an Edith Cavell rather than an Emma Hamilton, I am afraid that I should be inclined to suspect her of gross hypocrisy if she answered yes. It would be of little use to point out to her that to the one woman statues have been raised, that this woman is henceforth and forever a heroine of England, while that other woman died a poor outcast in Calais, spurned by her country. The answer of the modern young woman will be an unanswerable one: "Yes," she will say, "but which of the two got more out of life? *I* want the admiration of men while I live and not after I am dead."

Now, this attitude of the modern young woman may be an extremely reprehensible one; but it is human nature. It is human nature that a high-spirited girl should be more attracted by the career of a Diane de Poitiers or a Nell Gwyn than by that of an Elizabeth Fry or a Lucy Stone. One cannot help suspecting that there are many things about human nature which the rigid moralists would much like to see changed; but until they *are* changed, the best thing to do is to face the facts of life, and one of the most overwhelming facts is the craving of young women for love, luxury, money and gaiety—a craving more acute today than ever it was before.

These modern young women are pouring out of the colleges by the thousand. They have studied history and have read biographies. Is it to be supposed for one instant that they have not remarked that what are conventionally known as immoral or at least worthless women have contrived to get for themselves for some part of their lives and frequently, indeed, for the greater span of their lives, all that these girls themselves believe to be the things that count most? And what use is it to tell them that probably the good and serious people of her day did not greatly "respect" Cleopatra; that many women cut Ninon de l'Enclos; that the British Government disapproved heartily of Lady Hamilton? The answer of our young women will be that with Marc Anthony for a slave, cuts from the respectable people were of little account; that Ninon de l'Enclos was beloved by an extraordinary number of the best-known men of her day, not one of whom ever tired of her before she herself first grew tired of him; that Lady Hamilton began life as a servant girl, had a lurid past, but nevertheless succeeded in making an ambassador marry her and the greatest

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hero of the day grovel at her feet. Such facts, our young women will point out, simply speak for themselves.

Thus the modern, highly educated young woman emerges from her college to face a life that, so far as women and morality are concerned, she quickly perceives to be run in practice very differently from the precepts of the theoretical system which have been dinned into her ears at home, at church, at school and in college. The precepts of the theoretical system inform her that there is nothing but tears and despair, darkness and oblivion, social ostracism in this world and hell in the next for the woman transgressor; that the woman transgressor is a subject of mockery and contempt to all. And the same precepts inform her that men seek out only good women—nothing but good women, and prize them far above rubies!

But it is quite notorious and everywhere admitted that the women who have imposed themselves on history, for whom the limelight of the world has been mostly reserved and who have seized the imagination of posterity, have seldom been immaculately "good." This fact the modern girl is well aware of. She is also aware that in history men appear always to have shown an amorous preference for precisely the women that her theoretical system has taught her to dislike and despise. What, then, is the reaction of the modern girl, on finding that the precepts of her theoretical system and the facts as she has gleaned from the study of history do not square?

An intelligent girl will direct her powers of observation to the life of our own day. Many have done so and have told me of the result of their investigations. Avid newspaper reading and some discreet ferreting amongst acquaintances have worked wonders, it appears, in pushing the modern young woman away from her support of the theoretical system. For she finds that everywhere the facts endorse the accuracy of her historical and biographical studies and of Dr. Gina Lombroso's strictures on the male sex. Millionaires do not seem to prefer the modest violet. Actresses whose lives have been composed of a succession of scandals exhibit an unholy facility for capturing rich and distinguished husbands. Peers with historic names marry chorus girls whose amours have not even been discreet. Adventuresses and divorcées have little difficulty in marrying men of substance. Pretty and fascinating women, in a word, no matter how smirched their records, for some reason or other appear to stand a better chance in the matrimonial market than an equally pretty woman handicapped by her "merit."

And what is worse, our modern young woman sees that an enormous proportion of the mature and middle-aged women of her acquaintance, women whom she instinctively recognizes to be women of merit, have been rejected of men and have slowly sunk into hopeless spinsterhood. Amongst her own college friends and acquaintances, on the other hand, she sees that it is the most "rapid" who marry quickest and marry richest. It is thus not very difficult to understand that she finally begins to believe that her elders and betters are conducting a conspiracy of lies in respect to the questions of marriage and morals. She admits readily enough that where the matter concerns merely a man's wife (after he has married her) or his sister, the theoretical system still holds good. So does Dr. Lombroso. Man, she says, is led "to expect from his wife and sisters manners and attitudes totally different from those which he likes in other women." But a young woman intelligent enough to conduct an investigation on her own account is not long at a loss to explain this seeming inconsistency. Wives and sisters, she argues in so many words, are part of a man's public background and personal environment; he naturally likes these to be comfortable and solid. A light and flighty woman may be the most fascinating creature in the whole world, but assuredly she is not comfortable—or solid. Male vanity, however, is so intense that a man will willingly marry a light woman,

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believing in all sincerity that the most faithless of women cannot but be faithful to him. Aubrey Tanqueray knew well what Paula was; but he felt that in giving himself, his name and position to her she was his for life. The explanation of the problem is not difficult once one has grasped the magnitude of the vanity of men.

III

Is it then to be wondered at that the modern young woman should show a tendency to regard her elders and betters as something between liars and fools? Rivers of ink have flowed these last few years in printed discussions on the revolt of the modern girl; but of all the arguments that have been brought forward in her defence or for her prosecution, none, as far as I know, have ever even hinted that she may have discovered for herself the dual nature of the system which regulates the morals of women. It is true that there have been cries to the effect that a débutante is not popular unless she is "sporty," and that the modern young man does not want to dance with icebergs; and these are straws which serve to show in what direction the wind is blowing.

Nevertheless, convention, as opposed to both historical and modern evidence, obstinately refuses to acknowledge that much of what it teaches young women is completely falsified by facts. The result is that many of these young women have chosen and are choosing to base their lives on the teachings of experience rather than on those of theory.

I do not well see how convention is to combat the discoveries of the modern young women. Education has a fatal habit of opening eyes that before were closed; and the higher education of women has opened their eyes very wide indeed, and conferred on them very considerable powers in answering back. Thus when our conventionalists dwell on the miseries and poverty and loneliness in which worthless women so often end their lives, our young women calmly remind them that Aunt Elizabeth and Cousin Amelia, both of them models of virtue and propriety, also died poor and lonely and neglected; and that this, indeed, is the fate of a multitude of women whose merit can never be questioned for a moment. The sole difference between their end and that of the worthless women is that the sinful ladies in dying can at least look back on happiness, prosperity, success and romance. So many of the meritorious ladies can look back on nothing but long years of poverty.

Let us suppose, however, that we are now dealing with young women whose bent is the reverse of frivolous. That is to say, with that minority who do not crave to any noticeable extent for clothes, jewels, luxury, social pleasures and romantic adventures. There are some who do not. Not many, but still some. These are the young women who seek careers.

By career I do not mean writing a few short stories or articles, drawing advertisements for the draper's stores, contriving a serial for a ladies' magazine, or opening a hat-shop. I mean doing something that counts with the people who count. In this sense George Sand had a career; so did George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë; so did Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Adelina Patti, and Rosa Bonheur. And so have a large number of others whom there is no necessity to name. Now, our young investigator, as we have already seen, has read biography. She sees that just as the romantically successful women have been those who defied the rules of morality, so the professionally successful women have usually been those who threw conventionality to the winds and rose to fame in the arms of some man. Even the austere George Eliot was nothing but an assistant editor on a newspaper until, at the age of thirty-six, she became the mistress of George Henry Lewes, and it was Lewes who was responsible for turning her into a novelist. George Sand's love affairs were remarkably numerous; and so were Madame de Staël's.

Poor, plain, shy Charlotte Brontë fell

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madly in love with a Belgian schoolmaster, who was a married man and the father of five children. This love affair of hers has been hotly denied by her champions, but their valiant defence fell to the ground in the Autumn of 1914, when the same married man's son presented to the British Museum the letters of Charlotte to his father. Some were published in the London *Times*, and if they did not breathe love in every line, then it is difficult to know what a love letter is. I do not, of course, insinuate that Charlotte took M. Hégier away from his wife; she could not well have done so for the very simple reason that M. Hégier met the burning devotion of his ugly little pupil-teacher with the utmost indifference. But suppose that he had not been indifferent? Suppose that he had answered Charlotte's letters with similar ones and had experienced for her something of the same feelings that he had awakened in her? Would the author of the fiery "Jane Eyre" have had any more regard for the conventions than the much older and equally homely George Eliot?

Of the love affairs of many of our modern successful women one may not write. This will be done after they are dead, and for the moment they can only be gossiped about. Our modern young woman has heard of them. She, too, has an ambition to become a poetess, a novelist, a dramatist, a great tragic actress. She knows that Mr. Blank helped Miss Dash in her early days of struggle—helped her over that roughest part of the literary road when leisure to write was a burning necessity and money for board and lodging not less so. Our own young woman needs leisure, too, for her poems or her play; but she has her living to earn. She knows how Miss Blank solved the difficulty. Why should she shrink from doing what Miss Blank did?

If our young woman's ambitions lie in the direction of the stage, she finds that there even convention itself gives a grudging acquiescence to the unconventionality of the actress. And she sees that strangely enough, actresses, taken as a class, are the most admired, the most imitated, the most courted by men of any women. She ruminates that actresses are seldom old maids and that school-teachers, fulfilling in all ways the ideal of Dr. Lombroso, are oftener old maids than anything else.

A friend of mine, now a middle-aged woman, once told me that many years before, when she had started out on a career as a concert singer, she had received offers of help from a rich and influential man. But she had been brought up with strict and conventional ideas, and these offers she indignantly refused. "Now I know that I made a mistake when I refused that man," she said, "but the realization of my mistake came too late. I ought to have done as the rest of them do. It is quite useless for a singer to expect any great success unless she does accept this kind of thing. And now it's too late."

I think that there must be many women who harbor similar regrets; many who believe that the fact of their having from first to last been women of merit has brought them but small reward; and many who are convinced that the conventional teaching on the subject of love and morality is very far from being sincere. I do not believe that men are responsible for this lack of sincerity. On the whole they are very frank concerning their general taste in women; and almost any man will say that he could not tolerate the constant companionship of a saint. Possibly, from time immemorial it has been the plain and unattractive women who, unable to compete in love with the pretty women, have given themselves a special value by insisting that convention should laud them at the expense of the fairer and frailer specimens of their sex. And perhaps, indeed, it is most charitable that they should be allowed their halo. For highly as she rates these women of merit, Dr. Lombroso herself can demand nothing better for them than that men should at least allow them the *illusion* that they are loved—that men should at least *pretend* to find them attractive.

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WRECK

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

ELSIE didn't see the *Harvey Jones* go on the rocks because she was so mad at Charlie that she didn't care about watching freighters rolling about on the lake, even though Alec McFee, who was the cause of the present trouble, was on board. She was, if anything, rather glad when her sister Mame cried out the news from the front window. She thought it would serve Alec right to get a good scare.

"Elsie: it missed the channel! Come here quick!"

Elsie got out of her rocking chair by the fire with considerable effort—she was plumper than she used to be—and shuffled over to the window in her felt slippers. Mame had rubbed a clear circle out of the frost that encrusted the glass.

"Land's sake!" said Elsie.

She blinked at the *Harvey Jones* and then she giggled. Honestly, she couldn't help it. It was too funny to see that great big freighter lying crosswise in the shallow water, with the waves going over her. Guess it must have surprised them some to be picked up by the sea just when they thought they were safe in the ship canal, and carried clear over the pier, and dumped down on the rocks like a good-for-nothing piece of driftwood.

"Don't that beat all!" said Elsie, feeling cross again. "On Charlie's day off. Two wrecks on Charlie's day off."

It was bad enough, she ruminated, scratching idly at the frost on the window, to have a beau who was on the life saving crew, and tied down to hours and days, with a fool like Anderson to tell him what he could do and what he couldn't, without having wrecks to spoil your fun. Every time they planned anything . . . a wreck or an accident! Last Summer a girl had tipped over in a canoe and ruined their picnic. Charlie had spent three dandy moonlit hours dragging with grappling hooks. Nasty business! She had told him a thousand times to quit and take another job. Maybe now that he had had two wrecks in one day, he wouldn't have so much to say about its being an easy life. Just wait till he got back from Stony Point, or wherever it was those fishermen were in trouble, all wet and tired and hungry, and found the *Harvey Jones* pounding on the rocks. Say, wouldn't Charlie be sore! The very last week, too, before navigation closed for the Winter.

Mame took her green sweater out of the closet.

"You're crazy," said Elsie; "When you can see everything there is to see from here."

But Mame put it on, and her coat as well, though it was a tight fit. She also found an old cap of her husband's, with ear flaps, which she fastened with a safety-pin under her chin.

"Where's my mittens?"

"I wouldn't go out in that blizzard for a million dollars," said Elsie.

It did, indeed, nearly sweep Mame off her feet. She had to turn her back and make a wind-break of her shoulders in order to breathe. The white vapor she breathed in the cold was like a scarf blowing over her shoulder. With her head down, she edged along, sideways, toward the beach.

II

As Elsie had said, the *Harvey Jones* was in plain sight from the window. It looked

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like a projection from the pier, a black breakwater, deluged every minute by an enormous swell of brown water. Lordy, those waves were enough to scare anyone stiff! Thirty feet high, maybe forty, and everyone washed clear over the *Harvey Jones*. Alec McFee would get a good shower bath before night. Well, it wasn't any more than he deserved for trying to make trouble between her and Charlie. Alec McFee was no little tin saint himself that he should go about telling tales on her.

Perhaps Alec was one of those men she could just see in the stern. There didn't seem to be any place for them to go. They just stood there by the smoke-stack, flapping their arms and stamping their feet, and crouching to take the beating of each successive wave. Weren't they stupid not to make a dash for the bow and the pilot house where the others were evidently keeping warm and dry? Perfect geese.

My goodness, one of them did try it—the one in the bright red mackinaw! Just after one wave broke, he started running, only it was more like staggering and floundering than like running, but he slipped and was sprawling there on the deck when the next wave crashed down on him. For a minute it looked as if he would be washed overboard—the way the yellow water was rolling him around—but he caught hold of the rope at the side and hung on for dear life. Didn't get up to run, either, just hung there and let still another wave nearly drown him, until one of the boys ran out and dragged him back to the smoke-stack and leaned him up against it like a big rag doll. Crash! Down he went on his face under a ton of water. After a while he got up on all fours and staid like that. All in, probably.

"Gee, but I'm cold," said Elsie, Her toes were actually numb inside the felt slippers. She could feel the sharp cold blowing in around the edges of the window frame and under the door. Boo, but she did hate to be cold! So she dragged a rag rug over to the door, and folded it against the crack at the bottom, and poured a lot of coal from the scuttle into the top of the heater. It sizzled and crackled.

Tra la! She flopped into the rocking chair, pulling a pink shawl that hung over the back around her shoulders, and planting her felt slippers on the nickel plated foot rest, out of the draft.

Elsie yawned. She hadn't slept much because she was so mad at Charlie. He had looked as ugly as a thunder cloud when he had said he was coming up tonight. Very likely he intended to tell her all over again what Alec had whispered to him, and for all she knew he might take back that diamond ring. But Elsie was sure he'd never get as far as that. She knew him too well. He wouldn't stay mad if she laughed and teased him a little, without losing her temper, and fixed him good and comfortable by the stove, and—well, any girl knew how to make a man forget what he didn't mean to forget. He'd be teasing for a kiss in half an hour. So Elsie wasn't worrying any, but she was peeved at Charlie for believing it so easily. And now this darn wreck! No telling when Charlie would get off. And even then he'd be tired and snappy and not likely to listen to reason.

What under the sun was that? Sounded like a gun. Gosh! Elsie bounded to the window again, and had to rub a new peek hole in the frost. Oh, it was just the *Harvey Jones* breaking in the middle. It had popped like a gun and scared Elsie nearly to death. Yellow water gushed through the crack, which widened as the stern settled. Well boys, you'll wish you'd run for it now, thought Elsie.

Lots of people were down on the shore, curious people like Mame that always wanted to stick their noses into other folk's business. They must like to be cold, she said to herself, noticing how the wind bent them all in the same direction, like the trees in the picnic grove behind the house. The ground was a frozen white, the sky a low gray ceiling, frozen too, and the lake was coldest of all: it was mad, a

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freezing mad, flinging itself around on the rocks as if it had gone clear crazy.

All at once she saw the life savers running along in their shiny slickers with a big white life boat on its carriage and the funny little gun they used for the life lines on practice days. One of them, she knew, was Charlie.

Elsie decided that she had better go out after all, although it was a mean shame that she couldn't have Charlie in here by the fire. It would have been nice to sit here in the rocker, with Charlie sprawled on the floor, so that his yellow head rested in her lap. Nice and warm and drowsy. . . .

Elsie had a fur coat which she slipped on over her percale house dress, and a little tocque made out of her mother's old seal muff—real Alaska seal. The collar of the coat turned up to meet the hat, snugly. And she had a fat, padded muff for her hands. Elsie always had nice things; when she wanted more, she got a job keeping somebody's books. Just now she was taking life easy at Mame's, but when she and Charlie patched things up, well, she might go to work again so that she could have silk underclothes and silver for her wedding.

Elsie pouted while she pulled on her overshoes. Once Charlie had admired the smallness of her ankles. They were small, too, though her legs were chunky enough. . . . but she couldn't freeze for the sake of pleasing Charlie. Not in a northeaster like this.

She powdered carefully the very last thing, and broke off a thread that had raveled from the lining of her coat. All rightie, now; out we go!

III

Wow, what a wind! It whipped the snow in her face, snow that stung like grains of sand. Elsie was swept out of her course, this way and that. The cold blew up inside her clothes, under her hat, into the aching space behind her forehead.

And the sight of the *Harvey Jones* didn't make Elsie feel any warmer. Things looked a lot worse as she came close where she could see the dirty yellow ice plastered all over the deck houses and the spars, or whatever you called them, and hanging down in long, lumpy icicles. For some reason the dark water looked even colder than the ice—and the drenched and glittering deck looked more like the sluiceway of a dam down which the sea was sliding than a floor which could be walked on.

And those men in the stern! Five of them, and sakes alive! why that was Alec McFee in the red mackinaw. What do you know about that! And he came as near as that to being drowned right under her eyes. Yes, that was Alec, squatting on all fours in the water. She guessed he wouldn't have much to say when they pulled him in.

And such a noise! The lake was always noisy; Elsie got awfully tired of hearing it swush up and suck back night after night, even in calm weather, but this afternoon it was simply beside itself. You'd think it was out to break the rocks into splinters; it would gather itself up, and hold its breath for a second, and then it would crash down with an awful echoing roar all over the *Harvey Jones*. Not just once in a while, but every minute or less, maybe, as steady as a clock ticking out the time. It never missed a stroke.

Elsie saw Charlie a long way off—recognized him by the width of his back and the forward tilt of his head, although his slicker and hat were like all the other slickers and hats in the group where he stood. "Come on!" called Mame, arm in arm with a neighbor, but Elsie pretended not to hear. She didn't want them interfering. And Charlie saw her—oh yes, Charlie saw her, in spite of the fact that he was busy setting up the gun.

"Hello!" shouted Elsie. She had to get close to make him hear.

"Hello," sullenly, she could see.

"Tough luck," commiserated Elsie.

"My luck's always tough," growled Charlie, but he looked at her, and because

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she was smiling as if she liked him, he smiled too, a little.

"Gee, but I'm cold," said Elsie.

Charlie took her arm at that, roughly, as she liked him to take it, and pulled her toward the bonfire some men were building on the rocks. "Get yourself warm, kid, and stick around."

So Elsie, smiling to herself, stuck around. Dusk was upon them, but she didn't mind. She liked night better than day any time, especially in a crowd, with bonfires burning.

The life line went out with a whizzing sound. Shucks! Anderson had aimed too low. Elsie circled the bonfire to tease Charlie about it. "You're a great bunch of life savers, you are!"

"Look out." One of the men jostled her impatiently. "Stand back, everybody."

Elsie stood back, just a little, in time to see the second line strike fairly on the after deck, and the clumsy bearlike figures lunge out feebly before the wave swept it down on the rocks. Charlie stepped up again while it was being pulled back. "See your friend Alec?" His voice was hoarse, and he spat manfully in the snow.

"He's getting his," said Elsie, tossing her head high.

Zip, out went the line, and was caught this time, squarely, and fastened to something or other. For a minute everything looked fine, until the next wave thundered down. Snapped, would you believe it? borne down and cut on a rock, as like as not. Anyway, gone.

Well, they could shoot another, dozens of them . . . all the life lines on the Great Lakes . . . just give them time. Elsie couldn't see all that happened because it was growing darker all the while, but she knew that every single one they caught snapped—like that! And each failure was accompanied by a groan from the crowd, all together, like fans at a ball game.

"We've got to wait for the wind to die down," said Anderson, at last, "And for daylight."

Elsie intercepted Charlie as he passed. "I bet Alec McFee's on his knees, taking back some of his lies."

"Lies, eh?" repeated Charlie. But he was forgiving enough to borrow her muff to warm his hands. Elsie jumped at the touch of them, wet and cold as melting ice.

"You poor baby," she cried.

A man in a fur lined overcoat tapped Charlie on the shoulder, yelling even louder than was necessary. "What's the matter with you fellows? Got your boat, haven't you?"

"Say," returned Charlie, "If you want to take a little pleasure trip in that boat, go ahead; don't mind me; but you'd live just about one minute in that sea. Good night!"

Well, it was true enough. Even Elsie could see the jagged points of rock when the undertow sucked the water away. Over by the ship, the currents, meeting as they rushed around the two ends and down in a cataract through the middle, were swirling in two awful circles that would have spun a boat till it stood on end. Elsie laughed.

"Thinks you're a whale, Charlie."

Other men began asking the same question that the man in the fur lined overcoat had asked. Some of them even wanted to go, and tramped around on the ice coated rocks looking for a place to launch a boat until they were stopped by Anderson and the ship's owners, who kept insisting they had troubles enough already.

So instead, more bonfires were built to cheer the men, keep their courage up . . . they went around saying that as they dug driftwood out of the snow . . ."Keep the poor chaps' courage up . . ." The red glare made queer pictures on the under side of the waves and on the dripping decks. Spooky, Elsie thought. The five men didn't move about much now, or flap their arms or stamp their feet, just crouched as if they didn't care what happened.

Presently a man girdled with a white life

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belt opened the door of the pilot house up in front, and stepped out between waves. Before he had to run back, he yelled something through a megaphone about "Help . . . for God's sake . . . freezing. . . ." The people on the shore began to clamor. Elsie saw two women crying.

IV

It was then that Elsie had a real inspiration. Coffee! She trudged through the snow all the way to Mame's house and back again, fighting the wind, to get the big pot they used on picnics, and Mame's coffee canister, and cups enough for all the lifesavers. Charlie scooped up snow, and before anybody saw what they were up to, the coffee was boiling. Anderson, who had never liked her, wouldn't take any, but the others were tickled to death. Anderson walked up and down in the edge of the water, with the spray going all over him, and snorted when spoken to.

"Is he going to keep you out all night?" Elsie asked Charlie as she filled his cup for the fourth time.

"Looks that way, though it ain't my idea of a circus."

"I bet you're dead tired, Charlie. Can't you quit long enough to get your breath?"

Charlie looked at her hard. Then he set down his cup in the snow, and led Elsie to one side. Anderson wasn't watching, so they moved farther, and finally scrambled up a snow bank, and ducked down on the far side behind a clump of cedars. No one was there because the cedars cut off the view of the *Harvey Jones*. But it was warm, or almost warm, out of the wind, and as nice as could be . . . quiet, too, even the booming of the waves deadened by the snow-bank.

Charlie sat in the snow, opened up his slicker, and spread out one side for her to sit on.

"Look a here," he said, "I want you to tell me straight about this story of Alec's. Is it true, or ain't it?"

Elsie hesitated just an instant. Then she laughed, the way you laugh at a good joke on somebody else.

"You great big baby," she cried, "Of course it wasn't true. Everybody but you knew it was a lie . . . jealous old thing, you." She poked her forefinger under Charlie's chin and made him look at her.

Charlie let out his breath, smiled in a silly fashion, and began to kiss her. His arms were so strong he nearly squeezed the wind out of her.

"You've sure got me going, kid," said Charlie. "You're one sweet girl."

While Elsie rubbed his hands inside her muff, they talked about getting married.

"And a job," begged Elsie, "You'll get another job?"

"Sure thing."

Elsie was fooling with his fingers . . . one, two, three, four, five . . . this little pig went to market . . . ouch! No fair tickling. She was thinking about going to work for a month or so, and about the flesh colored crêpe-de-chine she would buy for her underclothes . . . with just a touch of black hemstitching . . . chiffon hose, the very best . . . and a velvet dress, a midnight blue velvet dress. Charlie gave forth a terrible sigh.

It was totally dark now, except for the flickering reflection of the bonfire. Elsie yawned: she was beginning to feel stiff from sitting so long in the snow.

"Isn't that some one calling you, Charlie?"

"Lord, it's Anderson. Let me go," Charlie said in a panicky voice.

What Anderson wanted, it developed, was pick axes.

"What for?" demanded Elsie.

Charlie smiled, kind of funny. "To chop the boys out," he explained, watching Elsie to note the effect of his words. "They'll be a row of icebergs by morning."

Elsie stared at him. His face was a grotesque red and black in the light of the bonfire. The shadow of his nose lay wide and sinister on his ruddy cheek. In spite of herself, she began to shiver.

The long, diverging ray of a search light

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swung out suddenly from the dark, wandered jerkily across the soft and heavy sky, stroked the rolling surface of the water, paused on the ice-trimmed pilot-house of the *Harvey Jones* just long enough to catch the beating of arms and the lifting of heads within, and became transfixed, as if with horror, on the sleek and slippery stern of her. Five dark lumps were huddled under the smoke-stack, shapeless lumps, a horrid, dirty yellow. A shudder ran like an electric current along the shore. The awful crashing descent of a wave washed them out for an instant, then revealed them again, undisturbed. Five bowed heads, five clumsy, crouching bodies glistened under the search light. Nothing human about them. They were part of the ship, and the ship was part of the furnishing of the sea, like the rocks which held her. Wave after wave after wave fell upon them.

Elsie was seized with a panic. Her legs seemed on the point of dissolving and letting her warm body down in the snow. "Gosh!" she said, "Charlie!"

He came up suddenly, with two pick-axes in his hand, and she clutched him. Once before, on a Ferris wheel, at the Fair, Elsie had been scared, and Charlie had laughed at her just as he was laughing now. You couldn't scare Charlie.

"What's the matter?" he shouted jovially. "You wanted me to change jobs, didn't you? Well, what's the matter with the ice business, eh?"

"Ugh," said Elsie, pretending to slap him. "Aren't you horrid?"

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OLD DAYS ON THE WORLD

BY WALT McDOUGALL

SOMETIME in the eighties there appeared in my room in the rickety old *World* Building in Park Row an ancient and very seedy man who startled me by exhibiting copies of a paper called the *World*, published some fifty years before. These contained woodcuts, small but of good quality, portraying Bowery and Baxter Street types, firemen, gamblers and the like, and my visitor was the artist who had made the drawings away back in the thirties. I admit with shame that I have forgotten his name. His advent was rather disconcerting, for it disposed of the proud claim that the *World* of Joseph Pulitzer was the first newspaper in America to print news pictures. However, it was decided to reprint some of his old drawings for their antiquarian value. Moreover, they were purely academic studies of characters about town and not really news pictures, of which the *World* still held a monopoly. So we published the old man's story in the Sunday paper.

He then desired a job, but he was turned down on the score of his extreme senility, for he was sixty-seven years old, although still active and bright. It seemed to our editorial staff, of which at twenty-seven I was the youngest member, that the burden of threescore years and seven would of itself disqualify even a clever artist. Today, when many of the *World's* old force are nearing this extreme old age, an entirely different opinion probably prevails in the office, and I myself, at sixty-six, am convinced that the ancient yet eager Rip Van Winkle would have been quite as serviceable in our embryo art department as, later, were Archie Gunn, Valerian Gribayedoff, Dan Smith, Pruett Share, Dan McCarthy or George Folsom, to mention but a few who gained renown by decorating the *World's* pages, not excepting my humble self.

News pictures and cartoons in daily journalism were in 1884 novelties to which the striking success of the once moribund *World* was by most newspaper men ascribed. They were actually the result of pure ignorance and sheer luck combined. It happened in this wise: I had been selling occasional comic sketches and cartoons to *Puck*, *Judge*, *Harper's Weekly* and Murat Halstead's new paper, the *Extra*, and one day in June, 1884, I came over to New York from my Newark home to find that a rather ambitious cartoon of James G. Blaine was unacceptable to *Puck*. As I was on my way to the ball game that afternoon the notion of carrying the rejected roll of cardboard with me was very distasteful, and yet I hated to throw it into the gutter. The wild thought of offering it to the *Sun*, as it was Democratic in tendency, came to me. Some months before I'd had the rare luck to have published in the *Sun* a signed story on the manufacture of artificial eggs in Newark, and its editor, Amos Cummings, a genial and at the same time a very capable man, had complimented me thereon. So I now felt courageous enough to venture to offer my picture to him and to urge him to invade a virgin field by printing it. I was resolved, indeed, to make him a free present, if necessary, of my burden. But as I passed the ramshackle old Western Union Building, then occupied by the *World*, a sudden impulse led me to submit the cartoon to the new-

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comers from the West who had recently purchased that decadent sheet. I invaded the dingy counting-room, found the twenty-two caliber elevator in the rear—and then my courage oozed away. The idea of offering a cartoon to a daily paper seemed so utterly absurd that I thrust the cardboard roll into the hand of the elevator boy—who afterward became a star reporter, by the way—and stammered, "Give that to the editor and tell him he can have it if he wants it."

Then I went to the ball game and forgot the cares, the hunger and the thirst of a poor artist who tried to sell a picture once a month to a funny paper.

The next day I received a telegram from Joseph Pulitzer (I have it still) asking me to come to the *World* office at once. I had been doing desultory newspaper work for some years during dull periods in my trade of engraving and I knew this meant something of vast import—at least to me. I was thrilled and excited and on buying a *World* I was lifted to the highest altitudes, for I found my cartoon, five columns wide, printed on the front page. I took the next train for New York. Knowing nearly nothing about photo-engraving at that time, the editors had found that the drawing fitted into just five columns, and they therefore ordered it made accordingly, not aware that it could have been reduced by the engraver to any desired size.

When I appeared before Joseph Pulitzer in his office at the left of the dingy barn he shook hands most cordially, swept me with his big brown eyes and took me into Colonel Cockerill's room. There he said, in a hearty and enthusiastic tone, "We've found the fellow who can make pictures for newspapers! Young man, we printed the entire edition of thirty thousand copies of the *World* without stopping the press to clean the cut and that has never happened in this country before!"

I did not tell him that the cartoon looked like the crab's eyebrows, without proper reduction to refine its coarse lines. In much less than half an hour I found myself on the *World* editorial staff with a "studio" of my own and a salary of fifty dollars a week—an enormous sum at that time. There I remained for sixteen years.

II

It is almost impossible now to make clear the bitter disfavor and scorn in which the *World* of Jay Gould and Manton Marble was held by persons of refinement and Republican principles at that time. Its copperhead record, its vulgar, coarse methods and Tammany principles had long since reduced it to the condition of a pariah, a slinking mangy outcast prowling in the gutters. Of this public disesteem Pulitzer and Cockerill were scarcely aware—or at all events, they disregarded it—when they acquired what was considered by the Park Row fraternity to be the largest white elephant in captivity. My mother was profoundly agitated and disgusted when I returned home and announced that I was working for the disreputable and offensive *World*. She would never refer to J. P. otherwise than as Mister Pollutzer, believing that he had led me astray from the straight and narrow Republican path. Politics at that period was akin to religion; a vote-splitter was a treacherous turncoat and one who rarely confessed his treason. But I was publicly advertising my own baseness. My father-in-law, the boss of North Newark, who had made me a clerk of election, was highly incensed at my perfidy. But when he learned what my salary was he was filled with a sudden and sincere respect, mixed with admiration, that lasted all his life.

The other papers soon imitated us, but they employed better artists than myself and my youthful confreres—men such as C. J. Taylor, Baron de Grimm, Thulstrup, C. D. Bush, John Hyde, and Eddie Kemble. These men, however, were far too artistic for the class to which newspapers appeal and they rarely made real news pictures. For about two years, indeed, I had practi-

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cally a monopoly in that field, and I also held the field of cartooning almost alone, not only on the *World* but in an outside trade with other papers. This continued until cartoonists grew up to meet the new demand.

Such events as the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, Odlum's fatal jump from the same, Grant's funeral, the Park Place and the Buddensick disasters, the electrocution of Gibbs—the first man killed by an electric wire, right before my window!—Edison's public tryout of his gramophone, the first yacht races, the Charleston earthquake, the blowing up of Hell Gate, the installation of the cable cars, and like picturesque happenings had to be sketched because the "instantaneous" camera, as it was called, was not yet perfected for fast work and all photographs had to be converted, anyhow, into line drawings in ink before being engraved, for the half-tone process was not as yet applicable to newspaper printing. I therefore led a busy life, no question.

Mr. Pulitzer presented me, in 1885, I think, with one of the first of these "instantaneous" cameras, in a case resembling those carried by physicians. It was elegant, but, as a practicable camera, almost a total loss. It cost sixty dollars, but it could not do the work of an eighty-cent Brownie of today. As soon as I had mastered its intricacies—an easy task, for I had been brought up in my father's photograph gallery—I loaded a holder with two plates from a fresh dozen of specially fast quality—with a speed, perhaps, of a twenty-fifth of a second,—and my first shot was at a horse and buggy hitched at the curb, with the Post Office in the background. Then I rushed back to my improvised dark-room, a closet in my office.

The developed negative revealed a double exposure, one of the earliest and most startling of its kind. The horse showed up plainly, with the Post Office in the rear, but in place of the buggy there was revealed a bare-legged woman seated on a short columnar pedestal! The resulting print caused great excitement and speculation in the *World* office and in that of the *Photographic Times*. It seemed to have a flavor of the miraculous—and it permanently ruined my reputation for morality and veracity. I was then one of those pink-cheeked, easy-blushing, timid souls, looking many years younger than my age, and incredibly innocent and unsophisticated, as anybody who can remember that far back will attest. But I was surrounded by tough, hard-boiled vultures of forty, such as Col. Cockerill, Sam Moffatt, Nym Crinkle, Joseph Howard, Jr., Captain Coffin, Dud Levigne and Jeremiah Curtin, and these sin-seared veterans were only too glad to make the vilest insinuations in order to bring the blush of innocence to my cheeks.

Indeed, several years afterward, on my turning in to Col. Cockerill, a man of parts if there ever was one, a snappy picture of some famous actress with six or seven inches of shapely leg exposed, he made a pencil mark on the sketch, and said, in a sanctimonious voice, "That could not be published in a respectable journal, boy! Pull her skirts down to her shoe-tops. We don't want another double-exposure scandal in this office. We'd have all the Goddam ministers in town down on us!"

Pulitzer and Cockerill were the most profane men I have ever encountered. I learned much from them, for their joint vocabulary was extensive and in some respects unique. When J. P. was dictating an editorial upon some pet topic, such as Collis P. Huntington's ill-gotten wealth, Jay Gould's infamous railroad wrecking or Cyrus Field's income, his speech was so interlarded with sulphurous and searing phrases that the whole staff shuddered. He was the first man I ever heard who split a word to insert an oath. He did it often, and his favorite was "indegoddamnpendent." Indeed, when the stenographer took down every word he uttered his editorials had to be sifted, as it were, after he concluded his dictation. At this time

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he apparently actually felt all the indignation he voiced against the wrongs he so constantly assailed on his editorial page. The misty clouds of myth are already dimming the outlines of the man who made the *World*. The writings of some of his former employés are creating a demi-god out of a highly commercial gentleman who knew exactly what every cent in a dollar was worth and what sort of literature would most cheaply extract pennies from the lower classes.

In the first few years of the *World's* success he was very approachable and even companionable when not oppressed by a fear of disaster, and very generous when pleased with any especially clever performance. But he would suddenly cut salaries when oppressed by any unforeseen expense or by fears of such a catastrophe. He was almost absolutely devoid of any sense of humor, save of a certain banal sort, and the stings of that human wasp, Dana of the *Sun*, drove him frantic. He was so obsessed by the fear of libel suits that he nightly read almost every paragraph in the paper. This practice eventually cost him his sight. He was also oppressed by a dread of dishonesty among his employés, and suspected or detected commissions taken by his buying agents drove him to extremes of passionate indignation.

Sometimes, in his depressed and harassed moods, he would come down to my room and lie on the old sofa. I had the big roll-top desk used by Manton Marble when he was editor of the *World*—still in the *Sunday World* rooms,—and in cleaning out a drawer I had come upon three bundles of letters hidden in the cavity behind, written years before to Manton by various persons. I used to amuse J. P. by reading some of them to him, and he would in return tell me his troubles and narrate his adventures. I early gathered that he hadn't much of the personal courage of Cockerill, but as a writer he was as rashly bold as a rhinoceros. He once told me that the fact that Cockerill had killed Slayback had the effect of kindling his sincere admiration and respect at one time and filling him with a chilled repulsion at another. When I confessed to him that I had also killed a man, a Chinese, in self-defence after he had fired thrice at me, he regarded me with the dazed expression of a wounded boy, although he was eleven years older than I.

On one occasion the owner of a prize-winning dog whose picture was printed with another canine's name beneath it came into my room and began to vent his ire by denouncing the rascally *World*, Pulitzer and all newspaper men, in the presence of Charley Stone, afterward editor of the Chicago *Herald*, who then occupied a desk there and who was some years my elder. I did not want to hit the dog-owner for fear of injuring him, and I listened to his diatribe in patience until I caught sight of Stone's face expressing contempt for my seeming cowardice. Then I rose, seized the intruder by the collar and the rotunda of his trousers, burst the door open with his wriggling form, ran him down the hall and threw him down the stairs that encircled our four-passenger elevator. I heard his footsteps patter all the way to the ground floor, went back to receive Stone's congratulations, and then, being new to newspapers and not knowing how far I would be backed by my paper, hastened to tell Pulitzer what had happened. When I told him that I had thrown my visitor downstairs he simply said, "Hell! Why didn't you throw him down the elevator shaft?"

III

After J. P. had been elected to Congress I went to Washington with him. One or two drinks, it may be mentioned, had the effect of bringing out in him a certain boisterous noisiness, a boastful garrulity quite unlike the testiness and asperity of his later days. On a certain night when we were leaving the Capitol grounds he was lit up to the seventh magnitude by a few cocktails—so few that I was actually

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ashamed of him and embarrassed to silence when a policeman suddenly appeared and arrested him! J. P. haughtily announced that he was a congressman and bade the cop begone. The officer replied that congressmen cut no ice with him and hustled his prisoner stationward with considerable rudeness. I touched his arm and said, "Say, old man, you don't want to jug this gent! He's Joseph Pulitzer, the owner of the New York *World*."

"Holy Cheesus!" exclaimed the cop. "Why didn't he say so at first? I'll get you a carriage and you can take him home without anybody seein' him."

As a Representative J. P. proved a flivver, for he soon perceived that the owner of the *World* was far more important than the most eminent statesman, and so he loafed on the job for a space and then abandoned it.

He was a competent judge of human nature as a general thing, but he frequently fell a victim to cocky, assertive and flowery conversationalists of the Brisbane, Harvey and Ballard Smith sort. Such men, like Col. Jones of St. Louis, managed to sell themselves to him by their eloquence, and until they failed at their jobs he never saw through their jaunty shallowness. After a few years he evolved a scheme of double responsibility for some of his business and editorial heads, with the idea that one would watch the other. The plan was as unproductive as it was mean and clumsy. It produced in time a reign of suspicion and hatred, a mælstrom of office politics that drove at least two editors to drink, one to suicide and another into banking. Brisbane, who hated me cordially, often protested that my pictures were coarse and vulgar and that I could not draw. J. P., who loved to have his staff at enmity, laughed and said, "He draws circulation and that's enough!"

Whenever Brisbane wrote letters to J. P., aspersing my usefulness to the paper, the Chief would promptly send them to me, thus keeping my hot blood in circulation, but Arthur and I had but one open combat. That was in the foyer of the new *World* Building, and everybody deserted his post on the ground floor in order not to witness the shedding of blood between two hard-riding, hard-hitting, hard-bluffing semi-professionals who had worked with John L. Sullivan, Arthur Chambers, James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons. There were hard words in plenty but no actual blows.

Another fight long before this has become traditional in Newspaper Row. This was the famous mill between Pulitzer and Joseph Howard, and I was the innocent cause of it. Howard was then the most spectacular and highest salaried newspaper man of the time, a necessary figure at all first nights at the theatre, a tall, handsome fellow of perhaps 45, who always wore a low-cut waistcoat displaying an immaculate shirt bosom, and whose assertive and independent manner, with its total lack of veneration for wealth and position, was a continual protest against the disesteem that all newspaper men labored under in those days. He employed two stenographers, a brunette and a blonde, in his office somewhere below Fulton Street, and was under a large retainer from a great insurance company, owing, it was alleged, to the fact that he possessed most damaging information concerning it. Pulitzer had engaged him at the incredible salary of seventy dollars a week to write about what he pleased. Howard was the progenitor of the modern eight-cylindered publicity agent. On first nights he never entered the theatre until all were seated, and then his entrance was as important as the rise of the curtain.

In the Winter of 1885 Erastus Wyman, a rising financier of Canada, invited a number of New Yorkers to be his guests at the Montreal Ice Carnival. Among them, as I remember it, were Elihu Root, District Attorney John R. Fellows, Charles A. Dana, William R. Arkell of *Judge*, and the cartoonists of *Harper's* and *Puck*. There were many others—actually a trainload—and among them, myself. On my receipt

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of the invitation I informed Pulitzer of it, and he instantly told me to go, and to draw a hundred dollars expense money from Mr. Shaw, the cashier, and if possible send on a story about the trip. Elated, I hustled with my daily work, in order to be ready for a preliminary dinner to be given by Wyman that evening at the Metropolitan Hotel, then the best hostelry on the continent. Two hours later Howard sauntered into the editorial room, where Pulitzer happened to be, and informed him that he was going next morning to Montreal with Wyman's party. J. P. said:

"McDougall is going with that crowd and we can't afford to have two high-priced men off on one job of that sort."

Howard instantly flared up and in a minute the office was fogged with recrimination, vituperation, insinuation and damnation. In another minute the two tall black-attired figures were past words and their long arms were flailing the air. Neither of them had the least knowledge of the fistic art and the spectacle resembled a combat between two sandhill cranes. Both lost their glasses and were practically helpless and harmless, but each did his best until the bystanders, fearing that the ancient and tottering building could not long withstand such unusual strains, interfered and separated them. Howard left the room and never returned to the office. No decision.

Edward S. Van Zile and myself are probably the only surviving witnesses of that memorable and ludicrous battle of the giants. It was a fiasco, but it was far more uplifting than the ignoble horsewhippings and the like to which many editors of a former decade, such as James Gordon Bennett, had to submit occasionally. It was, at least, in the line of that elevation of our craft which in time led to our sitting at the guests' table at banquets and addressing the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club on a level with ambassadors, moving-picture magnates, bank presidents and owners of department stores.

Such exhibitions, indeed, are rare and hence long treasured in newspaper offices. They do much to cheer and encourage the hardworking toilers. Newspaper Row cherishes a list of such sudden and brief slave-risings, most of them occurring in the remote age when city editors were Simon Legrees. In the days when Thomas Lamont, Frank Vanderlip, George Harvey, Morrell Goddard, Augustus Thomas, Willis Holley, Walter Wellman, Don Seitz, George Ade and Peter Dunne were mere reporters, the tribe doubtless required strict and stern treatment to keep it within bounds and out of jail; the present day newspaper men, apart from the columnists, seem to have no vices at all.

Another grotesque episode was long talked of in the *World* office. Nym Crinkle, the wittiest writer of his day and then the *World's* dramatic critic, had written a clever article on Jem Mace, the famous pugilist, in which Jem was referred to several times as a savant. Harry Hill, to whom the pleased fighter showed the story, informed him that the word meant all that was unprintable, unpopular and abhorrent, whereupon Mace started downtown.

Entering the room of the city editor, Sutton, he produced the paper, laid it on the table and placing an enormous and distorted thumb upon the offending article, rumbled,

"I want to see the — — - —— that wrote that!"

Sutton informed him that Mr. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle's real name) had written it and that he wouldn't be down until the afternoon.

"All right. I'll wait for him!" growled Mace, taking a chair.

Man by man, the office staff sneaked out silently until only Sutton and the heroic elevator boy remained on duty. The latter would tip off all newcomers and they would immediately descend to the ground floor without disturbing the graveyard peace of the city room. After a time Mace began to manifest impatience by sundry

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grunts and wriggles, and, fixing Sutton with a leer, he demanded,

"Say, does this Wheeler bloke ever lose any of his bloody wheels? You tell me where he lives and I'll go git him."

Before Sutton could answer Eddy Plummer, the sporting editor, darted out of the elevator,—a short, fat, red-faced man, registering intense annoyance and disgust. He hastened to Mace, took him by the ear and as he lifted him from his chair, shouted,

"You big bum! Whatdya mean by raisin' hell 'round a swell joint like this? Who've ya been beatin' up, you dirty plug?"

"I ain't been beatin' up nobody!" protested the pugilist. "I'm a-waitin' fer a Dutchman named Bimskinkle or somethin' like that. He's been writin' me up in the paper. . . . Here it is. . . . Called me a sayvant. . . . See, here's his name signed to it—"

Eddie glanced at the story, and then seized Mace's arm and led him toward the elevator:

"You big tub, somebody's been goosin' ya!" he roared. "That sayvant thing means pachydermatous and that means about as high-toned as they make 'em. You never had as fine a send-off in your life, you blitherin' ape! Get outa here before you get ashamed of yourself!"

Then he pushed Mace into the elevator, pulled the rickety door shut, and said:

"If you come up here beefing about anything again I'll lamm your bloody conk off ya!"

Mace's heavy tones boomed from the cage as it descended:

"Hi, Eddie, tell that Dutchie I thought it was a good piece, all but that sayvant part—"

IV

Those were happy days! Nothing to do save a daily cartoon, some illustrations for Bill Nye's Sunday stuff, some more for an article on Mrs. Astor's ivory fans, then lunch with kindred lazy souls at Mouquin's in Fulton street, where a bottle of Pommard cost a dollar, then the launching of a new battleship by Secretary Whitney over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, then a sketching jaunt to Coney Island, an unfailing bonanza (one such excursion resulted in a libel suit for the hitherto unheard-of sum of $50,000, brought by the outraged owners of two low dives because of two tiny but realistic pictures, which suit was won by the *World*, but it brought Pulitzer almost to nervous prostration), then a test of Boyton's swimming suit off the Battery, then the Horse or Dog Show, the quest for a fabulous wild man at Far Rockaway, a juicy murder up in the wilds beyond Goshen, a trip with Nellie Bly to the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, a society wedding, an hour in Recorder Smythe's or Judge Goff's court with the astonishing Bill Howe pleading, and finally, after dinner, a boxing bout at Coney Island or Pain's fireworks at Manhattan Beach. After the *Evening World* was established I had an additional cartoon to make, "The Daily Hint from McDougall." Often enough it would take me hours to find an idea for it and twenty minutes to make the drawing.

Of course, these drawings were all atrocious. That was the Neolithic Period in newspaper art and we were Crô-Magnon draughtsmen. Nevertheless, though forty years have passed since then, newspaper illustration in general remains almost as crude. The high-hat artists on *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's* and *Puck* looked down on us as beneath contempt—this was when an Academician still scorned to do an advertising picture—but in time even these aristocrats fell for the lure of regular meals and sure rent money and we inscribed on our rolls many names of distinguished members of the Kit Kat, Palette and Salmagundi Clubs.

Glorious days in vast untrodden, unexplored fields, just like airplaning ten years ago—the days before the Partition had been invented, which gave the editorial head the permanent wave and parted him from eager contributors—when any man

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or woman with an idea was welcome in an editor's room and his suggestion seriously considered, and inspiration dwelt after dark in Andy Horn's cave, Tom Gould's grotto and Billy McGlory's hectic hell. Despite the fact that the whirring presses threatened hourly to bring the shuddering building down upon our heads, that predatory rats of monster size infested the mouldy structure in such hordes that I have shot with a Flobert rifle a half dozen in a forenoon, that a famous apple-girl of wondrous charm and unbounded sex allure tormented and distracted the entire staff until at last she married the head of a Brazilian steamship line, and that the paper was barred from the public libraries about every six months, we worked like Rum Row sailors fifteen hours a day for six days of the week and on Sundays thought up special features. My brother Harry published in his paper, the Newark *Sunday Call*, a story to the effect that my wife found my little boy crying one day and that when asked for an explanation he sobbed, "That man who comes here Sundays licked me!"

I learned many things that first year about human nature—far more than ten years of engraving had taught me. One was the surprising and mortifying fact that even the greatest men, almost without exception, were sensitive about caricatures. Indeed, this petty vanity of celebrities has been exposed to me so often that I long ago gave up trying to please or spare my victims. I think that during, say, thirty years, I must have affronted thousands. To this day several actors in the Friar's Club scowl venomously at me, stirred by dim memories of a daily dramatic column which I ran for a lively year in the *American*, brightened with sketches from life. Not that *all* persons resent the liberty taken by a caricaturist. I myself, indeed, enjoy it. Yet many who would seem to be above it show tender feelings. The elder J. Pierpont Morgan asked Pulitzer by letter to restrain me from depicting his nose in such extravagant proportions and, to my surprise, for I had imagined him animated by the bitterest of feelings against the great banker, J. P. advised me to moderate my zeal. I learned how small can be the great, the near-great and the would-be great.

One day as I was crossing City Hall Park, Mayor Grace descended the steps of the City Hall. I had met him in a crowd several times but had not the least notion that he recognized me. However, I said, "Good morning, Mr. Mayor," with the unction with which one should always greet a mayor of New York.

"Ah! Good morning!" he responded, affably enough and added, "One minute, one minute, Mr. McDougall! Will you please do me a favor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Mayor. Of course!" I gasped, detecting a slight asperity in his tone.

"When you make a picture of me, will you be good enough not to make my pants bag so much in the knees?"

I instantly promised, of course, to conform my frolicsome pencil to his ideas, but I never had the same respect afterward for that great merchant. I had as many other illustrations of the pettiness of eminent men. I had gone with Julius Chambers as his guest to a dinner given by the Lotus Club to Mark Twain and after the dinner Clemens had held forth in his usual drawling manner for about two hours, standing with one elbow on the mantel as he talked to the members grouped about the room. When he had concluded many of them gathered about him. In my youthful bumptiousness, recollecting a brand-new yarn, I told it to the little group. It was a genuine new-model pippin and it knocked them for a row of traffic towers, as the vaudevillians say. But Mark Twain's resentment was plainly apparent as he moved quickly away, and for four years he took pains to show me when we met that he held a grudge against me for my presumptuous crabbing of his act. A similar exhibition of a strange and, to me, inscrutable pettiness occurred at

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Lake Champlain. On leaving the hotel one morning with a railroad manager I perceived a man on the opposite side of the road busied with a bicycle equipped with a novel kind of tire. I went over to his side and asked,

"Isn't that one of those new Vim tires?"

Glancing up at me with a scowl, he grunted incoherently, took up his bicycle hastily and carried it across the road. I was amazed and, naturally, disconcerted.

"Did you see that exhibition of politeness?" I asked of the railroad manager.

"Sure. Do you know who that pickled cucumber is?" he replied.

"I don't, nor do I want to!"

"That is Rudyard Kipling. He lives across the lake yonder and has biked over to call on President McKinley."

One more instance. At the banquet before mentioned, given by Erastus Wyman, I was introduced to Thomas Nast, who had been my boyhood's ideal and whose fame as the destroyer of the Tweed Ring was as yet barely dimmed. I was rather overcome and for an instant did not observe the actual animosity plainly evident in his face. He did not extend his hand but in a loud angry tone snarled,

"I know you! You're the first man who ever swiped one of my ideas! Only last week you put a card on the coattail of somebody in one of your cartoons. That was my specialty in the B. Gratz Brown pictures and nobody ever had the nerve to use it but you!"

I could see on the faces of those about me a certain astonishment and disapproval, but as I did not then know Nast's personal unpopularity and unpleasing personality I could not know its cause. As he followed up his charge with some further bitter remarks, now forgotten, I grew angry. Knowing that every one of his famous cartoons was really originated by his brother-in-law, with whom he had quarrelled, with a resulting speedy fade-out, I saw in a flash the real man, a vain, inflated egoist. Looking him in the eyes, with my left arm crooked for a short-arm jab in case he put his threats into action, I said in pretended contriteness,

"I'm sincerely sorry, Mr. Nast, that I unwittingly, through pure carelessness, borrowed the only original idea you ever had. I won't do it again, I assure you."

It was a grand, a glorious knockout, but as we were compelled to live in the same house and eat at the same table for a week in Montreal, it may be imagined that he made life for me as unpleasant as possible. Some years later I bought several of his cartoons for the New York Elevated Railroad Bulletins, and completely mollified the old man by relating how our commandant at the Newark Military Academy had caught me making comic sketches on the blackboard in school hours, and how, instead of reproving me, he had announced to the class that "this boy will be another Thomas Nast!"

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LITERARY criticism in Alabama, from the distinguished Birmingham *News:*

> Richard Le Gallienne does not specify. He does not drag the shrinking literary violets from their tiny niches and push them out on the stage and say this one will save you from despair, this from the social smut of your Sherwood Lawrences and your Rupert Hughes, this from the bitter cynicism of your modern imitators of Nietzsche and others who declare the earth is a Sorrowful Star and something to be endured in a sort of dreary ennui. But it is a comforting thought to remember that for every Robert Keable fashioning abnormalities there's an Edward C. Venable dreaming wholesome dreams—for every sex-drenched horror like Dreiser's "Genius," there's a Christopher Morley pointing "Where the Blue Begins."

CALIFORNIA

DISPATCH from the rising town of Danville to the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> Distribution of the communal Saturday night bath throughout the week is the solution offered for the present water shortage here by the Danville Water Company. On Saturday nights some of the residents can get no water at all. It is suggested that the inhabitants be divided alphabetically into seven groups, one section to bathe each night of the week, eliminating the drain on the water system Saturday nights.

FROM "The Power of Prayer" column in the Hon. W. R. Hearst's great Christian journal, the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

> Among those requesting prayers today are:
> Mrs. E. W., Los Angeles, for divine harmony.
> Mrs. M. P., Los Angeles, for spiritual understanding, eczema and prosperity.

ANOTHER marvel from the same place:

> I asked our Divine Father for a home of my own and evidently He thought I should have it, for within two days I got it. I asked for a house with a large music room and I got it. I asked for income property and I got it. I asked to be near a 5 cent car line and I am just half a block from two 5 cent services. And for good measure, heaped up, pressed down and running over, the Heavenly Father put me on the crest of a hill where I command a wonderful view of His glorious mountains.

COLORADO

CONDITION of the customers of optimistic Colorado boomers, as reported by a correspondent of the La Junta *Tribune:*

> The general talk of the country is dry weather and short grass, and who will (or who can) move first. We have stolen from one another until stealing is no longer a paying business, and we can't all be bootleggers. Beside, corn is so poor it won't make a gallon an acre, and so God only knows what is to become of us.

COMPARATIVE justice in the Colorado back country, as reported by the eminent Denver *Post:*

> G. E. Robkey, of Limon, Colo., a deacon in the Methodist church there, was fined $10 and costs, a total of $35, for tying strings of tin cans to horses' and mules' tails and causing them to run in fright until exhausted, according to Humane Officer W. V. Truett, who returned to Denver Saturday after prosecuting the case. The deacon's hired man, R. R. Grundy, also was fined $35 and was sentenced to jail for thirty days because the court held he was more guilty than the deacon. He is alleged to have tied the cans on the strings so the deacon could tie them on the tails.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SPECIMEN of elegiac verse from the chaste columns of the Washington *Star:*

> Often from our hearts comes the bitter cry,
> Wondering how come our father to die,
> But God from above showed a vision so sweet;
> Our father is not dead, he is only asleep.

THE recreations of a statesman, as described by a press bulletin issued by Richard R. Richards, publicist for the "Greenwich Village Follies":

> The Dolly Sisters and a select company of notable theatrical stars, under the chaperonage of Al Jolson, left on a special train early this morning for Washington, where they will be the guests for breakfast, at the White House, of President Coolidge. After breakfast, the stars will return to New York on a special train, to be here in time for the evening performance.

GEORGIA

DREADFUL effects of pedagogical Bolshevism among the Georgia crackers, as de-

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scribed by the patriotic Atlanta *Georgian:*

Instead of censoring school books so severely, we should censor school teachers. Many a man or woman who is a good teacher should never be permitted to teach. Years ago a young man was chosen as principal of a large school in a country town. He was a university graduate and well equipped with a normal-school training besides. His conduct was without reproach. His manner was genial and his discipline was firm. His pupils were devoted to him, and his patrons congratulated themselves upon having secured his services. Then one day a good little widow who had a son in the senior class of the high school discovered that he was a Simon-pure atheist, with pronounced political tendencies toward blood and anarchy! There was a great hue and cry when the parents of that town tapped their sons and daughters and tested their views concerning life, love, religion and morals. The Decalogue was gone; the Scriptures had been wiped out of them; and the last one of them had been well instructed in the most advanced doctrines of Socialism. The teacher left town between suns, but the mischief had been done. The members of that senior class have never settled down into good, substantial, bench-legged, bulldog citizens. Some of them have had criminal careers.

RISE of literary passion among the Atlanta Fundamentalists, as reported by another of the city's public prints:

THE SUSANNAH SPOT LIGHT

The Susannah Wesley class of the Druid Hills Methodist Sunday-school is getting out a snappy little sheet under the above caption. The editor is Mrs. C. A. Mauck, who is also corresponding secretary of the Federated Church Women of Georgia, with Mrs. J. V. Hodges as assistant editor.

The spirit of the *Spot Light* is expressed in the following rhyme by Miss Willis Terry:

BE A BOOSTER

Things are the finest at Druid Hills.
Susannah's the kindest at Druid Hills.
Folks are the truest, and slackers the fewest;
The atmosphere the purest at Druid Hills.

Folks do look neatest at Druid Hills.
The music is sweetest at Druid Hills.
Faces are the brightest, hearts beat the lightest.
For folks act the whitest at Druid Hills.

ILLINOIS

THE Higher Learning at the eminent University of Illinois, as reported by the Chicago *Tribune:*

William R. Carroll of the University of Utah was appointed professor of swine husbandry at the University of Illinois yesterday. Prof. Carroll will take his chair on Feb. 1, 1925.

ÆSTHETIC note from the distinguished *Daily Review-Atlas* of Monmouth:

AUCTION—SATURDAY—2 P. M.

Some of the pictures of the late Miss Agnes Strang, who taught art here for nearly 25 years. Among them are:

"Sunset on Lake George, New York"

This is said to be the prettiest lake east of the Alleghany mountains. I saw it 26 years ago. It is beautiful. There is a possibility that next year the convention of the U. P. Young People will meet there.

Also some household goods.

D. J. STRANG

SPECIMEN advertisements from the *Moody Bible Institute Monthly* of Chicago:

ROLLING MILL EVANGELIST. FORMERLY rolling mill manager. Open for engagements. Geo. W. Jacoby, Primos, Pa., Box 34.

REV. CHARLES E. DRIVER. SAFE, CONstructive evangelism. Former Pastor. Experienced evangelist. Eminently successful. Finest Testimonials. Write for open dates. Palmyra, N. Y.

EVANGELIST AND BIBLE TEACHER, JOnas Vuker, with 28 years experience as a pastor-evangelist and Bible teacher, has some open dates for evangelistic meetings or Bible Conferences, single or union meetings. For dates, references, etc., address Springfield, Ohio, R. D. 10.

LADY EVANGELIST, TRAINED IN ALL branches of evangelistic work. Conducts own singing and chorus work. Assist pastor or take full charge of revival meetings. Teaching or pulpit supply. Terms reasonable. Box L. M., Moody Monthly.

BIBLES REPAIRED OR REBOUND AT A reasonable price. Satisfaction guaranteed. E. Holmgren Book Bindery, Coloma, Mich.

SEND YOUR DOLLAR TODAY AND HELP train a bright Chinese boy to become a preacher to his own people. God will bless you. All remittances acknowledged. Personal checks acceptable. (China postage five cents.) Rev. H. G. Miller, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China.

WANTED—NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF Christian people who will promise to pray for a revival to sweep over Arizona. Robert McMurdo, Peoria, Ariz.

$250,000 IN UNREAL MONEY. 250 TEN dollar bills with Gospel Message on reverse side, 25c. Also free samples of other novelties. Gospel Co., Stapleton, N. Y.

INDIANA

THE rewards of a statesman in the Knobs region of Southern Indiana, as reported by the Evansville *Courier:*

Uncle Harve Garrison, father of Charles Garrison, Democratic county chairman of Warrick county, presented Senator William B. Carleton, editor of the Boonville *Enquirer*, with two sweet potatoes weighing 11½ pounds today. Uncle

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Harve presented these to the senator as a token of his sterling democracy.

MODERN methods of propagating Christianity in rural Indiana, as described in a Y. M. C. A. press-sheet:

EVANSVILLE.—When the six shooter in the hands of Boss Carr sent forth its first roar in the lobby of the Association building Monday night, all the straw bosses and hands jumped about four feet from the floor, and realized that the Y round-up was really on. Decked out in real cowboy togs—broad rimmed hat, red shirt, fur leggins, clanking spurs and a belt full of deadly guns—Boss Carr led the way to chow. "Take off these table cloths," said he to the ladies. "Cowboys can't eat on table cloths; give us the boards after tonight. We're going to treat 'em rough in this campaign." No gentle tapping of the gavel, but the roar of an army pistol which lifted everybody out of their chairs, was the way in which Boss Carr tried to quell a commotion in the hall, but when one of the husky hands appeared with a young nonmember properly lassoed and tied, and put on him the Y brand of membership right in front of the gang the Boss seemed pleased and told the bunch: "That's the way to get 'em! Don't ask them if they want to join! Just go get 'em!"

IOWA

SOUL-SEARCHING in the Chautauqua Belt, from the Odebolt (Iowa) *Chronicle:*

The plays and operas have no place in the chautauqua if it shall continue to be good. We know that the people are wild about plays, although we also know of several who had season tickets who staid away because they knew those plays would not be of any moral good to them or otherwise. People do not have to have some one come to town to show them how to shoot, murder, hug or kiss or anything else that comes so natural to man. It is unnecessary, unwholesome and should be condemned by folks who look at things from a standpoint of clean thinking and right living.

KANSAS

THE motives of a statesman in the Epworth League Belt, as described by the Hon. Carl D. Kelly, of Lawrence:

I have often been asked why I aspire to this position of honor. It is to bring joy to a mother's heart in knowing that the people of this District in which her boy resides have confidence in his integrity and feel that he will merit the confidence reposed in him to serve them to the best of his ability in the State Senate. The anticipation of pride when I tell my own boys, after they reach an understanding age, that their daddy has served in the State Legislature. Not the least of all, an opportunity to prove to my friends and supporters that a man can serve in this capacity and not yield to any sinister influences that may be brought to bear upon him.

KENTUCKY

SPECIMEN of modern political prose from an Open Letter addressed by one Kentucky candidate for Congress to another:

Permit me to ask you a few questions. Is it not true that you once had to flee to prevent being mobbed on account of your extreme cruelty to your good wife? Is it not true that an attorney once gave your wife money to buy food for boarders, while you were lying in a drunken stupor in a notorious bootleg dive or saloon? Is it not true that friends of your wife had to rush her out of the city to prevent your killing her? Is it not true that you have been a sot drunkard all your life?

You are the embodiment of all that is coarse, vulgar and revolting. You are a type of man who will set down to a table as a guest and in the presence of your hostess use the most vile and profane language. You are the man who has drawn thousands of dollars from the United States Treasury for time spent in drunken debauchery. You are the man whom politicians would keep in office until you die in order that they may get a few more of the unearned dollars you draw from the Government. You are the man who has earned the sobriquet of "slop jar" in Washington City, where you sit in a drunken stupor nine tenths of your time, while your very competent secretary does all your work, for which you get credit.

DISPATCH from Lexington in the well-regarded Louisville *Herald:*

At the meeting of the Elkhorn Baptist Association today, B. R. Justice of Millville and Louisville, asked prayers that the tobacco pool holdings be sold in order that the congregation at Millville, Woodford County, may secure funds with which to build a church.

MARYLAND

PIOUS note from the estimable *Manufacturers Record* of Baltimore, the organ of the Christian cotton-mill owners of the Confederacy:

Charles E. Waddell, an engineer of Asheville, N. C., in a recent conversation with an officer of the *Manufacturers Record* stated that after reading the paper in his office he took it to his home, where his children eagerly read it, and when they had finished with it he sent it to his daughter, who is studying at Bryn Mawr College, and she, he reported, is intensely interested and gets a great deal of valuable information from every issue. . . .

Some time ago a Baltimore woman of German birth, but a devoted Christian, recalled from a prominent Eastern college her daughter, even when she was in the graduating year, stating that she found that the atheistic German teachings in that college were of such a character that she was afraid if her daughter remained there she would lose her soul, and

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she would rather that she lose her education than her soul. How many other parents are watching the situation as carefully as she was doing and thus in time learning to act before atheistic teachings have destroyed the religious beliefs of their children? And how many, like Mr. Waddell, are taking care to see that publications pointing out the evils of socialism and communism are sent to their boys and girls who are away from home or furnished to those at home?

PROGRESS of the campaign for Law Enforcement in the Methodist slums of the Maryland Free State, as revealed by a letter from Elkton to the illustrious Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

Cecil county has more Ku Klux in it than any county in the State. She has also more moonshiners, more bootleggers and gamblers than any other, even than Baltimore city. I heard a constable say that to his own personal knowledge there are over 100 men in the business, with at least 50 stills in operation; yet it is one of the main strongholds of law enforcement. Things are so bad in Cecil that at the last term of court Judge Adkins asked for the aid of the people to enforce the law. Yet many cases are known where the strongest kind of evidence was rejected by the jury.

MASSACHUSETTS

SPECIMEN of political prose from the eminent Boston *Evening Transcript*, the organ of the New England illuminati:

At the Cleveland convention the Republican party which Abraham Lincoln founded was given a new birth of freedom under Calvin Coolidge, . . . whose spiritual endowment includes a New England conscience, a national vision, fear of God and faith in man.

FROM the learned Boston *Herald's* advance notice of the Order of New England Workers, a super-Kiwanis lately founded by high-speed, bean-burning go-getters:

Initiation rites include wearing the New England button at all times and familiarity with the greeting, which, the committee has suggested, be something like "Hello friend," "Hi brother," "Howdy, New Englander," "'Lo, Ol' Booster" or "any other cheerful, friendly, optimistic salutation." The grip is to be a "good, hearty, firm New England handclasp, neither too high nor too low, but on a sort of natural, common, easy level."

GALLANT effort of the ancient Puritan spirit to protect itself against the wop invasion, as reported by the Boston *Globe:*

A mother of six children, Mrs. Nunziatine Ventura, 32, of 184 Cottage st., East Boston, was sentenced to a year in jail today by Judge Charles J. Brown, in the East Boston District Court. Ludovico d'Appolito, 42, received a similar sentence in the Deer Island House of Correction. They were charged with living together as husband and wife.

MICHIGAN

SPECIMEN lyrics from a book of instructions to motorists, composed and published by the Detroit *Polizei:*

I

There are drivers that make us happy,
  There are drivers that make us sad,
There are drivers that take away all pleasure
  Which from motoring might be had.
There are drivers who always hog the roadway,
  Give no signals wherever they are,
But the driver that fills my life with sunshine
  Is the driver who drives with care.

II

You can lead a horse to water
  But you can't make him drink.
We can give you the thought
  But we can't make you think.

EXTRACT from a public harangue by the Hon. Mr. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, at Jackson:

We'll take every child in all America and put him in the public schools of America. My son and daughter and all other children will go side by side to school. We will build a homogeneous people; we will grind out Americans just like meat out of a grinder.

MINNESOTA

FROM the report of a committee of the Hennepin county grand jury, appointed to inspect the city morgue at Minneapolis:

We found in this last station of the dead
One lonely man, spaced in his narrow bed.

We saw his face; his arms, crossed on his breast,
Were folded there for an eternal rest.

Still was the pulse, stopped the fleeting breath,
He lay there wrapped in mystery and majesty
  of death.

About this place there is no hint of gloom,
Bright sunshine floods the air in every room.

With cheerful mien toward the door we strayed,
Leaving a kindly thought for he that stayed.

May Charon, crossing Styx in leaden boat and
  oars,
Bear him, with coin in lips to Lethe's farther
  shores.

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MISSISSIPPI

How the exercises of the intellect are combined with the worship of God in the bottom lands along the Pearl river, as described in a dispatch from Marks to the public gazettes of Jackson:

> The regular monthly social meeting of the Layman's League was held at the library last night. The devotional exercises were conducted by the president, E. C. Black. Psalm 119:67-71-75, and Leviticus XXVL 2-5 were read and afterwards discussed by those present. Prayer by Mrs. G. C. Jones was had. After the devotional exercises it was announced that A. A. Pogue, M. D. Brett, C. W. Carr and E. C. Black had been selected for debate. The former two were given the affirmative side and the two latter the negative. Their subject, "Resolved, That Andy Gump, Being 100 Per Cent American, Should Be Elected President of the United States."

MISSOURI

News item from the Columbia Evening *Missourian*, laboratory newspaper of the University of Missouri's school of journalism:

> The football game which Columbia High School was to have played with Sedalia High School tomorrow has been postponed to Monday, at 3 o'clock, because of the death of R. M. Wyatt, janitor at the high school. Mr. Wyatt was a leader in the Rocheport race riot. During the fighting he was shot in the head.

Effects of the art of a new stock company leading man upon the gifted dramatic critic of the classical St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

> The great idea that this writer gathers is that in the high ability of the leading man, Edward Dorney, there was displayed to St. Louis auditors a new actor who is worthy of the traditions of Edwin Booth. . . . Dorney was wonderful. He carried the motif of the play in the palm of his hand. He held and dominated it entirely. . . . Always was he conserved, but when, in a moment where he was touched upon his sympathetic heart and aroused to the realm of passion, then he was superb.

NEW JERSEY

Wholesale triumph of the True Faith in the remote fastnesses of New Jersey, as described by the illustrious New York *World:*

> The entire population of Samptown, N. J., a mill community five miles from Plainfield, has been "captured" and enrolled under the Salvation Army flag. The population of Samptown totals 159, of whom 80 per cent. work in the steel mill of George Harris. There is a mixture of several nationalities, including Italians, Hungarians and Spaniards. Mr. Harris decided religious influence was needed to dispel racial antipathies. At his invitation, the Salvation Army in Plainfield sent men to Samptown about a month ago and held a meeting, at which sixteen adults announced their conversion. At the second meeting, a week later, ninety men, women and children joined. At the third meeting, a few nights ago, thirty-eight more came forward. Converts brought in the remaining fifteen of the population.

NEW YORK

Contribution to the secret history of the Republic by the Rev. C. Lewis Fowler, editor of the *American Standard:*

> President Harding . . . was a thirty-third degree Mason, and though he made some blunders in his appointments, he was awake to a large extent on the Roman Catholic question, and did not respond to their influence as readily as desired. He . . . fell ill and passed away. He was not poisoned by food that "disagreed with him," as the press related. He was poisoned mentally, *a victim to the telepathic practises of Jesuit adepts.*

Exercise in logic by one of the masterminds of the cinema:

> *Premise*—One thing you can be sure of: When you start out to see a Universal picture, you will *know* it is clean—and good. You will know that the story was written by a popular author and that the cast will be excellent. You will *know* that you can take your children without fear that they will be shocked or made familiar with the world's follies before their time. That's a lot, isn't it? What more could be desired?
>
> *Conclusion*—Have you seen Champion Jack Dempsey in Universal's "Fight and Win" pictures? I think they're great. What do *you* think?
>
> Carl Laemmle
> *President*

NORTH CAROLINA

Progress of Christian enlightenment in the Saluda Mountains, as described in a dispatch from Henderson to the Hon. Josephus Daniels' paper, the Raleigh *News and Observer:*

> A warning and an indictment were sounded by Rev. M. F. Ham, the evangelist, in his sermon before 5,000 people at the Ham-Ramsay tabernacle Sunday afternoon, when he preached on "The Present-Day Offensive of the Anti-Christ." This anti-Christ he pictured as a great vice organization that exists in the United States, fostered and fathered by the Third Internationale of the Soviet government at Moscow. He denounced it and warned

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his audience against its insidious, secret workings.

It was one of the most stirring addresses, or sermons, ever heard in this city, and was featured by the reading of excerpts of discoveries made by United States secret service men in literature seized in the raid upon the communist meeting at Bridgeman, Mich. Mr. Ham charged that this organization was working through its support of the liquor traffic, the white slave trade, through fostering sports and games in colleges and high schools, by means of the dance, corrupt literature, the incessant demand of the people for luxuries, in its aim at destroying family life, in Russian relief drives, false philosophies, and the like. This organization he characterized as the work of the anti-Christ.

Mr. Ham declared that this international organization aims at devitalizing Christianity and forcing an economic situation which will bring on a revolution, and that upon the ruins of the government will be built the kingdom of the anti-Christ, which will be dominated for a time by Satan and later will be broken up when Christ comes to reign.

CONTRIBUTION to human knowledge by the learned editor of the Charlotte *Observer*, the leading family paper between the Wateree and Yadkin rivers:

The Bible which lies open upon every Masonic altar should be a reminder to every Mason of the sense of his obligation, and an incentive to comply so much as lies within his power to keep and perform the duties he has promised to do. Without the Bible upon the altar of a Masonic lodge, there would be no Masonic lodge. From its pages every thought, relative to the world's progress, has been derived. All Masonry is a sacred college of instruction, filled with divine inspiration. Each degree reveals to the discerning eye a delightful surprise.

SINISTER notice in the instructive weekly paper of the town of Snow Hill:

There is a certain married man in Snow Hill who is paying too much attention to a little girl—a girl just upon the brink of womanhood. We are confident that his intentions are anything but honorable. We are not naturally suspicious—but what we have seen, we have seen. So far we are sure no harm has been done—but disaster lies just around the corner. Unless this man desists from his hellish purpose we shall consider it our duty to inform the parents of the girl—and we shall perform that duty. Watch your step, libertine!

OHIO

WORKINGS of the ancient safeguard against double jeopardy in Ohio, as described in a Cleveland dispatch to the Columbus *State Journal:*

After serving six months in the Mahoning County jail at Youngstown on a charge of possession of intoxicating liquor, Joe Romo, of Youngstown, was given an additional 30-day sentence when arraigned before Federal Judge Westenhaver here today. He will serve his sentence in the Canton workhouse. Romo, the evidence showed, possessed one quart of home made wine when arrested.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language from Cincinnati, as reported by the esteemed *Enquirer:*

What has caused the most comment is the autoria, or place for automobiles, a new word coined by Mrs. Dill, who believes that the word garage brings visions of oil stations and is perhaps not quite so refined as autoria.

FROM a florid exposure of a congress of Reds in the *Ohio Journal of Commerce*, the official organ of the Buckeye Babbitts:

Great Britain was represented by its Port Laureat, Elvin Markham.

OKLAHOMA

EXTRACT from the proceedings of the Legislature of Oklahoma:

CHAPTER 302

Senate Resolution No. 14—Sidney Smith

Whereas, Sidney Smith, the creator of the Gumps, is to be in Oklahoma City, attending the Automobile Show, on February 26 and 27, and

Whereas, as a student of affairs of state, his ideas are of material weight to members of law-making bodies:

Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved by the Senate of the State of Oklahoma, that the said Sidney Smith be invited to attend the session of February 27, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and address this body.

ANOTHER:

CHAPTER 290

Senate Resolution No. 2—Tribute to Senator S. Morton Rutherford, Deceased

Our lips are poor ministers of our hearts on this occasion; a deep emotion is circuited by a meager scope when tethered to the spoken word. *The pool of sorrow stored in the heart's deep well is not reached by the buckets we lower of human speech.* It were a profanation of the sweetest flower the soul can bloom, could we coin into language and give to common gaze that which only sorrow may see. . . .

OREGON

FIELD sports at the Oregon Interstate Fair at Pineville, as reported by the estimable *Central Oregonian:*

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A novelty was introduced by A. G. Bach in the spitting contest promoted by a chewing tobacco firm. He induced a dozen local chewers to enter and records were made by Lyle Laughlin, 27 feet; Lee Merchant, 24 feet; and R. L. Ireland, 20 feet.

PENNSYLVANIA

SIGN of a literary renaissance in Philadelphia, from the advertising columns of the Literary Review of the eminent *Public Ledger:*

GOD—REVELATION BY CHRISTIANITY and Astronomical Science, by FREDERICK CARROLL BREWSTER, JR., Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Applications by Mail for the purchase of The Copy Right partly on Royalty Basis will be duly considered by the author.)

The Author makes very clear the fact that God is not merely a conscious force, but rather a Divine Personage having bodily form. He shows (Astronomically) how our sun and satellites revolving are around other suns and satellites in turn all revolve around a common center (gravity), in which God remains, but His Spirit pervades the outlying space causing the various forms of life and matter.

Finally to gratify man's desire to see God (one reason for His coming) the Father willed that Jesus Christ should be conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary.

This theory is very logical, and is in accord with Scripture, particularly when we remember that because of His great brightness no man can look upon God and live.

FROM a circular issued by Professor J. S. Hebron, an eminent sorcerer of Philadelphia:

If your life or business has been a failure, call and see Professor J. S. Hebron, an ordained Elder and a man of God. Inspired with psychological insight, I will widen the doors of prosperity, peace, health and happiness. I remove all kinds of evil influences, spells, pains and swellings. Reunite the separated husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts, bring on happy, speedy marriages. Give advice in law suits, hidden treasures, restoration of health, lost vitality, positions. Being well versed in transcendent mystics, psychology, teleogy, occult science and theosophy. Can be consulted on all affairs in life. Matt. 28:18, John 10:30. Jesus said "these signs shall follow them that believe." Mark 16:17, 18; Luke 21:33; John 14:12. Just as easy to be happy as it is to be unhappy. See the Professor, one of the world's greatest transcendent mascot makers of all ages. Prices $10, $15, $25, $75 and upward. Twenty thousand lucky mascots for sale. I Tim. 5:8. High grade lodestones, eaglestones, Babylonian talismans, Eve and Adam roots, amulets, Hindu philters. Eccl. 3:1, Eccl. 9:11–12. All affairs strictly confidential; also guaranteed or one-third of money returned. Appointments made by phone.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUPERNATURAL events along the Waccama river, as described in the vernacular prints of those parts:

While Edmund Bigham was being tried for murder at Conway recently, George Steele, a witness, died in the witness chair from a sudden attack of heart disease. Shortly after Judge Rice had sentenced Bigham to be electrocuted, after the jury found him guilty of murder without recommendation, the judge went to Florence to hold court, and the evening before court opened, while he was sitting in a theater, he was stricken with some eye affliction which prevented him from presiding the next morning.

According to the Florence *Times*, when it was announced that the judge was incapacitated from holding court, expressions were heard from persons to the effect that the "Bigham curse" was manifesting itself, and that "they had better turn Edmund Bigham loose, or he will cause the death of many others!" This paper also recalls that when Bigham was first tried and convicted of exterminating the Bigham family at Florence, three years ago, the day was bright and sunny, but just after the verdict of guilty without recommendation had been brought in, "within three minutes a perfect gale was blowing, and one of the worst wind and rain storms seen in Florence in a long time raged for a few minutes."

The Horry *Herald*, published at Conway, says that the night of the day that the Colleton county jury brought in its verdict of guilty in the Bigham case, "according to the testimony of several reliable Conwayites, there was a distinct earthquake shock felt in that town."

TEXAS

THE Jerusalem of patriotism discovered in Texas, and reported to the eminent *Herald* of El Paso by the Hon. Wayne Wright, of Dallas:

One finds possibly the healthiest civic pride in Texas in Abilene. There is a standing offer to anyone who can go to Abilene and feign knocking the town on a street corner and get away with it.

CONTRIBUTION to the Texas Gesta Romanorum by the Rev. W. B. Hogg, an eminent divine of El Paso:

A poor man was shot through and through in Mississippi. His friends rushed to him and said, "Pray." He said, "I did not do it when I was living, and I am too much of a man to do it when I am dying." His old mother came to him and asked him to pray. He said, "Mother, I can't, but if you want to help me, get hold of God." His old mother pulled heaven down around him in prayer, and this man promised God that he would serve Him. He got well, and was admitted into one of the leading churches and lived a good life two

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years. When he was dying he sent out for all the rounders to come in and watch a man die for God. In his last moments he exclaimed, "Earth is receding; heaven is opening." Better have your trunk packed, your ticket bought, your baggage checked! God's limited may pull in tonight!

FROM a communication to brother Elks by the Hon. Jack Burk, of Lodge No. 216, San Antonio, Texas:

Every setting sun that goes down upon a dying day and leaves the world to darkness and to dreams sheds its last rays upon the kneeling form of thousands who bless the Elks.

EXAMPLE of the pulpit style of the Rev. J. Frank Norris, D.D., a gifted Baptist pastor of Houston:

The silence of the present-day pulpit on the subject of hell is the reason why we are in a hell of a fix now.

VIRGINIA

LAW Enforcement news from the great Christian seaport of Norfolk, as reported by the eminent *Virginian-Pilot* on the authority of the Rev. David Hepburn, superintendent of the Virginia Anti-Saloon League:

He said that a large per cent of the juries in Virginia were church members. Yet in some communities, he said, it is extremely difficult for a prosecuting attorney to get a conviction in a liquor case. In this connection he mentioned a recent case in the Henry County Court, which gained considerable publicity at the time of its occurrence. In this case, he said, the defendant admitted his guilt, and yet the jury refused to bring in a verdict for conviction.

"We need more men of the courage demonstrated by Judge J. Turner Clement on that occasion when he ordered the clerk to strike the names of those jurors forever off the jury list," Dr. Hepburn declared. Lethargy in law enforcement, he said, was reflected in the record made in Norfolk last July. Forty-four arrests were made by the police. Of this number, four defendants confessed guilt. Only three of the others were found guilty by juries.

WEST VIRGINIA

THE campaign for Law Enforcement in the native parts of the late John W. Davis, as described by the Civil Liberties Union:

After making some remarks about the Klan, McMillion charged that lumber corporations control some of the civil officers. Chief of Police Cochran "thereupon rushed up to McMillion and struck him over the head with his revolver." Another official, Justice of the Peace J. B. Sutton, attempted to strike McMillion with a rock; while Constable James Belcher jammed a pistol into his face and dragged him to the town jail.

WISCONSIN

BULLETIN posted in the show-window of a favorite shop in Milwaukee:

TO MY WORTHY PATRONS:

My agreement for occupancy of these premises expiring with the present month, prompts me, after a great deal of deliberation, to retire, temporarily, at least, from active business.

In announcing this decision, I want to, first of all, take this opportunity of expressing, to all my friends and patrons, my thorough appreciation of their business and confidence entrusted in me these many years; and can only hope that the services I have always endeavored to render and the quality of the delicatessen furnished, can, in a measure, repay you for the faith warranted in me.

Faithfully yours,
HERMAN LUDWIG

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE literary fame of Oliver Wendell Holmes has been erected into a chapter when it should be reduced to a footnote. To have written one book of importance and a handful of occasional poems cannot make a man a figure of major significance. The impossibility appears the greater when it is recalled that the one book epitomizes the humor of a single region. It is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and its importance today is not national, but sectional and local to Boston. Not all of his contemporaries were blind to the exaggerations in the old regard for Holmes, for Thomas Bailey Aldrich noted with unusual realism that "I can't imagine how he will stand by and by; at present his personality is a tower of strength."

If Boston society had been more integrated than it was, and the center of a firmly established leisure class, Holmes would have been simply a cultured gentleman with a literary talent. As it was, he had wit and ability enough to do occasional poems and light essays with a reasonable grace for a highly literate but by no means leisured circle. To him, and to his contemporaries, literature was never a primary consideration. He was a professor of anatomy for thirty-five years; his ability or lack of ability there need not deeply concern us, who are chiefly interested in his writings. It may be observed, however, in passing, that his biographer never once mentions Darwin, and that complaints were made before Holmes' resignation that he was failing to keep up to date in his professional information. He said of Pasteur, though, "I look upon him as one of the greatest experimenters that ever lived, one of the truest benefactors of his race," and he was much interested in the early experiments with artificial anesthetics. He wrote of "Homeopathy and Kindred Delusions," and there is, too, his much quoted remark about dumping drugs into the sea.

It seems curious that he was regarded as a very dangerous enemy to religion in his day, and that his books were forbidden to the pious. Ostensibly he was a Unitarian. What he was most interested in was laying the ghost of his early training in old-fashioned Calvinism, and although he spoiled many books in his effort he never succeeded in doing so. His theological notions were rather amorphous, but it seems that he wanted to put abroad in the world the idea of a benevolent deity. The Calvinists made of God a cruel and arbitrary figure, quite apart from the world. The generation of Cotton Mather got God down to earth as an interfering old busybody. The deists proclaimed Him to be a gentleman, and the transcendentalists made man and nature and God all of one piece. Holmes never got as far as the last, but he did try to make God benevolent and gentlemanly. Such an enterprise does not seem daring to us today, but in Holmes' day it was tremendously so, especially to the "evangelical press." The constant return of his father's notions to his consciousness led him to recurring mental flagellations, stimulated of course by hostile criticism from without. Unfortunately, the issue was temporary and so his struggles are no longer interesting.

Outside of religion and medicine Holmes

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had no interests but Boston and Cambridge. The Statehouse at Boston was his "hub of the solar system." He made two trips to Europe; other than that his travelling was mainly on the lyceum circuit. "The story of my first visit to Europe is briefly this: my object was to study the medical profession, chiefly in Paris, and I was in Europe about two years and a half." The second he wrote about in "Our Hundred Days in Europe" (1886), and in that book he explains apologetically that it is only a record for his friends. One is certainly not moved by it now, save perhaps when he speaks of meeting "Oscar Wilde and his handsome wife." He makes no observation on Wilde's wit, however, but the situation is tantalizing. His most uncritical friends are forced to admit that he was most astonishingly provincial in his physical activity, but they contend that his writings are universal in appeal. But a man's letters need not move over so small an area as his body, and Holmes' letters do. Those to Motley, the most extensive series, are made up of Boston gossip, references to the Saturday Club, his personal religious notions, his family interests, and complaints on the drabness of his days, which he finds as regular as the pendulum of his clock. The Saturday Club meant a great deal to him and when it fell to pieces he lamented greatly. It was a really remarkable association of the major minds of New England, but in their conversation they simply flattered one another. The only figure that we are really interested in shunned its meetings; he was Thoreau, "the nullifier of civilization." The rest were all pleasant gentlemen and Holmes in horror wrote, "It must have been a terrible thing to have a friend like Chatterton or Burns." These pleasant gentlemen could not abide a cynic, for "his talk is to profitable conversation what the stone is to the pulp of a peach." Gay's couplet, "Life is jest and all things show it; I thought so once and now I know it," was combated thus: "Life is a gest, an achievement, or always ought to be." Mr. Longfellow, of the club, wrote some verses called "The Psalm of Life," embodying the same thought, which "touched the heartstrings of the nation." Such was the Saturday Club. When other members went into the world Holmes stayed at home and wrote them the town gossip. He was of Boston, and he was for Boston. Even in religion his ideas did not spring from a universal curiosity, but are explicable only in terms of time and place.

When Holmes brought out his first novel, "Elsie Venner," in 1861, he had already published several volumes of verse and two of his "Breakfast Table" series. He ventured into the form twice afterward in "The Guardian Angel" (1867) and in "A Mortal Antipathy" (1885). In these novels the modern reader will find almost nothing of interest; Holmes' score in this field, indeed, may be reduced to zero. They evidence his preoccupation with theology and medicine; the ideas behind two of them are "physiological conceptions fertilized by theological dogma," chiefly about heredity and free will. Elsie Venner suffered prenatal ophidian influences which gave her a snake-like character and enabled the author "to suggest the limitations of human responsibility in a simple and effective way." "The Guardian Angel" is also concerned with heredity, but there is not so horrific a manifestation of it. The third and last deals with a young man who has a mortal antipathy to young women because a beautiful one dropped him when he was young. He recovers only when another, also of great beauty, rescues him from fire. She wears bloomers, which eases off the shock.

The modern reader is staggered by all this nonsense, set forth in the utmost seriousness. Holmes documented his novels carefully. He stands, indeed, as one of the forerunners of the realism of Howells, but that need not give us pause, for so does Louisa Alcott with "Little Women." Aside from their burden of impossible themes, his stories fail to interest as novels because the narrative is clogged by a too

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frequent intrusion of the manner of the essay. Some of the interpolated essays reflect pleasantly enough New England village life as it was before the alien deluge. When he prepared a final edition in 1891 he realized that his novels were fading and wrote in the new preface to "The Guardian Angel": "If it fails to interest the reader who ventures upon it, it may find a place in an unfrequented book-shelf in common with other medicated novels."

II

Both as a doctor and as a novelist Holmes was singularly reticent about sex. When women began to clamor for admission to the Harvard Medical School he was rather indifferent, but inclined slightly toward opposition. As Dr. D. W. Cheever, one of his old pupils, observes, it is "interesting as an index of his delicacy and purity, that he affirmed that he was willing to teach women anatomy, but not with men in the same classes; and above all, that he should insist on two dissecting-rooms, which should strictly separate the sexes." In fact, it has been hinted that his modesty was one of the reasons for his lack of success as a practicing physician. When he wrote fiction he was similarly restrained. In "A Guardian Angel" the heroine is rescued from drowning while disguised as a boy and as the hero tears open her shirt in reviving her he discovers that "he" is a female—and then modestly replaces the shirt! When it is suggested that one of his beautiful heroines (and all of his women are beautiful) pose as a model for a statue, he observes that she is not so self-conscious a beauty as to dispute territory with the Venus de Milo "in defences as scanty and insufficient as those of the marble divinity." But on occasion he could be brave, and even bold: once he admitted in mixed Boston company that he had "heard of" Casanova.

"As a boy," Holmes once said, "I used to read the poetry of Pope, of Goldsmith and of Johnson." The influence of these men is discernible in all his verse. The most used foot is the iambus, and a good deal is rhymed couplet, of the *a-b-a-b* scheme. He was not technically ingenious, though he was facile in rhyming. All his work was done before 1880, when the newly discovered lyric forms from France provided the occasional versifier with novel and airy schemes for his fancies. The emotions played little part in what he wrote. His best effects are in occasional verse, of which, as literary handy man, he wrote a great deal. Every Boston birthday dedication, literary visit and so on demanded celebration, and to Holmes they always turned. He was even "offered pay for a poem in praise of a certain stove polish, but I declined." Verse "torn up by the roots," as he puts it, was naturally ephemeral, and though, collected, it fills three double-columned volumes, his friends now have regard only for what can be put into a slim volume of one hundred pages. Some of his poems have passed over into American folklore, among them, "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay," and one has achieved the dubious immortality of being a favorite "speaking piece" for school children, "Old Ironsides." But most of it is now very dusty. Occasionally it survives as humor—"The Height of the Ridiculous" and "The Broomstick Train," for example. The serious pieces do not seem to hold up. "The Chambered Nautilus" is an elaborate conceit with a trite moral, and in introducing it at the end of a breakfast-table conversation he calls particular attention to the moral. The best of Holmes seems to me to be in "The Last Leaf," which appealed alike to the intellectual Poe and the emotional Lincoln. Mark Twain tells of Holmes reciting it: "Then Doctor Holmes recited—as only Doctor Holmes could recite it—'The Last Leaf,' and the house rose as one individual and went mad with worshiping delight." Most of that was in tribute to his personality; nevertheless the poem does combine a good subject and felicity of expression.

When, in 1857, the Boston-Cambridge group established the *Atlantic Monthly* it was to Holmes that the first editor turned

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for popular material, and his reply was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," published as a book in 1858. It is incomparably the best volume of prose that he wrote; all his other books may be dismissed as relatively unimportant. They do contain flashes of wit, but they are also full of sandy stretches, and as a whole, barren. He quotes as applicable to "The Autocrat" a phrase out of the preface to "Gil Blas": "Here lies buried the soul of the licentiate." If that is true, then the soul of Holmes was dry and bookish; indeed, he always had an easy feeling among books, "as a stable-boy has among horses." There is no accent of talk in "The Autocrat," but only careful writing. We do not hear a tone of voice. Holmes regarded conversation as a fine art, and was alleged to be the best talker in Boston, but his written discourse is didactic even when it is whimsical. One may reasonably suppose that "The Autocrat" epitomizes the literary humor of the Boston the author knew. When Mark Twain was in England the English made it plain to him that they could turn out polite humorists like Holmes by the dozen, but that Lincoln, Artemus Ward and Twain himself were beyond them. When the bookishness is taken away from Holmes nothing is left, or almost nothing; there is no body. One goes through his masterwork with amusement, but nothing memorable remains at the end. "Ah yes," one says, "This was humor in literary Boston."

The trouble probably lay in his inability to take a purely critical attitude toward anything but religion—and there he was fighting a dying dragon, and he did not give it its death blows. His kindliness assuaged the pain of those who still worshiped. He stuck in pins, but Emerson and William Ellery Channing did the heavy work. On social questions he was very conservative, and of morals I need not say more. He attacked the Knights of Labor in "Over the Teacups," that record of his dotage, and told them that if they "did not like the country they could go elsewhere." By implication, he makes it appear that the Knights were chiefly Irish and Germans, anyway. "If all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes," he wrote elsewhere, "you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so out of the trade in potash." Not even whimsicality can make that other than conservatively commonplace. The truth is that Holmes knew little and cared nothing about the social movements of his time. He was rebuked by Lowell for his indifference to Abolition, but when the Civil War came he said it was holy.

III

It could have been said in no other city than the Boston of 1857 that "society is a strong solution of books." To Holmes books meant those of Eighteenth Century England, and chiefly those of Goldsmith and the essayists. His prose is peppered with incidents out of Boswell, and was formed on the model of Addison and Steele. How he got through "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random" and Sterne's novels, I don't know, for he could talk about books having "subjects which a fastidious conventionalism would approve." Not all the books of Swift, it appears, were on his list, for "one who has had the misfortune to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness." Of his contemporaries in England he preferred Wordsworth, but he was also fond of Carlyle. Of the Bostonians he said little of much value, for he had a distaste for criticism, but he read them all and hailed them as immortal. His letters to Lowell are full of praises, and he wrote to Mrs. Stowe, "Your books, being immortal, must be purged from every earthly stain." But "I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fail to reconcile me." Nor did he understand another independent soul, Emerson, though he wrote a biography of him. It is anecdotal, and without insight. He thought

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"Innocents Abroad" full of "frequently quaint and amusing conceits." He expected a great deal of Aldrich, and he was sure about William Dean Howells. He mentioned Ik Marvel as "one of the pleasantest of our American writers." The whole case may be summed up in his belief that "one of the best offices which women perform for men is that of tasting books for them." Thus it is not surprising that he disapproved of Zola as "one whose name must be looked for at the bottom of the alphabet, as if its natural place were as low down in the dregs of realism as it could find itself."

When he was a youth in Paris he saw many pictures, but in his own Boston he found little but Copley, Stuart and Washington Allston. This poverty is revealed in his remark, made in "Our Hundred Days in Europe," about a visit to the Louvre: "I retained a vivid remembrance of many pictures, which had been kept bright by seeing great numbers of reproductions of them in photographs and engravings." No wonder he wrote that "the New World keeps the imagination on a plain and scanty diet." He knew little of the theatre, though he once said through one of his small boy characters: "D'd y'ever see Ed'in Forrest play Metamora? Bully, I tell you!" Fanny Elssler—to Emerson her dancing was a religion—was the woman who "danced the capstone onto Bunker Hill Monument as Orpheus moved rocks to music." His most constant pleasures were horse-trotting—not racing, for that stimulated betting—and measuring trees. He had endless data on the woodland giants of New England. He believed in temperance "for healthy people," and discouraged smoking.

Pleasantness and fastidious conventionalism thus make up all there is of Holmes. His religious radicalism no longer scares anyone, and it didn't scare many of any intelligence in his own day. In him is summed up the humor of literary Boston—in "The Autocrat" and a handful of poems. His life and works are materials for a footnote to the history of an epoch. The charm of his personality made his contemporaries overrate him, and the adulators of New England continued the error. He took himself seriously, of course, though he once said slightingly that during his professorship at Harvard he had "paid some attention to literature." Such polite deprecation is a falsification of his real attitude. Better illustrative is an incident. When Lowell brought Howells to meet Holmes, the latter said, "Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession;—this is the laying on of hands!"

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A SALOON-KEEPER'S SON

BY B. J. AGNEW

LIKE every other man who rides nowadays in the club-car of the Twentieth Century Limited or the smoker of the 5:15, I have certain opinions about Prohibition. When I air them, as is the custom, I like to think that I speak with uncommon authority, for I was a saloon-keeper's son. Rum-selling, in fact, ran in my family like premature gray hair and high blood pressure; a tenacious tradition of eighty years' standing was loosed when the Volstead Act became effective. Four generations, in all, knew the contumely of grog if not its world-old curse. So far as continuity of vocation goes, my booze-trafficking race is in the same class as the railroading Vanderbilts.

The first of the tainted line was my great-grandfather, a ship's carpenter by trade and an adventurer by inclination, who emigrated from New York in 1836 to settle in a Middle Western State. There he kept a country tavern during the frontier 'forties, the tindery 'fifties and the war-torn years of the next decade. Of him I can speak only from hearsay, but he must have been a citizen of no little standing in the small community that looked to him for its rum, for the village records show that he served as its first postmaster and also as a justice of the peace. Of course, I am prejudiced but I like to imagine the old tavern of my great-grandfather as a hospitable refuge for travelers by stage and a not unpleasant meeting place for the townfolk and farmers 'round about,—a scene of moderate tippling and bucolic banter, a wayside forum wherein the small gossip of the village and the larger news of State and nation were exchanged. It yet stands at the corner of yesterday's high roads, four or five blocks removed from the main paths of modern travel, shaded in Summer by stately maples of generous spread, a weatherworn wraith of a building, as grotesque and anachronistic now as the Galways of its departed landlord.

Of my grandfather, the second of the grog-stained line, I can write a little more intimately. It is with him, in fact, that I associate the first bath of which I have any recollection, probably because it is stamped on my mind as the most dramatic and prophetic immersion ever experienced by any child since the dipping of Achilles in the Styx. I was about a year old at the time, a rank amateur at walking, and all dressed up for a first public inspection by my grandfather's friends and patrons. His bar was selected as the exhibit place, and on it I was enshrined with all the pride of a grandsire in his first and only grandson. But few men can do two things at one and the same time, and my grandfather was no exception. Tending bar and tending a child were too much for him—and for me—for while he was busy serving a customer, I decided to take a stroll down the mahogany. In an instant my untutored foot slipped, and I plunged into the tank where the beer and whisky glasses were rinsed. The effects of the baptism are with me yet. How could you expect a fellow to wear the white ribbon after such an experience in his infancy?

A good business man, my grandfather. He was a ferry boy at sixteen and the owner of five saloons and two blocks of choice business property in a city of 25,000 people at fifty. A thrifty and

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industrious man, the maker of many friends along with his dollars. While I was too young during his lifetime to realize how deeply the stigma popularly attached to his business affected him, I can now look back and see several reflections of it. Because a saloon-keeper was supposed to be a man of few, if any, scruples, he fairly gloried in the reputation he had that his word was as good as his bond, and preached daily to me the honesty and integrity that he practiced himself. He set himself up, too, as a buffer between the community and those dear to him, shielding us in every way possible from the slights and slurs that ever found an easy target in the saloon-keeper's family. While he justified his business, publicly, by the rather cold logic of "if I don't sell it, somebody else will," my grandfather, at heart, had nothing but sympathy for the old soaks of the town—sympathy and a firm but kindly no when they pleaded with him to sell or give them a drink. He rejoiced, too, at their sporadic reformations, and I recall very vividly the delivery of a heavy market basket of provisions to a family about to celebrate, with feasting as well as prayer, the taking of the pledge by the frossled head of the house, whose name had been on my grandfather's black list for years.

In acting as the family shock-absorber, my grandfather failed dismally in one respect: he couldn't down the family inclination in my father, though he twice set him up in businesses other than saloon-keeping. Finally, he gave up in despair and told him to take over the management of one of his own saloons and all the heartaches that went with it.

II

During the years when mixing drinks was a profession and not a parlor sport, my father was a man of infinite pride,—a reaction, no doubt, to the attitude of the community toward the business in which he was engaged. His suits, his shirts, and his shoes had to be made to order, and he was as immaculate as the leading juvenile of a Broadway play. He had the reputation, indeed, of being the best dressed man in town, and got no little delight from that rating. The flashy checked suitings, the blatant scarlet cravats and the blinding diamonds of the saloon-keeper of tradition were anathema to him, and strangers often mistook him for a judge or a clergyman. He got many a laugh out of this, but a great deal of satisfaction too.

His strictness matched his pride. So deeply did he feel the ostracism that his business visited upon him and his family that he ordered his life and ours along such lines that the public, though it might look down upon his occupation, would have to look up to him and us. Our strategy of life was the strategy of the baseball diamond—to outguess the other fellow, to do the unexpected. In my junior and senior years of high-school, for example, I could not play pool in a public billiard-hall because that was where saloon-keeper's sons and other boys of vicious environment were supposed to hang out. I could smoke in my own home but not on the street, because had I done so I would have laid myself open to the charge of leading my companions astray. I could play cards—for fun—in the homes of my friends, but they could not play in mine; if they had, a game of hearts, with a pitcher of ice water for refreshment, would have been converted into a gambling and drinking orgy when the party-line grapevine got busy in the morning.

The scholastic standards which my father set up for me were much more exacting than those demanded by my teachers in grade and high-school and college. It was not enough for him that I should pass with high marks; he wanted me to come out *magna cum laude*. When I failed him I plunged him into shame. I flunked once at the university and shall never forget the Summer of abuse that I endured. The Negro porter at the saloon, who wrote his name with an x, was a scholar compared to me,

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and for punishment I was put out to hard and undignified labor for three months. I did not then understand why my father coveted a Phi Beta Kappa key for me, but I do now. It was just another manifestation of his boundless pride, another way of outguessing those who believed that a saloon-keeper's son could come to no good end.

For a saloon-keeper, in truth, my father was something of a paradox both in opinion and in practice. Instead of plying men with liquor that they might buy more, he often promised bonuses to those he thought were drinking more than was good for them, provided they would go on the water-wagon for a certain period, or laid bets with them, at ridiculously tempting odds, that they couldn't quit the stuff. Conscience money? Perhaps, but he was visibly happy when he had to pay such bounties or settle such wagers; the winners seemed to justify his faith in human nature, which at times must have been severely strained. I once had an opportunity to win one of these prizes, which usually were offered, most appropriately, on New Year's Day. All I had to do was to avoid all alcohol and smoke no cigarettes for a whole year. I got off to a good start and ran a winning race up to the quarter pole. Then a balmy Spring evening and an alluring bock beer sign—with a goat's head upon it, if your memory must be jogged—proved my undoing. That drink cost me $500.05 and six months of caustic comment upon my lack of will power.

Frankly, my father hated the business in which he was engaged, but looked upon it as a necessary evil—and a certain source of grief to anyone and everyone connected with it. I remember the local option election in which women voted for the first time. Previously, the balloting on the saloon question had always been a rather tame formality, with victory for the rum forces a foregone conclusion. But that year my father prophesied a hard and close battle.

"Liquor never did any woman any good," he would say, "and if they've any sense, they'll vote against the saloon."

In the conduct of his saloon my father aimed to make the best of an admittedly bad business. He regarded the place as a sort of public club where men might meet, drink temperately, and find congenial companionship. It was a clean, quiet, orderly resort, where the laws for the regulation of the licensed dram-shop were religiously observed, where every man was welcome so long as he was well behaved, and where foul language and marathon drinking bouts were prohibited. Although a sawed-off billiard cue was kept behind the bar as a sign of preparedness, I have no recollection or knowledge of it ever being used, and in ten years of daily frequentation of the place I never saw a hand raised in anger or a weapon drawn. Neither did I ever see enacted there any of the pathetic scenes of the old-time temperance dramas—the heart-broken, work-bent wife dragging her helpless sot of a man out of the swinging doors, or the ragged child pleading with its drunken father to come home.

The only women who entered the place, in fact, were Salvation Nell and her sister alms-collector for the Volunteers of America. The pack of playing cards and the stack of poker chips, which were then commonly believed to form an unholy and inevitable trinity with the black bottle, were strangers to the place. There was a dice-box on the back-bar for the casting of lots to see who should buy a round, but no secret doors leading to faro and roulette layouts. The beer was always perfectly chilled, the more authoritative beverages unadulterated, the free lunch fresh and appetizing, and the bartenders sober, immaculate and courteous.

My father's saloon was the night bank and the late Saturday afternoon clearing-house of the town. Here, in the years before the Saturday afternoon holiday was general, workingmen exchanged their pay-checks for urgently needed cash. Over some Sundays my father's safe held as much as $10,000 in negotiable paper, in

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addition to the surplus currency left by the check-cashers for safe keeping. "Pretty shrewd business," you may say, "putting temptation in a drinking man's way by putting money in his hand." That may or may not be true, but any fair-minded man will admit that it was a much-needed accommodation, and that the chance of losing by the cashing of bad checks nearly balanced what was gained in the extra nickels and dimes rung up on the cash-register. That he actually suffered only one such loss in fifteen years of wholesale check-cashing in the rush hours of the week's busiest day was one of my father's proudest boasts, not because it showed any ability on his part as a pinch-hitting bank cashier and amateur detective, but because it testified to the innate honesty of man.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that a man should enjoy some measure of reward for so conducting a dram-shop, for injecting into a business, commonly assumed to be unethical, some semblance of ethics. But if my father was so rewarded, he has never mentioned it. Today he owns the house he lives in and the quarter-section of fertile fields and lush pasture land that surround it. This is all his worldly wealth, a rather lean return, it seems to me, for the thirty-five years he spent as a bartender and saloon-keeper—hard years, nervous years, shameful years, every day a day of heartache on account of the ostracism that his business visited upon his family.

The law of the licensed saloon in those days was not lenient with the saloon-keeper, even though he kept within it. He was liable in our State, for example, for the injury or death of any intoxicated man who might be hurt in his place of business, even though the man had acquired his liquor elsewhere. But far worse than that was the attitude of the community, in both word and gesture. It was my father's daily experience to be cut by men who, though friendly enough in his bar-room, were blind to his presence in public when they were accompanied by their wives. Most merchants have the satisfaction of building up a business which they can hand down pridefully to their children for perpetuation. Not so my father. The best, the kindest thing he could do for me was to warn me against following in his footsteps, as my grandfather had warned him and as my great-grandfather had warned my grandfather.

When Prohibition went into effect, five years ago, it had a most salutary effect upon my family, dry-cleaning my soiled 'scutcheon, transforming my father from a rum-seller into a respectable country squire, and banishing overnight the secret heartaches, the social ostracism, the semi-disgrace that were our daily lot in the days of the saloon.

III

But notwithstanding all this, I still have a drink problem to face, and I shall have it as long as liquor is illicitly made and sold. It is a father's problem, for I have a son already old enough to read the newspapers and understand the conversation he hears about him. I have, I hope, no false illusions about the future of this boy of mine. He will, of course, suffer none of the heartaches that were mine because of my father's business, but I'm not crazy enough to bet that he won't experience some of my morning-after headaches. I look for the day to come when he will know the taste and kick of intoxicating liquor, not because his fathers before him drank the stuff they sold, but because drinking is a very common and a very human habit—a habit too deeply rooted in civilized mankind to be wiped out by mere legal enactments and threats of punishment. He will drink for the same reason that I did, because he will consider it the manly thing to do, something akin to shaving. He will be tempted to drink as well by a motive that I knew nothing of—a motive, I believe, that prompts most of the drinking today. He will drink in a spirit of bravado, to show his contempt for a law that is the laughing-stock of the world.

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Already he hears Prohibition talked of wherever he goes. The futile attempts at its enforcement are now the great American jest, and all boys love a joke. In the columns of the daily newspapers he finds stories of a world-old strife that has ever fascinated and enthralled youth, the strife from which Robin Hood and Captain Kidd emerge heroes, the strife between the outlaw and the law. Thus, the question of whether or not my son is going to be a drinking man is giving me not the slightest concern. I know that he is. What's worrying me is this: What sort of stuff will he drink and where will he get it?

In all probability, he will grow to manhood in the home town of his father, but in a social environment vastly different from the one I knew—an environment distinguished by a wide, almost unlicensed liberality of thought, speech and action, and lacking all those rules of public deportment that once had such a disciplinary effect upon youth. Unless conditions change enormously in the next few years, he will never experience, for example, the shameful evening I spent when a senior at high-school, even though he should duplicate my offense. I went to a dance with the smell of liquor upon my breath, and was sentenced to solitary confinement in the check-room, after being openly upbraided by the girl I had escorted to the hall—but whom I did not see home. No, my son will never be subjected to embarrassment for a like offense. But he may be dealt with just as harshly for a failure to carry, on his hip, the stuff in which such perfume lurks. At least, I must so infer from a story that is now going the rounds of our town.

It seems that the son of a family recently moved in invited the eighteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor to a dance at the country club. Snuggling up beside him in the front seat of the motor-car, she opened the conversation with the question:

"What are we drinking to-night—just drug store hootch or some of papa's prewar stock?"

At first, he parried the query with a perplexed "Whatta you mean?" and finally stammered: "Why, nothing!"

Then the sweet young thing gave him unhampered use of his arm for driving and said scornfully:

"I didn't know Volstead was any relation of yours. You might as well run right home to your mamma. You won't see anything of me for the rest of the evening."

And he didn't.

The younger set of our town is running true to the Scott Fitzgerald dope-sheet—drinking between pets and petting between drinks. Like the younger set of my own day, it is simply emulating the crowd of more mature age that dominates the society column. It is an old practice, that of youth imitating its elders, but the pattern to which American youth now cuts its deportment is new, almost raw in fact. The corn-fed aristocracy of ten years ago, ticklers for decorum and sobriety, has been dethroned, and another 400 now reigns in every American town. Not only reigns, but pours. That's why it is *the* 400. The old leaders just didn't realize the social possibilities in Prohibition. The new ones did. "Has he got it and does he serve it?" is the only question asked about an applicant seeking admission to the purple. If the answer is yes, he belongs.

Now my son, when he grows older, when he is going to college, when he is ready for business, will aspire, quite naturally, to membership in such sets. They are composed of the people who are alive, the people who are doing the entertaining, the people who belong to the country club, the centre of our town's social life, the recognized leaders. They seem to be getting the most fun out of life, and I think that if I were younger, I, too, would seek their companionship. Because I anticipate such a desire on my son's part, I now ask myself how much it will cost him. I know fairly well what sort of poisons he will drink, where he will have to go to get them, what manner of men he will have contact with in such dealings,

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and, knowing all this, I sometimes wonder if the licensed saloon, bad though it was, would not have had a better influence on him than Prohibition as now enforced.

IV

Drinking, in the days of the licensed saloon, was certainly not all bad. There was at least a little that was good about it. Most men were temperate drinkers who found refreshment in beer, tonic properties in whisky, inspiration of a sort in wine. The saloons, for the most part, were inviting and orderly, owned and conducted by men who respected and observed the law, including the statutes forbidding the sale of intoxicants to drunkards and minors. The malt and spirituous liquors they sold were properly made and aged, and about their places was a spirit of camaraderie that I have never seen approached in clubs. Drinking men were almost invariably tolerant men, charitable not only with their money but in their speech, saying something good about a man or nothing at all.

My son will never experience the better side of drinking. It went out with the licensed saloon. He will seldom, if ever, take one or two glasses of beer and go to his home or his work, for Prohibition has put a stop to temperate drinking. Bottles are opened nowadays to be drained at a single sitting: a quart of Scotch is now an appetizer where once a cocktail sufficed. He will drink, at best, green whisky and new beer, or synthetic gin. The cup that cheered is not for him. He can get only the bottle that dulls the brain and thickens the tongue.

The men to whom he must go to get this stuff were once the parasites of our town —gamblers, managers of prize fighters, keepers of assignation houses. They have made Prohibition a Golconda. But the costly motor-cars in which they now ride, the big bank rolls they flash, and the contaminating political power they have achieved have not endowed them with any new scruples. They will sell to anyone, minors included, who has the price to pay. They stand in no fear of the law and its consequences. A fine that nicks the obese bankroll automatically sends the price of booze upward. Injunctions are as funny as the comic strips, and openly disregarded.

There is one proprietor of an alleged soft-drink parlor in our town whose place was ordered closed for a year when he was found guilty of illegally selling intoxicating liquors. The front door was padlocked and the court order tacked thereon. But business still continues at the old stand. The owner merely moved his bar from the front to the rear of the building and opened the back door. A resourceful fellow, and something of a comedian to boot. He delivered a case of beer to my house recently. When my wife asked what it was he replied: "Well, lady, I wouldn't give it to the baby. It ain't milk; I can tell the world that."

In the side-street saloons and the all-night road-houses which such gentry conduct you can always find trouble—they make a specialty of busting noses as well as painting them—but never a sign of genuine good-fellowship. Everything about these resorts is counterfeit, like the labels on their bottles of Gordon gin.

So among the questions I daily ask myself are these: What will be my son's reactions to the life after such associations? Will he interpret the money lust of the bootlegger, the gluttony of the drinker, the contempt for law of both as common characteristics of mankind, reflected not alone in their drinking but in their every activity? Will he lack the tolerance and sympathy for his fellows that I acquired from my association with and patronage of the licensed saloon? Will he see in all men, not some good mixed with the bad, but only an unmixed bad?

Not being an Anna Eva Fay, I cannot answer these questions. I can only wonder. I'm prejudiced, of course. I was (past tense, please) a saloon-keeper's son.

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SANTA BARBARA HAS A FIESTA

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

UNDER God, in February, 1919, the Hon. Ole Hanson, Mayor of Seattle, saved the Republic from Bolshevism and the Federated Clubwomen of forty-eight States and the District of Columbia from nationalization. Thereafter, until the Coolidge troubadours composed the chanson of the Boston police strike in September of the same year, this great man was the folk-hero of terrified and commerce-chambered men from ocean to ocean.

A shrewd fellow, he did not fritter away his fame on doubtful vice-presidential booms, but cashed in on it in all available market-places. Between February and September nearly every sufficiently prosperous Y. M. C. A., Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis or Rotary club and lodge convention in the west country heard "the hero of the Seattle revolution" at so much a speech. When fame flattened the Hon. Mr. Hanson had a stake.

This stake, as became a retired folk-hero, he invested in Southern California real estate. And so it happened that when I stepped off the train at Santa Barbara one evening last Summer, unnecessarily alarmed by grapevine rumors that the town was just then leading all America in the race for cultural improvement, I was pleasantly reassured by a sign opposite the station park announcing that Ole Hanson, realtor, sold lots. Within three minutes a proud taxi-driver had added the information that at the free public banquets which accompany the more sensational auctions Ole often makes a speech himself.

Then, suddenly, I understood that in spite of its cultural complex, Santa Barbara was safe for American folk-ways. The fact that its populace cherished Ole Hanson and the communal uplift together proved at once that the regional motto of Southern California, heard whenever two Keokukians meet in a cafeteria, was true for the New Day as well as for the old: "The world is a small place, after all."

II

A hundred years ago Santa Barbara was a frayed village of Mexican ranchers and fishermen, presided over, on a hill of properly impressive height, by a dignified mission church of the Franciscan brotherhood. The mission was in the business of teaching the neighboring Indians that the chief among the blessings of Christianity was the privilege of doing farm work for the fathers for sixteen hours a day. The village was mainly in the business of piling up sins for the fathers' professional attention. This commerce was reputed to reach its most vigorous stages just after the mildly bibulous and erotic Fiesta de la Primavera, held annually in April or May.

But by fifty years ago American culture had begun definitely to predominate in Santa Barbara. The town was still small, but it now had a minority whose members faithfully obeyed the Methodist Book of Discipline as well as a majority which drank its liquor straight over irritable poker tables and encouraged young G. A. R. veterans to make political speeches. The Fiesta de la Primavera was rapidly degenerating into a riot of old-fashioned county fair proportions, with this difference: fewer sinners sought absolution afterward.

Within the next twenty years a still more

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significant change occurred. Rich and respectable persons from east of the Rockies began to discover the town as a Summer and Winter retreat and a solution of the permanent retirement problem. Consequently, in the nineties of the last century the standard American château of the period, with thick plate-glass windows and cast-iron hunting-dogs towering over the shrubbery, sprang up in the middle of enormous green lawns in the outskirts. These new settlements brought Santa Barbara to the consciousness that it had a distinct culture. The rich and powerful newcomers leaped into command of that consciousness at once, and stigmatized the Fiesta de la Primavera as a low saturnalia of roughnecks. The bulk of the American proletariat was by this time lusting after the patronage of the exclusive, and so hastened to prove its agreement.

Thus the majority began to reform its folkways. Instead of the saloon and the gambling hell, lodges and professional associations of minor tradesmen became the chief foci of male entertainment. The mystic trappings of Shriners on parade and the military gaudiness of the Knights of Pythias came to be, in a sense, symbols of the town's regeneration, and were seen on every hand. The ladies showed their interest by redoubling their devotions, by learning the new game of bridge whist, or by leaving the Baptists for the Episcopalians. The new respectability abjured the Fiesta de la Primavera as a bawdy enterprise, leaving it to die a slow death at the hands of the strictly unaspiring classes. Meanwhile, business was good, the town grew, the rich came faster, the cast-iron dogs multiplied, and Santa Barbara seemed on the point of becoming the Asbury Park of the Pacific Coast, only richer.

Then its cultural progress took a sharp turn in still another direction. Having attracted the modestly rich of the Nineteenth Century, the town now suddenly began to attract the immensely rich of the Twentieth Century. The round little foothills of the Santa Barbara Mountains, from the canyon back of the old mission to half a dozen miles downshore in the suburb of Montecito, suddenly bristled with estates and mansions. There are now the packer estates, the Omaha banking estates, the Chicago wheat pit estates, the agricultural machinery and oil estates, and so on. One peculiarly flamboyant estate, crowned by a palace of screaming salmon pink on a little hill just at the crucial point on the bay's curve, represents a fortune won in gas.

It was, by the time this got under way, nearing 1910, and the expensive architects of California were all building in the Spanish-colonial style. The new fortunes hired them to work according to this fashion, and the result today is a landscape covered almost entirely with neo-Sevillian houses, though they are all inhabited exclusively by Nordics. Meanwhile, the ancient châteaux of the Norddeutscher-Lloyd era mostly went on sale and were pulled down, and by 1923 the census reported only one iron hunting-dog publicly on view in the entire settlement.

But the difference between the old immigration and the new was more than merely architectural. The families which sought Santa Barbara in the nineties had for the most part made their fortunes themselves. They were tired after the struggle and their main object in life was to stop everybody else's fun, so that they could be quiet: hence the extinction of the Fiesta de la Primavera. The new immigration, on the other hand, mainly represents second and third generations of affluence. It has not been overworked, and is not overworked now. In consequence, it is energetic, aspiring and restless. It has a certain sophistication in its tastes. When it settled in its brand-new villas and among its Spanish-colonial antiques made in Italian factories, it looked down upon the miserable condition of the elder Santa Barbareños, and felt pity for them.

Here were starved creatures moving stolidly through their Rotary and Kiwanis banalities, their Chamber of Commerce and Red Men rituals, their dull Baptist and Methodist orgies, just like the inhabitants

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of any other Main Street. Here on this gorgeous California coast, with oranges in the back yard for breakfast and care-free sunshine nearly always bursting through the fog in time for luncheon, were wasted and unlimited possibilities of a life of an almost Latin elegance and voluptuousness. Yet all these possibilities were being missed by inhabitants, who insisted upon conducting themselves precisely as if they lived in Iowa or Mississippi. The lady (and some gentleman) bountifuls living on the great estates had all tasted the thrills of having confetti thrown in their faces by the hookers of Nice. Therefore they set up the motto, "America doesn't play enough." And, being imbued, withal, with the stern ideal of their forefathers that a good citizen's duty is to evangelize and improve somebody, they determined to do their duty by Santa Barbara.

They would teach the clerkly and respectably Nordic populace of the town that it had done wrong in espousing stupid lodges and luncheon clubs as an escape from the bad habits of the seventies. They would show it that there were better and more æsthetically improving outdoor and indoor sports than Rotary could offer. They would, in short, give Santa Barbara a Community Arts Association and restore the fiesta. And they did.

III

The Community Arts Association represents a continuous and laborious effort at cultural improvement, directed from above. Like the district-school of old, with its piece-speaking day, it has its grand occasion for showing off, which is the fiesta.

The Arts Association began a good deal as union churches do in small communities, and still suffers from similar internecine passions. For years there had been an amateur dramatic club in Santa Barbara. The choir-singers, piano teachers and other musically gifted citizens joined in a loosely organized *Bund* for mutual improvement shortly after the war. Artists—meaning persons who paint or practice other lascivious handicrafts—began to straggle into Santa Barbara soon after the invasion of the rich, lured by the inevitable sad affinity between the desire of the wealthy to patronize and the need of the artist to make a living. Then, suddenly, as an antidote to the post war boredom, the inspiration came to the Montecito colony to merge the three movements in one and extend their blessings to the whole æsthetically starved populace.

With the help of ready cash, it was easily done. The neo-Sevillian architects were summoned, and back of the old manor house of the town's Spanish social leaders, the de la Guerra family, there sprang up, about paseos, plazas and patios, a group of white-stuccoed, tile-roofed studio apartments. The artists, the sellers of oriental art objects and Hungarian glasswares, the male and female weavers of inflammatory art fabrics, knowing the value of atmosphere, all moved in. Near-by, semi-ruinous edifices dating back to the early American occupation were repaired to house an exotic book-shop and one of those expensive tobacconists who encourage you to invent your own mixture. Montecito thus acquired a shopping district fit to match Washington Square or middle Fifth avenue. But physical atmosphere must have its social support, not to say its intellectual. What could the new Greenwich Village hope to become without charming shop talk? Also, the thriving art and musical schools under community patronage needed directors. These joint requirements were met by importing certain excellently equipped professors of art from a famous British university.

It is not their fault, for they know their business and strive conscientiously to perform it, but what the patrons of the Santa Barbara arts movement have most eagerly insisted on learning from them is a manner and an accent. The most apt place to observe these phenomena is in the book-shop, where the young ladies of the polo-playing set are learning literature by selling it, and

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where the atmosphere is intensively flavored with behavior out of English novels. In this place on a dull afternoon last August I saw the high British handshake exchanged by 100% Americans, at least two of whose great-grandparents were German peasants, twelve times within the space of half an hour. Also, I overheard conversations like this:

"Have you had your bawth today?"

"Yes, and the wawtah was simply splendid."

"That so? Gee, I'm sorry I missed it. You know, my deah, I haven't had a chance at a bath once this week."

Sometimes it would be "quite all right," again it would be "sure." There was a question of hospitality. One young lady urged another one to "stawp the night with us," and in the second sentence following demanded, "Now, tell me why you can't stay all night." By these tokens one finds a new linguistic variation growing up right under the eyes of the Santa Barbara county kleagle—to wit, what some unsympathetic observers call California-British.

Often enough it is further complicated with what, for lack of a better term, may be called the "arty" lilt. This is a form of elocution which tends to make ordinary conversation sound a good deal like a reading of Edna St. Vincent Millay's verses by a high-school girl. It is especially prevalent at those functions where the daughters of packing-house fortunes are enjoying their first social contact with the art world. There, for instance, tributes to the work of young students are no longer paid in the guttural patois of the working studios: "Yeah, that Jones kid did a good job with that Mex gurl's head." The "arty" lilt puts it thus:

> That wonderful, wonderful portrait!
> So young in every touch!
> So wild!
> So satisfying!
> So real!

One even hears so familiar a subject as California's scenery dealt with in the new dialect as follows:

> O, but you *must* see Carmel!
> You must come some noon this Summer
> When those bright little villas on that marvelous coast are like jewels in the gala sunlight.
> Then afterwards you can grow to love
> Those wild mysterious mists, that twine among the rugged rocky hills
> About our strange live-oak trees.

This is the speech of Davy Crockett and of Noble Harding of the Mystic Shrine twisted away from its ancestral twang to harmonize with English muffins. This much, at least, the founders, aiders and abettors of the Community Arts Association have gained right off the bat.

IV

But what of the populace for whose improvement these exotic refinements are intended? A young man with an old face sits all day in the central office of the Arts Association pondering this question. The son of a minister, he has enjoyed since babyhood an insight into parish plots and jealousies. A former Y. M. C. A. secretary, he has known and practiced the art of reconciling the dreadful feuds of the evangelical sectarians. A former actor, he has seen artistic temperaments rage their worst. No better choice could have been made for a director, for he is charged with the duty of composing the disputes between those who wish to keep the Community Arts movement exquisite and uplifting and those who insist that it pay; between those who, in their various groupings, wish its music, its painting, its drama, its city planning or its civic improvement to predominate. Yet even the director has his moments of hesitation. How to keep the movement exclusive enough in its attractions to satisfy those who pay its bills, and at the same time interest the lower orders who need to be rescued from their lamentable folk-ways?

It is easy enough to coax the talented offspring of humble families into the art and musical schools; even to provide

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means for their further education in eastern centres when they display sufficient aptitude. But how to seduce the boys of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs from their noontime gambols, the nobles of the mystic orders from their occult ceremonials, the Ladies of the Evil Eye from their labors for neighborhood moral uplift and into the higher reaches of æsthetics?

The Arts Association's answers to the challenge are the Little Theatre and the revived fiesta. The former, by dint of reproducing the more smoothly embossed type of Broadway successes, with the aid of talent trained in college dramatic clubs, has at length achieved in the community the respectable and profitable condition of a moral obligation. Within twenty-four hours after my arrival in Santa Barbara, fully a score of persons had told me that I "ought to" see "Beggar on Horseback." My waitress and two casual acquaintances at my hotel told me the plot. During the ensuing week it was repeated by 100 people, but not more than one or two indicated whether the play was an agreeable entertainment or not. They simply told me that the home talent troupe had been offered so many thousands of dollars to come to San Francisco and that I "ought to go."

But in spite of this unanimous sense of æsthetic duty, there have been rubs with the populace. The State Street merchants took a peculiarly niggardly attitude toward allowing their dramatically gifted employés time off for rehearsals. "It seems impossible to make them realize," said a confidant of the management, "that a salesgirl or a clerk will do better work for being allowed to come down late after being up until 3 A. M. for a rehearsal." But these hard-boiled and go-getting he-men, though they knew through their wives that they "ought to go" to the performance, persisted in being unreasonable, and so one or two members of the cast had to change their jobs.

Nor were social barriers entirely disposed of. Montecito and State Street may pull together in a theatrical troupe, but the later consequences are sometimes painful. Such professional associations, indeed, do not always ripen as the State Street parties to them desire. And the resultant heart-burning is not always so frankly expressed as it was by a certain temperamental Italian who found his descent from the heights of fame in a character part to his lowly station as porter a trifle disturbing: "I have made all these friends through my art, and now they know me no longer. I am a passionate man, and this hurts."

V

In the fiesta the effort of the Communal Arts Association to enlist the populace reaches its climax. Back of it is a subtle and diabolic plot. The fiesta is intended as a snare to lure the Santa Barbara burghers and rabble onward and upward toward that higher æsthetic life which has been prepared for them. The idea is that if they can be got to participate in a week's municipal carnival the holiday mood will so possess them that they will flock in droves to the more uplifting fiesta week offerings of the dramatic and musical departments of the association, and even trickle a trifle more numerously than usual into the salons of the painters. It is further hoped that through the fiesta the pleasure taken in the arts, at first as the result of momentary excitement, may grow into a habit and at length into a permanent passion. Thus the leaders of the arts movement anticipate that, in five years or five centuries, according to their optimism, they will raise the Santa Barbara proletariat and boobery up to the level of æsthetic responsiveness represented by the Sicilian peasantry.

As a first expedient, the fiesta must be made "popular." Therefore, its management has been as far as possible turned over to the burghers of the town. One young man, it is true, who speaks California-British fluently and whose loss must be felt in the diplomatic service, is in charge as a director, and is entrusted with the

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task of keeping the various parades from degenerating into pageants of local advertisers and lodge brothers. But otherwise, on the theory that the people will best follow their natural chieftains, the Babbitts really run the show.

This has certain interesting consequences. For example, State Street respectability has stepped on the yearning of the romantic æsthetes to have the new carnival named after the ancient and immoral Fiesta de la Primavera. That decadent orgy is not to be mentioned, even under the breath, by the sons and daughters of 100% American mothers. Besides, the new fiesta is to take place, not in the Spring, which is English for primavera, but in August. The ruling Americanism has also dictated that the Spanish language must be ruled out of most of the title. The burghers have named the show the Old Spanish Days Fiesta, and, doubtless to heighten the contrast between the old and the new, have adopted for advertising, official badge, and button purposes the slogan: "Booster Old Spanish Days." As an emblem, they permit the sale of toy roosters—perhaps in faint commemoration of the national game of the Spanish Californians—but with a limerick printed across the breast-bone, in which rooster is made to rhyme with booster. There is also flung upon the screen of the local moving pictures during carnival week a lyric by the Santa Barbara poet laureate, set to music for mass singing, and bearing in the refrain the sentiment:

> Said Mr. Gallagher to Mr. Shean,
> Santa Barbara's the best town we've ever seen.

And as evidence that the communal culture is not new, shop windows and the display advertising of many business houses carry the touching information that Elliott Rogers wrote "The Rosary" in Santa Barbara in 1882.

Popular interest must be won at all costs. And when I saw the fiesta, it was. Apparently every man, woman and child who owed any allegiance to Santa Barbara was in costume last August. Shoe salesmen and grocery clerks served you with a bit of scarlet braid on their trouser seams. Paunchy realtors and insurance solicitors full of mental mastery dashed about town in gaudy sashes. Deacons of the total immersion sects sported, at the least, a bit of crimson frill around their hat bands. High-school boys scurried by, their heads gorgeously bound in scarfs and bandanas. From Montecito the young men of the *jeunesse dorée* appeared in grandees' costumes complete enough for a masquerade ball. The very street-car conductors wore Spanish epaulettes and ear-rings and a look of grievance even more bitter than usual. Contractors bossed their workmen in brilliant serapes. Guitars were seen in the streets. Women wore mantillas and an apparently official uniform in the way of a waist of yellow, black and scarlet, so universally that you could tell the outland females by their native American costumes. The Mexican population dug up its old finery and musical instruments and paraded the sidewalks with the timid air of people reasserting their importance after long abeyance.

There were parades—an infinite series of parades, so that whenever one got on a trolley-car to go somewhere, a traffic policeman, a stern and officious man, blasted one's hopes by telling the conductor that he would have to stop where he was for the next hour. There were pageants. The Elks' drum-corps led the largest of them. The members of Rotary and Kiwanis, with arms swinging as if in search of prospects, represented the Indians, the Franciscan friars, the forty-niners, the Fremont expedition, and so on. The Spanish population brought up the rear with old-fashioned floats and coaches and ingratiating smiles. At evening there was dancing in roped-off streets, to the music of the town band and an occasional Mexican stringed orchestra. Here and there a flapper threw a handful of confetti somewhat nervously.

That week's performance of "Beggar on Horseback" became the thing everybody "ought to go to," and the box re-

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ceipts were excellent. The story of the munificent offer to the players from San Francisco became a heroic legend. The recitals of the musical department of the Arts Association were better attended than ever before. Here and there a burgher's wife and daughter began to acquire a working facility in California-British, or daringly risked the 6 o'clock supper appetite in a 4:30 visit to the paseo or the book-shop tea-room.

The inner circles of the arts movement observed and were rejoiced. The first essay in the mass cultural improvement had been an overwhelming success. Ladies went about declaring that "we have brought the European carnival spirit to America at last." More secretly it was whispered—since this is treason in California—that the local Babbitts were being tactfully led by the nose to the discovery that for gala events there are more fetching costumes than fezzes.

VI

But was it so? After five days of observing the fiesta from the unbiased standpoint of one who was neither a contriver, nor a participant, nor an admirer of the American folk-ways in their unimproved condition, I was forced to doubt it. True, everybody dressed up and went on parade. But was that a triumph? Probably no people on earth are more eager to escape from reality via the fancy dress route than the Americanos. Tell the Rotarian that he can be an Indian in the town pageant, and he will be elated over it longer than over a present of a new golf club. The lodge mysteries draw adherents almost in proportion to the gaudiness of the regalia. Granted that he has his gang with him and does not have to dress up alone, the average American, when the occasion offers, cannot be restrained from indulging in costumes by anything less dangerous than a Federal injunction. His women, if it be possible, take to the sport even more readily and grimly.

The chief thing to be said about the Santa Barbara debauch is that the costumes were all unsuited to Nordics. The eggy lustre of the crimsons and dark yellows made them look sallow. The colors heightened the signs of weariness and tired feet which Americans always wear when their efforts at improving amusement keep them standing or walking about for more than a few minutes. Thus, by the second day most of the fiesta crowd had put on a look of definitely bilious listlessness. Long before the last night of the revels the adult faces one saw seemed unutterably and petulantly tired. They were precisely the faces which otherwise kindly men and women used to wear in my youth at the end of the Sunday-school picnic season—when they slapped the children all round and muttered, "Well, thank God, it's over for this year." The costumes agreed somewhat better with the Mexican complexions, but there was nevertheless an air of unfulfilment about the revels of the original Californians. Perhaps they were making some subconscious comparison between the "European carnival spirit" as ancestrally understood and its locally distilled reproduction. Or perhaps the fault lay in their subtle comprehension that there can be no such thing as a carnival without *aguadiente*.

The secret force behind all the listlessness may have been exposed in the boast of the partisans of the Community Arts movement that they "put the fiesta over." They did; and the populace for whose good its benefits were intended went through the motions of self-expanding gayety with all the well-drilled docility of an American herd which recognizes that something has been "put over" it. It was not theirs to question whether the colors of feudal Spain agreed with Nordic complexions. It was theirs but to wear them. No one asked whether "Beggar on Horseback" was entertaining. One simply "ought to go." The whole community participated, but with about as much spontaneity as high-school graduates bring to their commencement exercises.

Will ground so boldly and laboriously

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seized on the pathway to the higher community culture be held? The signs, alas, are not encouraging. The week after the fiesta the Ku Klux Klan was preparing to conduct its biggest initiation ceremony in the history of Santa Barbara county. The leading local theatre was announcing Doug's latest picture. Shriners and Kiwanians were eager for their natural revels. The closing Saturday of the fiesta was the day Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller, "physician of the soul," picked to insert four pages of specially prepared advertising in the Santa Barbara *Daily News*, ballyhooing his series of lectures and classes on "Scientific Breathing," "Scientific Sex," "Scientific Prayer" ("Are your prayers answered? They should be!"), and "What Is Success and How Is It Attained." In a dominant position on the first page stood his touching lyrical tribute to Santa Barbara's improved æsthetic sensibility:

FOR MYSTICS
Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller
Stands at the door
Of the House Beautiful
Acting as Interpreter.
As truly as thoughts
Are things—words
Are mental medicine.
Here then is a rich

DEPOSITORY OF GOD'S THOUGHTS
Clothed in man's
Choicest words and
Suited to all sorts
And conditions of mind, body and soul.

As the last groups of fiesta revelers slunk homeward on Saturday night, I heard several ask when Ole Hanson was going to give his next banquet. . . . Is there anything to be done about folk-ways except leave them alone?

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Suggestion to the Censors.—Let any professional censor, when he starts out to clap the lid on any book or play or picture or piece of sculpture on the ground that it may be subversive of the morals of the young of the species, look back upon his own youngsterhood. Let him ask himself if in that period of his life he, like all other youngsters, didn't have a few dirty ideas and didn't commit a few moral misdemeanors. And let his answer to himself—to be kept his own secret property—be absolutely honest. This done, let him then ask himself what share any book or play or picture or piece of sculpture had in the matter.

Hands Across the Sea.—Every time an American dealer rises at a book auction in London and begins bidding his English colleagues under the table the patriotic English squirm, and every time they squirm they show sound feeling and sound sense. Suppose we were poor and the English were rich, and some of our most precious national heirlooms had to go on the block, and the English sent hard-boiled commercial gents across the ocean to buy them, and every effort of an American to save them was met by a gaudy flashing of money, like that of an Elk in a supper-club. Who would squirm then? The two cases are exactly parallel. For the books that the agents of American profiteers now gobble so copiously in London are not merely old books; they are, in many cases, national treasures of the English people. Some of them are quite unique; when the single known copy comes to America there is none left for England. The English, seeing this single copy go, feel that they have been stripped—that there has been something unfair about the transaction. Nine-tenths of these books are of English origin. They constitute, collectively, one of the great glories of England. To take them away is to do violence to the national *amour propre*. To do it by the mere brute force of money is to pull John Bull's ear. No wonder he howls.

There would be somewhat less repining, I fancy, if the business were conducted with more suavity—for example, if the sales were not so public and the superior solvency of the American bidders not so boldly flaunted—above all, if there were any logical reason for bringing such treasures to America. There is none that I have ever been able to discover. America did not produce them, and Americans in general are not interested in them, save as things costing a lot of money. Moreover, there are very few scholars in this country capable of studying them to any profit; the overwhelming majority of such students are Englishmen, and live in England. Yet more, there is no sign, so far, that the profiteers who buy them have any intention of putting them at the disposal of such scholars as we have. Now and then, true enough, a Morgan library is opened, or it is announced that a Huntington library is to be opened at some vague time in the future, but in the main the profiteers hoard their loot very carefully, and so it has no public value whatever. In England most of it would have reached, soon or late, the British Museum, the Bodleian or some other such public collection. But in America it seems doomed to pass from profiteer to profiteer forever. When such a man dies, it is extremely uncommon, if he is an Ameri-

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can, for him to leave his books to a public library. Nine times out of ten he leaves them to his heirs, and his heirs promptly send them to the auction-house, where other profiteers battle for them. The system makes book-dealers and auctioneers rich, but how does it serve scholarship?

Even when such books reach our public libraries they are not where they belong. They ought to be in the libraries of England. England produced them and England ought to have them. To set up any contrary doctrine is to argue that there is no such thing as a national treasure—that everything belongs, as of right, to whoever offers the most money for it. It may be argued, true enough, that all such books are offered for sale voluntarily—that Englishmen are quite free to buy them and keep them in England, if they have the money. But the argument simply begs the question. The point is that Englishmen *would* buy them if Americans kept out of the market—that American gold, vulgarly flashed, runs up prices beyond reason, and so makes it impossible for men of ordinary means to compete. The thing that makes news is not the fact that another unique example of English incunabula has come to America; the news lies in the fact that a prodigious and unprecedented price has been paid for it—that all possible English competitors have been knocked out by an American who is willing to pay twice what the book is worth for the childish satisfaction of grabbing it and hoarding it. The collections of such men are not, properly speaking, libraries; they are simply safe deposit vaults full of sunbursts.

I believe that this inordinate hogging of books—and, with them, paintings and other objects of art—must have, in the long run, an evil effect upon British-American relations. Back in 1911, in "The Outcry," Henry James was already describing the beginnings of that effect. Since the war it has been much exaggerated. The sort of Englishman who collects books is poorer since the war than he was before; the sort of American who invades the London auction-rooms is enormously richer. His presence is a constant affront to English susceptibilities. He visualizes the superior wealth of the Republic—the only country which made a good profit out of the war. The English may be polite to him, but they detest and despise him in their hearts. He is, to them, simply a barbarian on a raid. Here a certain fine irony enters into the matter. This prehensile profiteer, as a rule, is extravagantly Anglomaniacal; he craves English good will; his dream is of a perpetual alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Motherland and her late colonies. And no man, I believe, is doing more to make that alliance unlikely, for he not only injures the English; he also insults them.

The Doctrine of "You Are Right."—Nothing is so challengeful as a defence of one's self. Nothing is so disarming as the custom of admitting everything.

Solo for the Saxophone.—To say that nine-tenths of marriages are unhappy is doubtless untrue. But, looking about me, I venture, and not without a reasonable amount of confidence, the opinion that the marriages that are happy are chiefly those in the period of the twenties and those of the early fifties and beyond. Marriage in these groups of years is apparently pleasant and agreeable to the parties concerned: during these spaces of time there seems to be little or no disagreement or unhappiness. But marriage during the period of the thirties and forties is apparently fraught with trials and tribulations. The couple that hangs together in perfect accord during its thirties and forties is as rare as the ducatoon of Priuli.

Progress of the Mind.—Perhaps the last concept to be grasped by man in his journey up from the zoo is that of honest difference of opinion. The business is possible only to small classes of men, most of them morally obtuse; the average man can see such a difference only as an evidence of sin.

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Here he is on all fours with the savage, his father. To a savage every deviation from his own ideas, however slight, is proof of wickedness, and he punishes it capitally whenever he can. So does an archbishop. It happens that all the archbishops in the United States, save a few greasy and obscure Greeks and Armenians, are Roman Catholics. As a whole, they constitute a very worthy body of men. They obey the laws, practice the rites of their religion faithfully, and seldom say anything downright idiotic. Many of them are educated. Nevertheless, these archbishops view the Baptists, say, or the Seventh Day Adventists precisely as a savage might view them. To the archiepiscopal mind such persons are not merely imbeciles; they are heretics, *i. e.*, criminals, and they will all go to hell when they die. The Baptists take the same view of the archbishops. Whenever they think of Sodom and Gomorrah, they put mitres on the heads of all the inhabitants. A Georgia Baptist, encountering an archbishop in full canonicals on a dark road at night, would heave his rabbit's-foot at him and then race for the swamps like a gazelle. In Arkansas it is unlawful for an archbishop to hold public office, to wear his robes on the streets or to advertise himself as a fortune-teller.

As civilization gradually breaks up in the United States and the ideas of the least intelligent varieties of men gain the force and effect of statute law, all persons who deviate from the norm will become criminals and all save the more cunning and devious of them will be forced out of the country. I am myself an orthodox Christian and very strict in my economic ideas; nevertheless, I find it increasingly difficult to keep out of jail. Ten years ago I was still a more or less reputable citizen, and no one, so far as I know, proposed to proceed against me. But in 1915, when the neutrality of the late Dr. Wilson began to appear to me to be bogus and I said so, I suddenly found myself a criminal. Two years later, when it was announced that the United States was going into the war as an altruist and I laughed at the news, I became a criminal doubly damned. In 1920 Prohibition made me a criminal of the third degree. In a few years I'll enter the fourth degree because, though a lifelong Protestant and wholly Nordic and blond, I am nevertheless convinced that it took the Lord God Jehovah more than six days to create the world. Perhaps I am already far beyond the fourth degree; maybe even unto the hundredth. I read "Jurgen" when it was still unlawful. I voted for La Follette, though I dissent from his doctrines. I regard Johannes Brahms as a greater man than General Pershing. I bought no Liberty Bonds during the war. I have never subscribed anything to the Y.M.C.A. Once I poked fun at missionaries. Another time I called Dr. Coolidge a jackass.

Being, like most men, intensely vain, I get a lot of satisfaction out of such heresies. They fill me with a lordly, gassy feeling. The more unpopular they are, the more I delight in them, just as a policeman delights in his espantoon and a farmer in his smell. But I begin to suspect that they make life more hazardous day by day. There was a time when they were opposed by the doctrine that I ought to go on the water-wagon, marry, raise ten or fifteen children, and so get some sense. But now the doctrine is that I ought to be deported, or, failing that, stood up against a wall and shot, or, failing that, sent to jail. The shadows begin to close in. Dark days are ahead.

Companionship.—Companionship is a matter of mutual weaknesses. We like that man or woman best who has the same faults that we have.

Conscience.—The tragedy of conscience is not that it poisons happiness, but that it is itself so poisoned by our ignoble acts that it approves them.

Analysis of Patriotism.—What, precisely, is it that makes a man love his native land?

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Is it his country's moral and ethical virtues? Is it his country's strength and power? Is it his country's beauty, or glory, or splendor, or pride? Is it any of these, or is it anything like these? I doubt it. The average man, way down deep in him, loves his country simply because it is physically more comfortable to him than any other, because, like an old pair of shoes, he is used to it, because its cooking suits his stomach better than the cooking of other countries, because he can't find a barber anywhere else as good as his home barber, and because its girls seem prettier to him than the girls of any other land. A man is generally patriotic for much the same reason that he always wears the same kind of collar.

Puritanism.—The haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy.

My Dear Friends.—My friends, no less then I, have their peculiarities. One of them, for example, carries an umbrella even on fair days in the fond belief that it makes him look English. Another is in the habit constantly of bearing himself erect as a poker in the fond belief that it makes him look dignified and important. Still another speaks in terms of light and easy derogation of all the well-known and important persons he is acquainted with in the fond belief that it makes him seem unaffected and pleasantly democratic and of independent judgment. Another still has a habit of growling into the telephone when he lifts off the receiver and then becoming instantly suave and amiable again by way of leading persons at the other end to believe that while he doesn't like most of the persons who call him up he does like them. And a fifth generally seeks to confound an unanswerable argument by employing soft, velvet tones in his replies to a somewhat vociferous opponent. . . .

Sultan of Sulu.—A President of the United States must ever be the target of intelligent ridicule and criticism, not to mention a secondary fusillade of bean-shooters, custard pies and asafœtida bombs. God never made a man who could set himself up as a leader of 100,000,000 people without coincidently setting himself up as something of an unconscious, vain buffoon.

English Criticism.—On its upper level, contemporary English criticism is eminently sound, fair and honorable. But on its middle and lower levels there is no more contemptible criticism being written in the world today. In its attitude toward everything American is this latter criticism especially disgusting. In the place of reason, it offers merely condescension; in the place of judgment and honest appraisal, it offers only superior sneers. It views American literature, American drama and American taste with deliberately bilious and squinting eyes. It is, in aspect, like a clerk whining enviously because of his boss' good fortune.

Father.—The notion that every boy is a great admirer of his father is not strictly true. What is true is that every boy is a great bragger about his father to the neighbor's boy and vice versa. Neither of them believes the half of it, dearie.

The New Frontier.—No one seems to have noticed, so far, that the science of bootlegging has restored the frontier to the Republic. The old frontier disappeared before the end of the last century; Prof. F. J. Turner, of Harvard, was lamenting it at least thirty years ago. Today the Indian trails are jammed with Fords, and the soughings of Rotary resound in the Sierras and up the flanks of Pike's Peak. The young idealists of the Union no longer run away from home to follow Buffalo Bill and General Nelson A. Miles; if they stir from the village at all it is to become movie actors or bond salesmen. Soon, however, they may turn again to a more romantic track. Day by day the daring fellows of the rum fleet rise as popular heroes. Their lives are wild and full of high emprise. They

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stand for liberty, for adventure, for human dignity in a world of craven goose-steppers and punchers of time-clocks. They face hazards and do battle with treacherous and scoundrelly foes. In them is all the romance of the old-time trail-blazers and Indian fighters, and in them there is also the romance of the old-time salt water sailors. They have restored the frontier to American history.

The Anti-Saloon League, the Curtis papers and other such engines of enlightenment allege that most of them are accursed foreigners—that very few native Nordics are among them. If so, the fact is of immense significance. It reveals, dramatically and pathetically, the decay of the native stock. The New Englanders of the early Eighteenth Century did not employ wops to do their smuggling for them; they did it themselves, and with great gusto. Nor was the West won by East Side gunmen; there were plenty of recruits from pious Protestant households. But now the Anglo-Saxon becomes too soft for such jobs; his ideal is no longer Kit Carson but Calvin Coolidge. Year by year it seems to be increasingly difficult for him to do anything save as a unit in a mob, usually under strict military discipline. Even when his desire takes the form of the healthy human yearning to break a head, he can do it only as a member of the Ku Klux Klan or the American Legion. A hundred Ku Kluxers go out by night and beat up a blackamoor. It was different in the old days. Then one brave fellow went out against a hundred Indians. It is different, too, where the rum fleet tosses. The waters inshore swarm with swift government craft, each manned by cruel and crafty red-coats, all armed to the teeth. The chances against the rum-runner are fifty, a hundred, five hundred to one. But still the stuff comes in. But still the price of Scotch on Broadway lies below $50 a case.

Artist and Censor.—In a general way, it may be said that artist and censor differ in this wise: that the first is a decent mind in an indecent body and that the second is an indecent mind in a decent body.

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LICHEE-NUT POEMS

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

Fifth Avenue

In the sunshine of middle September
On Fifth avenue,
The ladies, numerous as cherry blossoms,
Bright as peacocks and flamingos,
Pace along in never ending files:—
Leases will expire on the last day of September!

II

The Bronx Zoölogical Garden

Very large python at the Bronx,
With eyes like yellow buttons on a tan shoe;
And a mouth white and pink like the inside of a conch shell.
Last night I dreamed of this python:
A lady dressed in red was feeding him white doves,
Which he swallowed as the sea swallows flakes of snow.
"You are feeding him too much," I said to the lady.
"No," she replied,
"His name is War, and these doves are the souls of youths."

III

Li Chien Gets Drunk

Li Chien and I were drunk yesterday,
And he began to berate the tiger and the dragon.
"It may be bad to be born," he said,
"And bad to die;
And sickness and poverty along the way are bad,
But there is something worse than any of these,
Since they heap up the cruelties of Nature,
Which is blind, while these things come from eyes,
Being the dishonors and injustices done us by men.
Look how I was dishonored by Shen Gow;
And how I was robbed by Sung Wu!
Now there is the devil who turns the forgetfulness of wine
Into remembrance."

IV

Mobilization Day

Food and coal will cost much this Winter,
And many will be out of work and begging,
And I must labor very much.
Today, when the soldiers were marching,
I met a girl of seventeen in Twenty-third street.
Her eyes were beaded, her lips cerise,
Her white stockings showed to her knees,
She carried a purse and a parasol,
She looked at the soldiers and smiled.
If she had had enough sense she would have been thinking:
"I shall never bear a son!"

V

City Hall Park

Calm evening over the thousands of houses,
The millions of houses;
And a sky gold-dusted to the tip of the Woolworth Tower.
One star dodging the folds of a fluttering flag

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As the butterfly fish eludes the net.
And the thin white jade of a moon
Tossed up by the sea.
My heart wanders beyond houses to meadows
Where the eye can look as far as the heart longs!

VI

Yang Chung in Old Age

My friend Yang Chung is a very old man,
Gray and bent, wrinkled, without teeth.
He talks of his boyhood when he made sand pagodas,
And flew kites and sailed the river.
He talks of his days of business,
When he bought and sold and grew rich.
He talks of his later days, and the present days
When for something to do he buys and sells.
"All the same thing," said Yang Chung.
"First play things, then real things: business and money.
Then growing old, then old, and all life old.
Then business and money becoming playthings.
First playthings, then interests,
Then interests become playthings."

VII

Ascetics and Drunkards

Yesterday Yang Chung was talking of ascetics and drunkards,
And arguing that ascetics live as fully as drunkards.
"Denial," said Yang Chung, "has as much sensation
As indulgence."

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JEFFERSON OUT OF HARNESS

BY PAUL WILSTACH

HUMOR and the Fathers of the Republic seem not to have been on speaking terms. The stern and awful business of treason on which they were embarked naturally sobered them, and as the historians show them to us they appear to be in the grasp of a kind of historical self-consciousness. They dedeported themselves as if they already felt under them the pedestals to which a grateful posterity would consign them. This fatal formalism only too frequently chilled their writings and drove the blood from their lightest utterances. They used the same language in a letter to a friend or even to a near relative that they employed in writing a resolution, a statute or a constitution.

The author of the Declaration of Independence was no exception. It would seem as if it were futile to look for any humor, even complacent good-humor, in the disposition of a man who instead of "Father" regularly signed "Thomas Jefferson" to letters to his little daughters; who never by any chance put "Dear Madison," or "Dear Monroe," much less "Dear James" or "Dear Jim," but always "Dear Sir," at the top of letters to the two friends whom in his life he loved best; and who could not close a letter with a colloquial "Yours truly," but, as if with the low bow and swirling lace and far-flung feathered chapeau of a romantic dandy—which he was surely not—gave himself the luxury of "repeating to you my sincere sense of your goodness to me, and my wishes to prove it on every occasion, adding my sincere prayer that Heaven may bless you with many years of life and health, I pray you to accept here the homage of those sentiments of respect and attachment with which I have the honor to be your most obedient and humble servant."

It is at times difficult to remember that such expressions were manner and not nature. It is all the more difficult because the Fathers left little undone to conceal the human glow underneath. They were, after all, in spite of their carefully consigned evidence to the contrary, flesh and blood, kind, gentle and generous, and must have been at heart fun-loving folk. They had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections and passions like their fellow men; they were fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer. If one pricked them, they bled; if one poisoned them, they died. Why, then, did they appear to wish it to be believed that if one tickled them they did not laugh?

They maintained this attitude by a studied adherence to a style which, partly founded on fashion, seemed to become in the end almost second nature. Before closing their eyes at last, they all edited their letters, hoping to insure thus the survival of their highest flights and most profound utterances only. They all did it or tried to, and any little humanisms that they overlooked it was the custom of their early biographers and editors to erase. The first editor of the letters of George Washington corrected the General's punctuation, his spelling and even his use of words—where they appeared a bit informal. It was natural, of course,

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that men of such position should wish to be remembered as statesmen, but why not also as loving husbands, cheerful fathers and hearty friends? Not a single letter between Jefferson and his wife was permitted to survive. Washington tried to dispose in the same way of those which passed between himself and Mrs. Washington, but two of his were preserved, and several of Martha's, and they are full of comfort today for those of us who never won a prize at a spelling-bee, or improved on that early disability. Some of Jefferson's letters to his daughters likewise escaped destruction; perhaps the high moral tone pervading most of them let them off. If so, it was happily, for the little touches of fatherliness in them are more eloquent of the real man than reams of official formalism.

II

It has been said that Jefferson wrote between ten and fifteen thousand letters a year, but it is doubtful if he really wrote a third of this number, even in the busiest years of his public life. Of the year 1820, in which he told Adams that he had answered twelve hundred and sixty-seven letters, fewer than two hundred are known to survive. Altogether, less than twenty thousand of his letters remain, which represents an average of fewer than three hundred and sixty a year for the fifty-seven years after he entered public life.

Jefferson was admittedly good company, but on a scholarly plane. May it not be possible that he was equally companionable in a lighter vein? Had he a mental hide impervious to the gentle feather of fun? In spite of his fashionable formalism of manner, in spite of his careful selection of the letters which were to witness his character to posterity, all instances of an inner lightness and brightness have not been prevented from shining through, and it is fair to believe that he liked a neat turn of speech and anecdote and a warming chuckle and indeed a hearty laugh. We know that he sang on his daily rides, and he wrote Dr. Rush: "I value more than all other things, good humor. For thus I estimate the qualities of the mind: 1, good humor; 2, integrity; 3, industry; 4, science." Again, he told his grandson Eppes: "Above all things, practice yourself in good humor." He kept Monticello full of young folks, assisted at their games, and he wrote to them frequently when he was absent.

He had a happy way of closing these letters with a cheering fillip. Writing to Monticello to the mother of his baby grand-daughter Anne, he sent his "best affections to Mr. Randolph. Anne enjoys them without valuing them." From Monticello he sent the father of one of two other grand-children this news of them: "Francis is now engaged in a literary contest with his cousin, Virginia, both having begun to write together. As soon as he gets to z (being now only at h) he promises you a letter." Before starting home he once wrote to Martha Randolph: "The children, I am afraid, will have forgotten me. However, my memory may perhaps be hung on the Game of the Goose which I am to carry them." To her daughter, away from home on a cousinly visit, he wound up a letter with, "Your family of silk-worms is reduced to a single individual. To encourage Virginia and Mary to take care of it, I tell them that as soon as they can get wedding-gowns from this spinner they shall be married." When away from home he used to enclose all manner of amusing pictures, verses and other clippings for the children. Here are four verses he sent to be "a good lesson to convince you of the importance of minding your stops," for little Cornelia was to punctuate them "so as to make them true":

> I've seen the sea all in a blaze of fire
> I've seen a house high as the moon and higher
> I've seen the sun at twe've o'clock at night
> I've seen the man who aw this wondrous sight.

And when he sent two of Petit's recipes he thought Martha would be amused by

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that French steward's spelling of pancakes: "pannequaiques."

He shed light on the character of neighbor Mazzei's wife when he told their friend Bellini of her death: "This last event has given him three-quarters of the earth elbow-room, which he had ceded to her on condition she would leave him quiet in the fourth." A letter to Gates carried this commentary: "We have no news to communicate. That the Assembly does little, does not come under that description." The reputation of an oratorical bore was wrapped up and delivered in the remark that "his speeches were dull, vapid, verbose, egotistical, smooth as the lullaby of a nurse, and commanding, like that, the repose only of the hearer."

"If the troops could be fed upon long letters," he told Patrick Henry, "I believe the gentleman at the head of that department in this country would be the best commissary on earth." A neat simile served him to set off the case of the public wanting more of what it already had too much: "They are like a dropsical man calling for water." He cheered Elbridge Gerry, when that gentleman felt the barbs of his enemies, with: "The vote of your opponents is the most honorable mark by which the soundness of your conduct could be stamped. I claim the same honorable testimonial. There was but a single act of my whole administration of which that party approved. . . . And when I found they approved it, I confess I began strongly to apprehend I had done some wrong, and to exclaim with the Psalmist: 'Lord, what have I done that the wicked should praise me!'"

He was even more frivolous with the ladies. When Mrs. Adams' daughter asked him to shop for her in Paris and buy her a pair of stays, he reported the errand with fine mock formality: "Mr. Jefferson has the honor to present his compliments to Mrs. Smith and to send her the two pair of corsets she desired. He wishes they may be suitable, as Mrs. Smith omitted to send her measure. Times have altered since Mademoiselle de Sanon had the honor of knowing her; should they be too small, however, she will be so good as to lay them by a while. There are ebbs as well as flows in this world." Then he bowed himself out with a flourish of his quill twice the length of its message. When he begged a lady for news to abate his homesickness while in Paris, he asked that he be told, among other items, "who dies, that I meet these disagreeable events in detail, and not all at once when I return; who marry, who hang themselves because they cannot marry." He sent another lady this picture of a Parisienne's day:

> At eleven o'clock, it is day, *chez madame*. The curtains are drawn. Propped up on bolsters and pillows, and her hair scratched into a little order, the bulletins of the sick are read, and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her acquaintance, and receives the visits of others. If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble around the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the *coiffeur's* turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy, if he does not make her arrive when dinner is half over! The torpitude of digestion a little passed, she flutters half an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging out of the doors of her very sincere friends, and away to supper. After supper, cards; and after cards, bed; to rise at noon the next day, and to tread, like a mill horse, the same trodden circle over again. Thus the days of life are consumed, one by one, without an object beyond the present moment; ever flying from the ennui of that, yet carrying it with us; eternally in pursuit of happiness, which keeps eternally before us. If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening, and is completely forgotten by the next morning.

After bidding good-bye to his friends the Cosways, the English artists, when they left Paris, he wrote Mrs. Cosway the unique letter from which these paragraphs are taken:

> Having performed the last sad of office handing you into your carriage, at the pavillon de St. Denis, and seen the wheels get actually into motion, I turned on my heel and walked, more dead than alive, to the opposite door, where my own was waiting me. . . . I was carried home. Seated by my fireside, solitary and sad, the following dialogue took place between my Head and my Heart.

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HEAD.—Well, friend, you seem to be in a pretty trim.

HEART.—I am indeed the most wretched of all earthly beings. Overwhelmed with grief, every fibre of my frame distended beyond its natural powers to bear, I would willingly meet whatever catastrophe should leave me no more to feel, or to fear.

HEAD.—These are the eternal consequences of your warmth and precipitation. This is one of the scrapes into which you are ever leading us. You confess your follies, indeed; but still you hug and cherish them; and no reformation can be hoped where there is no repentance. . . . You will be pleased to remember that when our friend Trumbull used to be telling us of the merits and talents of these good people, I never ceased whispering to you that we had no occasion for new acquaintances; that the greater their merits and talents, the more dangerous their friendship to our tranquility, because the regret at parting would be greater.

HEART.—Accordingly, Sir, this acquaintance was not the consequence of my doings. It was one of your projects, which threw us in the way of it. It was you, remember, and not I, who desired the meeting at Legrand and Motinos. I never trouble myself with domes nor arches. The Halle aux Bleds might have rotted down, before I should have gone to see it. But you, forsooth, who are eternally getting us to sleep with your diagrams and crotchets, must go and examine this wonderful piece of architecture; and when you had seen it, oh! it was the most superb thing on earth! What you had seen there was worth all you had yet seen in Paris! I thought so, too. But I meant it of the lady and gentleman to whom we had been presented; and not of a parcel of sticks and chips put together in pens. You, then, Sir, and not I, have been the cause of the present distress.

HEAD.—It would have been happy for you if my diagrams and crotchets had gotten you to sleep on that day, as you are pleased to say they eternally do. . . . Every soul of you had an engagement for the day. Yet all these were to be sacrificed, that you might dine together. Lying messages were to be despatched into every quarter of the city, with apologies for your breach of engagement. You, particularly, had the effrontry to send word to the Duchess Danville, that on the moment you were setting out to dine with her, despatches came to hand, which required immediate attention. You wanted me to invent a more ingenious excuse; but I knew you were getting into a scrape, and I would have nothing to do with it. Well; after dinner to St. Cloud, from St. Cloud to Ruggieri's, from Ruggieri's to Krumfoltz; and if the day had been as long as a Lapland Summer day, you would have still contrived means among you to have filled it.

HEART.—Oh! my dear friend, how you have revived me by recalling to my mind the transactions of that day! How well I remember them all, and that, when I came home at night, and looked back to the morning, it seemed to have been a month agone. Go on, then, like a kind comforter, and paint for me the day we went to St. Germains. How beautiful was every object! the Port de Neuilly, the hills along the Seine, the rainbows of the machine of Marly, the terrace of St. Germains, the châteaux, the gardens, the statues of Marly, the pavillon of Lucienne. Recollect, too, Madrid, Bagatelle, the King's Garden, the Dessert.

HEAD.—Thou art the most incorrigible of all the beings that ever sinned! I reminded you of the follies of the first day, intending to deduce from thence some useful lesson for you; but instead of listening to them, you kindle at the recollection, you retrace the whole series with a fondness which shows you want nothing, but the opportunity, to act it over again. I often told you, during its course, that you were imprudently engaging your affections, under circumstances that must have cost you a great deal of pain . . . that you rack your whole system when you are parted from those you love, complaining that such a separation is worse than death, inasmuch as this ends our sufferings, whereas that only begins them, and that the separation would, in this instance, be the more severe, as you would probably never see them again.

HEART.—But you told me they would come back again, the next year.

HEAD.—But, in the meantime, see what you suffer; and their return, too, depends on so many circumstances, that if you had a grain of prudence, you would not count upon it. . . .

HEART.—May heaven abandon me if I do!

There is nearly ten times as much more of this bantering dialogue.

III

Jefferson bears no reputation as a story-teller. Indeed, the sole sponsor for him in that rôle is a granddaughter who remembered that his conversation was easy, flowing and "full of anecdote"; and that "he would laugh as cheerily 'at stories' as we could ourselves."

It is, however, to his appreciation of the ludicrous that we owe acquaintance with one of the reasons why the Declaration of Independence was signed so promptly. A gentleman who had been a visitor at Monticello remembered his host's account: "While the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meetings near a livery-stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience

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did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document." Jefferson seemed to enjoy this anecdote very much; "he told it with much glee."

The way Washington was duped by one of his secretaries was another of Jefferson's stories and it is preserved in his words: "When the President went to New York, he resisted for three weeks the efforts to introduce levees. At length he yielded, and left it to Humphreys and some others to settle the forms. Accordingly, an ante-chamber and presence-room were provided, and when those who were to pay their court were assembled the President set out, preceeded by Humphreys. After passing through the ante-chamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out in a loud voice, 'The President of the United States.' The President was so much disconcerted with it that he did not recover from it the whole time of the levee, and when the company was gone, he said to Humphreys, 'Well, you have taken me in once, but by God you shall never take me in a second time.'"

One of the stories most often laughed at at Monticello, especially when Madison was there to tell it, was the one on Jefferson's school-day friend, Ben Harrison: "While a member of the first Congress, which met in Philadelphia, he was on one occasion joined by a friend as he left the congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place where supplies were furnished to the members of Congress, and called for two glasses of brandy-and-water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in supplies furnished to Congressmen. 'Why,' asked Harrison, 'what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?' 'Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*,' was the reply. 'Very well,' said Harrison, 'give me the brandy-and-water, and charge it as *fuel*.'"

When Jefferson came to the presidency, he was one day riding back toward Washington after his usual exercise when he overtook a man going in the same direction. He drew up a little and, as was his custom, touched his hat to the pedestrian. Whereupon, the man entered into a conversation and swinging it around to politics, ignorant of whom he was addressing, began to abuse the President. The situation rather amused Jefferson and he humored it by asking the man if he knew the President personally.

"No," he answered, "nor do I wish to."

"But do you think it is fair," asked Jefferson, "to repeat such stories about a man, and condemn one whom you dare not face?"

"I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson should he ever come my way," replied the stranger.

"Will you, then, go to his house tomorrow at — o'clock and be introduced to him, if I promise to meet you there at that hour?"

The man considered a moment and agreed. Jefferson then excused himself and rode into town. It was not long before the man suspected the truth, but he stuck to his bargain and presented himself next morning at the appointed hour. When ushered into Jefferson's presence, he at once began to apologize "for having said to a stranger—"

"Hard things of an imaginary being who is no relation of mine," interrupted Jefferson as he extended his hand. He good-humoredly forestalled any further apologies and kept his visitor to dinner.

He left the presidency in great good humor, so much so that he did not hurry away from Washington immediately Madison was inaugurated, but lingered for some days, as if eager to enjoy his new-found freedom where he had known so many burdens and so much constraint. It is said that he had never before been so witty as at Mrs. Madison's first reception. When his levity was contrasted with Madison's seriousness, he replied: "Can

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you wonder at it? My shoulders have just been freed from a heavy burden, his just laden with it." The ladies lionized him on this occasion.

Jefferson was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, and several anecdotes of the good doctor were favorites at Monticello. One was of the time when the Congress was considering the non-importation agreement. "I was sitting next to Dr. Franklin," related Jefferson, "and observed to him that I thought we ought to except books; that we ought not to exclude science, even coming from an enemy. He thought so too, and I proposed the exception which was agreed to. Soon after it occurred that medicine should be excepted, and I suggested that also to the Doctor. 'As to that,' said he, 'I will tell you a story. When I was in London, in such a year, there was a weekly club of physicians, of which Sir John Pringle was president, and I was invited by my friend Dr. Fothergill to attend when convenient. I happened there when the question to be considered was whether physicians had, on the whole, done most good or harm. The young members, particularly, having discussed it very learnedly and eloquently till the subject was exhausted, one of them observed to Sir John Pringle that although it was not usual for the president to take part in a debate, yet they were desirous to know his opinion on the question. He said they must first tell him whether, under the appellation of physicians, they meant to include *old women*. If they did he thought they had done more good than harm, otherwise more harm than good.' "

Among other stories of Franklin which Jefferson was fond of repeating were those which had greeted him when he followed Franklin on the French mission. "He was feasted and invited to all the court parties," said Jefferson. "At these he sometimes met the old Duchess of Bourbon, who, being a chess player of about his force, they very generally played together. Happening once to put her king in prize, the Doctor took it. 'Ah,' said she, 'we do not take kings so.' 'We do in America,' said the Doctor."

When the Declaration of Independence was under discussion in the Congress, the members quite generally took minor exceptions to the phraseology, at which Jefferson did not wholly conceal his annoyance, at least not from Franklin, who sat next him. Afterwards he often told an anecdote which the Doctor on that occasion leaned over and told him for his comfort. "I have made it a rule," said Franklin, "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter*, *makes* and *sells hats* for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *Hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out. A third said he thought that the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Everyone who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' '*Sells hats!*' says his next friend. 'Why, nobody will expect you to give them away! What then is the use of the word?' It was stricken out, and *hats* followed it, rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Cookery

THE AMERICAN CUISINE

By Burton Kline

It will surprise far too many people to be told, or reminded, that Alexandre Dumas *père* was the author of perhaps the greatest and certainly the least known of books on cookery. That no enterprising American publisher has seized upon this rare volume and republished it is astounding, for it is a masterpiece of two of the noblest arts—cookery and literature—and is richer in romance, more replete with tense situation and dramatic surprise, than "The Three Musketeers" itself. I am hazarding here no rash opinion, unsupported by proof. Some years ago a friend of mine in Cambridge, Mass., possessed the only copy then known to exist in America. It cost him a great deal of time and money to find this book, and it cost him a great deal more after he had found it.

Fortunately for himself, he lived alone, except for a housekeeper and servants. It was our habit, when I was his guest, to wait until the still hours of the night, when the servants, but especially this housekeeper, were drugged with slumber, and then go to his kitchen. I make a point of the housekeeper because she was an immense and formidable Swede, respected by her employer for reasons other than her force of character. She had an arm that was equally entitled to respect, and likewise a tongue. Moreover, this Swede was never more formidable, and never more typical of America, than in her hatred of innovation. In the morning my friend and I could be safely out of the house before she discovered the pyramid of dishes and utensils in her pantry sink. By evening she had forgotten them. And between the hours of midnight and dawn we had the kitchen to ourselves and were safe from attack. It was then, with a singular applicability of the word, that we devoured Dumas. We cooked for our own enchantment and amazement. Hence I know what I'm talking about when I wish that Dumas could have met our American razor-back hog, for example. I wish he could have known the entire flora, fauna and pharmacopœia of this great continent. He would have found them adequate to his genius; and American cookery would have found what it needs—poetry, passion and imagination.

We are prone, the foreigner thinks too prone, to point everlastingly to our great natural resources—including our own alertness; but our alertness has never yet been equal to the discovery that "raw materials" embrace the makings of breakfasts and feasts as well as of buildings, bridges and fortunes. We have made the uttermost of every other conceivable resource at hand, but in spite of a plethora of all things eatable, American cookery lags the very last of our arts—excepting always where it has borrowed from abroad. As compared with French, Italian, Scandinavian, Austrian or German cookery, there is something primitive, groping, touchingly benighted about it. It may have developed since the Stone Age, although a bad corn-pone will cast doubt even on this; but it has never progressed beyond the time of the Puritans. The best to be said of the American cuisine is that it is native; nobody can accuse us of having borrowed it! Would I be forgiven, maybe, for calling it a sort of chop sui generis?

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Really the thing will bear looking into. It is serious. Who knows how many of our shortcomings, indeed, grow out of the excessive shortening of our pies? Where the girth is fat, the head is also. Can we ever lose the Puritan mind so long as we cast Puritan food into the American stomach? There is no excuse for it. We grow, raise or catch everything that Nature offers to nourish the imagination of man and titillate his carnal appetite. And we haven't a glimmer as to what to do with it. One half of the country hardly knows even the names of the ravishing things to eat that another half boils, bakes and bungles. Take but a single instance. Away from the Maine coast, who has ever heard of the cunner? Outside a circumscribed area in the South, who knows the unbelievable merits obscured behind the noncommittal name of the butter-bean? The cunner happens to be a fish, while the butter-bean is, as its name implies, a bean. The slight difference is immaterial; the point is that neither is known, neither can be had, beyond the limited purlieus in which it flourishes. Order a breakfast of cunners in a Richmond hotel, and the waiter takes it to be a new Bowery nickname for bacon and eggs. Ask for butter-beans in Portland, Maine, and you get nothing but beans.

In the case of the cunner there is some reason for his circumvallated repute. The cunner is a poor traveler. He declines a long journey. To breakfast on cunners you may have to hop into a dory for yourself and row out a mile or two. You cast overboard a hook especially baited, and almost at once the cunner has seen it. A willing, obliging, even an ardent fellow; he likes human company, and he's a fast worker. In no time your breakfast lies before you. But you have got no forwarder. You and your breakfast are still divided by the necessity of skinning the cunner—another reason why he is known to so few. His skin is of horse-hide, studded with razor-blades and barbed wire. But once he has come out of his retirement, you are about to breakfast like a god; you and your reward have met.

Well, the cunner is the least of Maine's offerings toward the ennoblement of man. Of late years archæologists have uncovered along its coast long-buried mounds of the shells of the lobster, the oyster, clam and crab, the remains of great Gargantuan feeds partaken of by the Indians of maybe a thousand years ago. For as long as that Maine has been popular as a Summer resort. One reason alone would make it that. The reason is known locally as the short. The short is another never to be known save by the few who command a house and lot along the shore. To obtain him, you seat yourself, in the right mood and at the proper hour, on the seaward side of your cottage. In a little while a craft of low visibility will heave in out of the mist. You make signs as of someone desirous of shorts, and the skipper, if he trusts you, will presently put forth in a dory with a burlap bag. In the bag are his shorts and also his life, liberty and happiness. In due time he is before you with a worried look. He pockets your money, deposits his shorts, and leaves in a hurry. Meanwhile you have had a wash-boiler of sea-water boiling on the stove, and you drop in the shorts.

To make a mystery of the short no longer, he is a lobster that has not yet reached the age of consent. He is under the legal size. And you eat him with a relish as sound as your conscience, for the law against him, like the law against so many things, is all wrong. The future of the lobster race is in the keeping of the elder or the middle-aged. Because it is they alone that we are authorized to eat, the lobster is naturally a vanishing tribe. In all too small a time we shall have eaten and seen the last of him. But if we did as the Maine cottagers do, we might go on eating shorts forever—and be tempted by no other edible thing.

So much for only two of Nature's offerings in Maine. From Maine to the

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Mississippi, and from the Mississippi westward to the Pacific, there is hardly a corner of the country that doesn't boast some equal prodigy of pleasure for the palate—provided you take it always as Nature presents it, and before the singularly idiotic American ingenuity, unbelievably helpless when confronted with the potentialities of food in the raw, steps in to ruin and despoil. New England, in the fruits of orchard, field and sea, is probably as rich as any spot on earth. Only in New England is a certain legume honored as it deserves, with due place of pomp as part and participle of the very verb to be. I refer to the bean. Philadelphia will lay before you more kinds of oyster than you ever supposed could exist, every one of a different character, every one from a different environment, but all alike in the lofty excellence that rules them. From Atlantic cunner to Pacific tuna, from the black bass and brook trout of the Adirondacks to the pompano of the Gulf, our ponds and rivers reek with every variety of savory fish. And even Arkansas yields the Galicia ham, and even Arizona has its cactus candy, and there may be unknown kinds of pig beside the razor-back.

It is where the American mind takes hold of these free offerings that the mischief begins. The city of Washington knows the respect due to the nearby Chesapeake crab—which is to dig out his meat and take it as is. A dab of mayonnaise, with a caper on top, is all that it asks. But the devilings, the Newburghlary that the crab nearly everywhere else receives! Maine takes the lobster with a proper candor—and nearly everything else with blue mass. Vast volumes of the cookery of that whole neck of the woods had better be reserved for the last hours of your life, when nothing matters anyhow. Put a rolling-pin in the hands of some of those New England housewives, and witchcraft has returned. Anything may happen at their hands,—for example, the flapjack which is for strong men only, who saw wood in the literal sense. And the flapjack is only generic; it has any number of congeners; it is the head of a whole outlaw family.

No doubt the doughnut is excellent food—until eaten. But of such an invention as the Boston State House not a thing can be said in mitigation. The State House, so called because of its resemblance to the Bulfinch dome of the Massachusetts State Capitol, has a beginning as an apple-dumpling; but this is varnished over with a sauce, a gilding, or roofing-material, which adapts it to the uses more of a bowling-alley than of the human stomach. Not that the thing doesn't taste good; there's the devil with these deadly dishes, the seductive taste of them. They may have served well enough the purposes they were originally designed for—tilling the soil and saddening the Puritan soul. But times have changed; the soil is no longer tilled in New England; for saddening the soul it is rich in resources other than pastry; and yet it goes on with these mushes, and doughs fried in fat, and fruits roofed over with flour and lard, and the whole long line of custard catastrophes.

Rightly or wrongly, New England is charged with having brought into being an American institution as broadly national and as slavishly reverenced as the Constitution itself—pie. As a matter of fact, it is possible to say that this country took its start in life from two sets of skillets—the Puritan and the Cavalier; and as usual the wrong kind has won. So far. The infant nation may yet wean itself. But the historian of the far future can alone determine the precise effects upon us, already, of pie. They must extend far beyond leveling our people in a common democracy of indigestion.

As the short is only one among the natural delicacies in the New England cuisine, pie is but one of its manufactured disasters. One naturally recoils from further examples of this crank ingenuity of ours in the ruin of foods. Anyhow, for the one dish that registers absolute zero, for perfect absence both of savor and of

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safety, you must go to the Pennsylvania Dutch and put your fate to the touch with schnitz-und-knep. I am uncertain as to the spelling, but it is the only uncertainty surrounding this marvel. At the core of it is a mass of dough, kneeded, drop-forged, or otherwise assembled into a solid entity about the size of a football. This is then punched full of dried apple-cuttings—the schnitz. The dough itself, I believe, is the knep. The whole, along with the end of a ham and some water, is then cast into a pot and abandoned to the effects of heat—possibly to be tempered or annealed. A few prunes added to the mixture will make it, if anything, a little more so.

It is only fair, and a pleasure, to affirm that these Dutch redeem themselves with another preparation known as pon-hoss, or pfanne-hase—that is, pan hare, pan rabbit. In appearance, when cooked, it is a relative of ordinary mush. In every other respect it has mere mush left behind in a far and other zone. I don't know what goes into pon-hoss, but I know what comes out of it, and that is a sense of supreme satisfaction. Vermont green turkey, Boston baked beans, Rhode Island clam chowder, Long Island duckling, Philadelphia scrapple, Maryland fried chicken and other simples, have, like the Constitution itself, girdled our fair land and bonded its warring sections together. The pon-hoss of the Pennsylvania Dutch should have its place in this unifying force.

Still, taking at their best these more harmless gropings after a national style in cookery, isn't the bond concealed within them open to suspicion? Pathetic, even? Isn't their broad acceptance the secret glee of one section because the triumph of another section is no better than the home product? When the Boston bean establishes a residence in Portland, Oregon, isn't it because a touch of novelty is offered, without the insult of superiority? Haven't these articles of diet become as general as they have because of the proof in each that the whole damned country is as one in the unimaginative quality of its cookery? The trouble with our cuisine is, as Dumas would have been the first to warn us, that we still feed ourselves as we did in the days when Americans had forests to fell, Indians to shoot, railroads to build; when every American was, literally, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a worker. We stuff it in as the Puritans did; and their business was not to enjoy life but to endure it. Pie is for pioneers, and we are pioneers no longer. We have everything on earth that is good to eat; and we don't know what to do with it. We have skyscrapers, baseball, any number of things original and distinctive to ourselves; but no national cookery. We pride ourselves on being a practical people; and if anything is a practical matter, eating, the maintenance of life itself, is that; and still the opulent American's notion of a perfect feast is too often $100 worth of ham and eggs. Or, if he knows better, he takes to the à la's of the race of Dumas.

Dentistry

THE DENTIST AS A PHYSICIAN

By Alfred Asgis

Dentistry is at present in a transitional stage and about to undergo far-reaching modifications which will distinguish it radically from the dentistry of the past. Roughly, the change which is taking place is from emphasis on the conservation of teeth to emphasis on the conservation of health, and it involves a recognition of the unpleasant fact that the most notable advances in the former have so far worked in direct opposition to the latter. In other words, modern dentistry has not only failed as a branch of the healing art; it has caused inestimable damage by its technical imperfections.

These imperfections in dental technique —most of them regarded popularly as

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perfections—are practically all products of the present generation. In 1839 and 1840 were founded the first national society of dentists, the first dental journal and the first college of dental surgery in America. Porcelain teeth were first brought to practicability by a New York dentist in 1846, nitrous oxide (laughing gas) was introduced as an anæsthetic in 1844 by Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, and the method of welding gold firmly into cavities was invented by a Baltimore dentist in 1855. Thereafter the mechanical progress of dentistry was rapid. We now have crowns and bridges in many varieties, devitalization and root canal fillings, and a great improvement in plate restorations. All these advances have made for one thing: the conservation of the teeth, dead or alive, and the maintenance thereby of a good chewing apparatus and of facial beauty. But to the relation of diseases of the teeth to the health in general little or no attention, until very recently, has been given.

While all this progress was under way the dentist degenerated from a physician, specializing on the teeth and mouth, to a highly skilled and highly paid mechanic. At present his knowledge of medicine and the allied sciences is relatively negligible; his time and thought are taken up with restorations and office economics. As a consequence, he has no knowledge of or interest in the results of his treatment of the human machine beyond the immediate radii of the teeth themselves. When he puts on a crown, if it fits and can be used for cracking nuts and gives no local pain, his job is done. That the patient may die from heart trouble as a consequence of the crowning is a matter aside from his province and comprehension.

Attention was first clearly called to this failure of modern dentistry in the second decade of the present century, when certain medical investigators began to see the importance of the so-called focal infections, *i.e.*, low-grade, chronic infections especially likely to be found in and around dead teeth. These chronic infections were shown by careful research to be the primary causes of many systemic disorders, with symptoms observable in quarters as remote as the heart, the joints and the nervous system. Chronic infections are distinguished from acute infections by the absence of pain, pus, swelling and fever. They are centres for the distribution through the body of bacteria or bacterial poisons of low virulence, which may persist for years without the victim or his physician being aware of their presence. But ultimately this continued poisoning of the blood stream takes effect, causing a chronic disease or even the death of the patient. The ailments known to result from such poisoning make a long list and include many heart, kidney and intestinal complaints, diseases of the eyes and nervous system, and several of the most common forms of insanity.

The specific effects of such low-grade infections have been established, as thoroughly as anything is ever established in medicine, by animal experimentation and clinical observation. For example, Rosenow at the Mayo Clinic recovered a bacterium from the nose and tonsils of a patient suffering from chronic kidney disease. He then devitalized two lower teeth of four dogs and infected them. In the course of time each of the dogs developed the same kidney disease, and showed pronounced lesions at necropsy. Such experiments have been repeated over and over for various chronic ailments. The clinical evidence is less tangible, but, to quote Professor Osborne, of Yale University Medical School, "There is no more impressive sequence than the presence of a disease or abnormal condition in a patient, such as infected teeth or gums, and the later surgical eradication of the focus of infection; or to make the sequence terse and logical, let us put it thus: patient; ailment, crowned, bridged or decayed teeth, inflamed gums or pyorrhea, or all of these things; roentgenograms (x-rays) of these suspected areas demonstrating pus and degenerated bone;

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operative demonstration of pus sinuses and cheesy, broken-down bone; and lastly, but unfortunately not always, the cure of the patient."

I can give here only an isolated case, paraphrased from a report of the Mayo Clinic. A woman, aged thirty-nine, was brought to the clinic on January 29, 1921, because of a typical inflammation of the joints which had its onset in May, 1920. Beginning in the knee joints, the disease had gradually involved one joint after another until the hips, ankles, shoulders, elbows, toes and even the jaw had become involved. An x-ray examination of the teeth showed evidence of infection at the roots of seven of them. One of the infected teeth was removed surgically a week after the patient came to the clinic, and five days later two more were removed. Within a few days the patient felt better than she had for months. About a week afterward she was able to walk around her room with the help of her nurse. Her condition improved from day to day. Eleven days after the second extraction, the remaining infected teeth were removed, and a month later she was able to walk with the use of a cane. Pure cultures of certain bacteria were obtained from the teeth of this patient and injected into six rabbits. All the rabbits developed marked inflammation of the joints.

Perhaps the most spectacular clinical results obtained through the elimination of focal infection have been achieved by Dr. Henry A. Cotton in the arrest of insanity at the New Jersey State Hospital at Trenton. The ordinary rate of recovery for all patients admitted to hospitals for the insane is about twenty to twenty-five a hundred admissions, but the New Jersey State Hospital is now discharging over seventy a hundred. This includes the most common form of chronic insanity, dementia præcox. Heredity, social environment and various psychogenic factors have to be given some consideration, of course, as causes of mental disease, but Dr. Cotton has shown that the most important and constant elements are circulating poisons which have their origin in chronic focal infections.

The primary seats of focal infections are generally the teeth and tonsils, though secondary foci may be found in other parts of the alimentary tract and elsewhere in the body. The teeth especially are offenders in this respect because they are the only organs which puncture the lining of the alimentary canal. The body has been likened to a cask with a pipe driven through it. It is lined inside and outside and every precaution has been taken by nature to prevent anything from penetrating into the inner hollow of the cask. It is only where the teeth are punched through that there is any break in the lining. It is here, if anywhere, that bacteria are likely to find a portal into the body cavity. A dead tooth with an infected root is simply a household of bacteria, thrust directly into the blood and lymph streams, which distribute the continually generated infection to the other organs of the body. No pain may be felt in the tooth; superficially it may appear perfectly good. But it is a breeder of enemies to the organism in a position from which they cannot fail to be absorbed.

Now as to the part which dentistry has played in this matter. The sins of the dentist have been those of both omission and commission. He has shut his eyes to mouth infections and acted as though they did not exist, considering the absence of dental pain as almost the only criterion of the success of his work. He has ignored the presence of dead and infected teeth and paid no attention whatsoever to infections, provided they did not interfere with his mechanical and cosmetic results. On the side of commission, he has put into the mouth mechanical contrivances which led directly to the generation and maintenance of foci of infection. Leaders in the medical, if not the dental profession have long recognized that modern dentistry, with its bridges, crowns, and pivots on dead roots, is responsible for most of the dental infection which exists. Yet the dental schools

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continue to teach and the dental surgeons continue to practice devitalization or "nerve killing" and the installation of restorations which have been proved beyond all doubt to be a serious menace to the health of their patients.

Crowns and large fixed bridges, which constitute the major portion of the work of the ordinary dentist (and give him most of his income), are simply ideal garbage collectors and mechanical irritants to the gums. Infection of one or all varieties will sooner or later result from their presence in the mouth, with the consequent loss of teeth and health. Dead teeth, *i.e.*, teeth which have had the "nerves killed," are even worse offenders, for every dead tooth is doomed to infection at its root, no matter what embalming process it may have undergone. Modern root canal filling with its elaborate ritual, makes a deep impression on the layman, who thinks that he is getting something extraordinarily good because of the complicated technique and the weighty bill, but all he is getting is an incubator of pathogenic germs.

What passes for root canal surgery among dentists who are not specialists in this work is even worse; it is a mere travesty of aseptic surgery. But even the most refined operations leave a dead and foreign object in the body and sooner or later infection shows its effects. The practice of many dentists in this respect cannot be characterized as anything less than atrocious. Teeth are devitalized for every reason and for no reason. They are used as pillars on which to hang bridges, to forestall future toothaches, and sometimes simply to make fillings deep and expensive. Dentists even pretend to "treat" devitalized teeth and "cure" apical abscesses, in spite of the fact that it has been repeatedly demonstrated that such cures cannot be effected.

In the light of this new knowledge, dentistry is about to be modified in two respects. In the first place, the technique of restorative dental surgery will have to be changed so as to take primary account of its ultimate and systemic consequences. Only those restorations should be used which do not engender and maintain chronic infections. The teeth must be treated as a part of the body, with the same care and attention to their organic interconnections as are given any other organs of the alimentary tract. This implies the scrapping of many of the most common practices of dentistry today, and the substitution of others already known or still to be discovered, for example, the introduction of removable bridges for fixed bridges. In the second place, the dentist will have to take upon himself the functions of a physician specializing in diseases of the mouth. If it be granted that the human organism is a structural and functional unit, it must follow that the basis of medical (including dental) practice is the body as a whole. Surgery of the mouth and teeth is a branch of gastro-enterology, and gastro-enterology is a branch of general medicine.

If the roof of a house is cracking because the walls are giving way, it is obviously absurd to treat the trouble with putty and tin corners. If the teeth decay or become pyorrhetic because of intestinal or nutritional disturbances, it is equally absurd to putter around with cement and gold coverings. To tell whether the teeth are or are not suffering as a result of systemic conditions, and to prescribe a curative regime is a task for a physician, not for a mechanic. As physician, it will be the dentist's chief duty to prevent rather than to restore or cure. The physician has a much more important office in teaching the people how to live than in supplying well-fitted cork legs. If adequate mouth hygiene and prophylaxis are taught and practiced, much of the dental surgery of the past will become unnecessary. By prophylaxis I do not mean merely teaching children to use tooth brushes. I mean satisfactory, thorough cleansing and polishing of the dental enamel, care of the gums and the prevention of pyorrhea, high-grade fillings in place of the two minute or two-dollar variety, attention to diet and general health, prenatal

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care, proper nursing of infants, and all the other factors which make for the growth and health of the individual.

The transition from mechanical to medical dentistry, however, will be anything but a simple matter, for there are many complicating circumstances. The ordinary dentist at the present time derives most of his income from certain types of restorative work—notably crowns and bridges. If he rejects them he starves. The average man is not willing to pay a dentist for services like those he expects from his physician. He demands a *quid pro quo*, a visible display of gold, for his money. He looks on his teeth as so many independent cutting instruments to be repaired like the tires on his automobile. The dentist, watching out for his income, has a hard moral struggle to ignore his patient's whims. Mrs. Smith, whose husband is vice-president of the local bank, prefers a putrid shell crown to what she considers the implication of old age—the loss of a tooth. She gives her orders to the dentist as to the groceryman, and she pays good money for her idiosyncrasies. Mrs. Smith would not talk in that tone of voice to her physician or surgeon. If the former told her on consultation simply to stop eating eggs, she would as willingly pay his fee and recommend him to her friends as if he recommended the removal of her left lung.

On the other side, there is the factor of ignorance within the profession. If dentistry is to be allied with medicine, the dentists will have to be educated along medical lines. The dental schools, in the past, have been trade schools, providing their students only with the mechanical elements of their profession. But recently steps have been taken in some quarters to remedy this situation, and perhaps the time is not far distant when the dentist will be required to possess a full medical education.

Public Hygiene

WHY IS THERE LESS TUBERCULOSIS?

By James A. Tobey

Twenty-five years ago tuberculosis caused 200 deaths every year in each 100,000 of population in the United States. Today it causes less than one-half as many; the latest complete figures, those for 1921, show but 96. If the present rate of decrease continues, the malady which has been called "the captain of the men of death" will, within twenty-five years, be as rare among us as typhoid fever or smallpox.

Everyone admits that the tuberculosis death-rate has decreased so much since 1900 and that it has declined especially since 1904, when the organized campaign against the disease was launched, but a few iconoclasts, particularly certain biologists, point out that it had also been falling steadily for a number of years before that campaign was heard of. From this they proceed to argue that the efforts made against the disease have had little, if anything, to do with its decrease. On the other hand, sanitarians who have specialized in anti-tuberculosis activities are quite positive in asserting, sometimes rather vehemently, that the only reason why there is less tuberculosis today than a quarter of a century ago is that scientific endeavors have been directed against it. Which is correct—those who think that purely biological causes, such as the development of immunity and resistance by natural selection and heredity, have achieved the decline, or those who hold that the application of the methods of hygiene and sanitation have promoted and fostered it?

The answer is not difficult if one studies and weighs the evidence in an impartial manner. If there had never been a National Tuberculosis Association (or, as it used to be called so cumbersomely, a National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis); if there had never been

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any ardent field workers at fancy salaries; if there had never been any Christmas seals; if there had been no crusades against spitting; if none of the other expensive accoutrements of anti-tuberculosis work had ever been indulged in, it is still possible that the mortality from tuberculosis would have decreased. But it would not have decreased—and this may be said very positively—anything like as much as it has. The conquest of the disease, in brief, has been due partly to natural causes, but it has been due very much more to the modern public health movement.

Those who scoff at the effects of environment—which may be controlled and improved—upon the tuberculosis death-rate instantly collide with many undisputed facts. Why is it, for instance, that tuberculosis is a city disease, the mortality in urban areas being invariably higher than in rural? What purely genetic explanation can be given for the fact that the death-rate varies greatly in different parts of the country? In Nebraska it was only 37 per 100,000 of population in 1921, whereas in Delaware it was 141, or nearly four times as high. Why is the rate in males so much higher than in females, especially after twenty years of age? How account for the fact that certain occupations show a high mortality, while others show a low one? Farmers have a rate one-twelfth that of miners. Why? How is one to explain these facts in terms of natural selection?

In the United States the fall in the tuberculosis death-rate has been continuous for several decades. It flared upward a little in 1918, following the influenza epidemic, but it has dropped abruptly since that time. In Europe, on the other hand, the mortality has recently been going up. It had been coming down prior to the World War, but since the end of the war it has soared to heights which remind one of thirty years ago. In urban Germany, the 1913 rate of 157 per 100,000 had risen, by 1918, to 287, and even greater rates have been reached in Austria, Poland and Serbia. Heredity requires generations to accomplish changes like this; but environmental conditions can bring them about in a few years and almost in a few months.

What, then, have been the factors that have most contributed to the general decline in America? The three main ones have been: the provision of adequate sanatorium treatment of the tuberculous, the education of the general public in the principles of personal hygiene, and the improvement of the economic status of the people of this country. In 1904 there were not more than 10,000 beds in American institutions for the tuberculous; today there are seven times that number, with facilities for handling 110,000 patients annually. In spite of the efforts of quacks, faddists and cranks to disseminate misinformation about health and disease, the lay public of the United States knows more today about how to live properly (in the hygienic and not the Y. M. C. A. sense) than ever before, and it has better means to do it. In spite of Congress, the economic condition of the country has steadily improved. When that happens, it means better nutrition and better living conditions, and the two mean better health.

Among the specific measures that have assisted in the fight on tuberculosis, the most effective have been: improved and more accurate methods of diagnosis, especially of the pulmonary form of the disease; the pasteurization of milk supplies; the prohibition of common drinking-cups and other common utensils; the inspection of meat products; housing reforms; and, according to at least one fervid sanitarian, the war upon alcohol. In the early days of the anti-tuberculosis movement, much energy was expended, and, in the opinion of some, wasted, on campaigns against spitting. The theory behind these campaigns was that the sputum of infected persons, full of tubercle bacilli, dried and was blown about in dust to infect others. Many drastic and ridiculous laws were passed to cope with this menace. It was, and still is in some places, unlawful to spit on a sidewalk—but en-

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tirely proper and correct to spit in the gutter or in the street! Such anti-spitting crusades probably had but slight effect on the death-rate from tuberculosis. What was enormously more important was the adoption of sanatorium treatment for active cases. In sanatoria the discharges of patients are safely disposed of, and even at home they are now taught how to get rid of them without infecting others.

An eloquent exhibition of the way in which the disease may be reduced by scientific methods of environmental control has been given recently at Framingham, Mass. During the seven years from 1917 to 1923 inclusive, the death rate from tuberculosis in this town was lowered from 121 per 100,000 to only 38, which is considerably less than half that of the country as a whole and also much lower than that of the rest of Massachusetts. In a group of seven nearby communities, used for control purposes, the rate went down from 126 per 100,000 to 85,—thus remaining more than twice as high as in Framingham. The devices utilized by Dr. D. B. Armstrong, who directed the demonstration, consisted, first, of special disease-detecting machinery; second, of adequate measures for treating and arresting (medically and not politically) the cases located; and, third, of developing a comprehensive civic health organization, both official and voluntary. To do all this cost about $183,000, but it was worth it. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company advanced the money, for more than 16 per cent of the deaths on which it pays death claims are from tuberculosis, and in one year it expended over $4,000,000 on the lives of 14,325 such policy holders. It was thus directly interested in the war on the disease. Its original grant was for $100,000 for a three-year period, but an appraisal committee appointed by the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service recommended a continuation for a few years more, and so the Metropolitan donated the additional sum.

Framingham was selected because it was a typical American town—that is, it had a foreign population of about one-third of the total, mostly Irish, Italians and Canadians, with the usual sprinkling of Jews. The experiment was announced as *by* the town and not *on* it. The results proved that scientifically directed activities, hygienic and sanitary, can bring down a tuberculosis death-rate enormously. The demonstration was the forerunner of many others, notably the child health experiments administered by the American Child Health Association at Mansfield, Ohio; at Fargo, North Dakota; at Athens, Georgia; and in Rutherford County, Tennessee; and three in New York, financed by the Milbank Memorial Fund. Two of these are now under way at Syracuse and in Cattaraugus county, and a third has been announced for the Bellevue-Yorkville district of the city of New York. The last one has been heralded by press reports to the effect that twenty years is to be added to the average span of life in the neighborhood. Perhaps it can be done—provided the local homicide rate can be kept down, which seems doubtful.

The present span of life in the United States is about 58 years. This does not mean, however, that most people die at that age, but simply that the deaths are so distributed between zero and one hundred years that the general average comes just twelve years short of the proverbial three score and ten. Tuberculosis now ranks third as a cause of death in the United States, being exceeded only by heart disease, and pneumonia and influenza combined, with cancer, kidney troubles and apoplexy following closely behind. But for many years tuberculosis led all the rest. Its conquest is only one phase of a general public health movement, which, during the last decade or two, has brought about a remarkable increase in the national longevity. The reason why so much stress is placed today on educational efforts is because in tuberculosis, as in most other communicable

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diseases, there are two factors. One is the presence of the infecting micro-organism, the other the vital resistance of the individual. The tubercle bacillus probably gets into most of us some time during childhood. Once within the system, it may remain dormant forever, or, when circumstances are favorable, as by a weakened resistance, it may invade the receptive parts of the body and some form of tuberculosis result. Tuberculosis is not hereditary, though a predisposition to it, and, conversely, some immunity from it, may be inherited. This much we may grant to the biologists, but it is personal hygiene and the effect of environmental factors which induce the disease or prevent it, according to the circumstances.

The anti-tuberculosis campaign, on the whole, has been well conceived and carried out with a reasonable degree of scientific precision, and it is justified by the results achieved. An eminent statistician, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, believes that a rate of 50 per 100,000 will be reached in 1930. If it is—and the prophecy is conservative—it will be due mainly to the activities of man, and not to natural selection. A rate of 50 was reached in Australia a few years ago and in three of our own States in 1921. A few decades more, and we may see the complete eradication of tuberculosis from the United States.

Music

FOLK-TUNES AS MATERIALS FOR MUSIC

By John C. Cavendish

In the popular mind each of the major arts is companioned by an aura of superstitions. Music, being the most abstruse and technical of them all, is especially rich in such appendages. They range in lushness and absurdity from the naïve concepts of the completely uninformed to the somewhat more sophisticated notions of the romantically educated. As examples of the first class, we have the fancies that a piano virtuoso's fingers, due to the shattering vigor of his execution, bleed copiously after every recital, that the pipe organ is the noblest of musical instruments, that to play the piano compositions of Liszt requires a colossal technique, that Bach wrote nothing but fugues, that Schubert wrote nothing but songs, and that Richard is a relative of Johann Strauss, or even that they are one and the same man.

As I have said, corresponding fictions exist in the faiths of the more sophisticated. They are, of course, less obviously jocose than the foregoing, they are tinctured with more sense, on the surface, but they are often almost as unsound at bottom. Of these, one of the most interesting and widely held is the two-part doctrine, first, that a body of folk-tunes such as the Negro spirituals constitutes a profound and authentic contribution to the art of music, and second, that folk-tunes in general lend themselves most aptly to musical treatment and have thus proved a source of invaluable inspiration to the greatest of composers. The latter half of this doctrine takes root in the fact that many composers of the first order have used folk-tunes in their most serious compositions and often with indisputably good effect. But this is certainly no proof that folk-tunes yield themselves with any special grace to musical treatment. Quite the opposite is the fact. As I shall show, instances of their successful use simply provide examples of the triumph of virtuosity over difficulties. Such triumphs are, in a sense, moral instances. They are practical affirmations of a fundamental principle in the ethics of art, to wit, that the conscientious artist must be boldly experimental, hospitable to the point of audacity, even to folly.

But before going further it will be comfortable to dispose first of the common

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notion that folk-tunes in themselves, standing alone, constitute an important contribution to music—that is to say, that they *are* music. I have cited the Negro spirituals and these may serve conveniently as examples for discussion, for they are typical folk-tunes; moreover, a lately stimulated interest in them has revived once again the theory that they should be reverenced as a sort of patriotic duty. Recently a Negro musician, who has arranged some of them for popular use, was fêted by the congregation of the white church he has served for many years. This event led, in the press, to sympathetic editorial comment on the spirituals themselves as moving examples of musical art. For instance, I find the *Nation*, in an editorial on them, committing itself to this: "The spirituals . . . are coming more and more to be viewed as one of the eminent contributions of this continent to the arts." Here we discover an echo of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, who, in "The Souls of Black Folk," says: "The Negro folk-song—the rhythmic cry of the slave—stands today . . . as the sole American music."

All this is more than exaggeration. To say that the spirituals of the Aframerican, or the peasant songs of Germany, or Hungary, or Russia, are serious contributions to music is deliberately to pass over the more important constituents of the art in favor of the least important, which is thematic material. Translated into the terms of other arts, it is akin to declaring that a smear of a new and appealing pigment on a canvas provides a genuine, if primitive, example of the art of painting, or that a collection of sage and amusing national proverbs is an ornament to the art of literature. Folk-songs, in fact, are no more than their name implies—they are simply melodies, tunes. It matters not how sensuously seductive the tune; it is never, standing alone, music. It is never even music in its original form—the primitive tune with its primitive harmonic setting. In a folk-song the harmonic setting is wholly unimportant. It is an afterthought only, and was not conceived by the man who made the tune. A few simple and quite ordinary triads provide all the harmonic material that is necessary to the overwhelming majority of folk-songs. In view of all this, it should be clear that such melodies, however appealing, are in no proper sense music. They are music only if music is to be stripped of its essentials—thematic and rhythmic variation, contrapuntal embellishment and harmony.

But what of the usefulness of folk-tunes to genuine music? Are they, as is popularly held, sources of lofty inspiration to serious composers? Do they further the art of music by providing it with priceless thematic material? Viewed superficially, it may seem probable that this is so—that a fine melody of the people, by virtue of its peculiar sentimental seductions, should add power and sensuous persuasion to the musical composition in which it is embodied. But this peculiar seduction of the folk-tune, as a matter of fact, remains only so long as the original melody is not tampered with. The moment it is subjected to musical manipulation in a serious composition—that is, the moment it becomes genuine music—all its charm tends to vanish.

As a matter of truth, the essential appeal of the folk-tune resides in its simplicity, its completeness as it stands. Being almost invariably of the three or four-part song-form, it satisfies the listener at once by its obvious and miniature architecture. But it is only a thatched cottage; it has no foundation for a palace. What happens to it when it is subjected to thematic variation, to harmonic, contrapuntal and rhythmic embellishment? One of two things. If the composer succeeds, as occasionally happens, in adapting it to his needs, he destroys the melody, or, at all events, deprives it of its peculiar and essential charm. The moment he manipulates it, it loses all its primitive appeal, its original and distinctive char-

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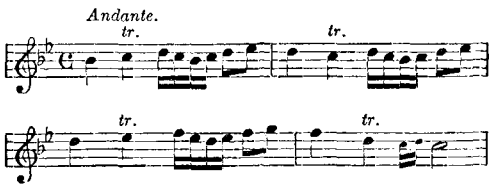
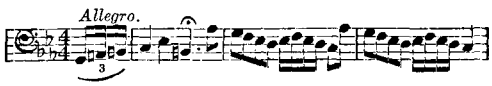
acter. More commonly, the folk-tune thwarts him utterly. If the original air is not destroyed, the added harmonic structure is a vulgar excrescence. And if the original naïve harmonic progressions be retained, his melodic variations are ceaselessly arrested by the primitive cadences.

In a measure, of course, these observations apply to all variations. But with the themes employed in music of the highest order there is an emphatic difference. In these instances the theme proper is of virtually no account; standing alone it does not satisfy. In short, it exists only to invite musical elaboration, and without this it is nothing. Consider, for example, Brahms' familiar "Variations on a Theme by Händel." Here is the basic air of that noble composition:

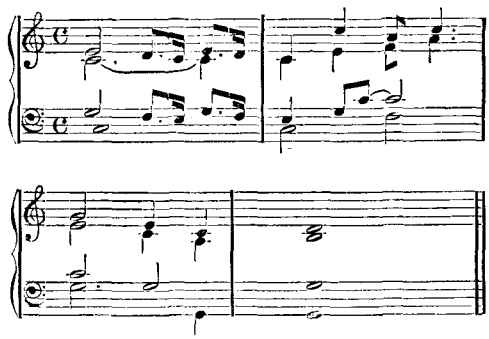


Have the boys at the glee-club try this some evening! Or sing it at the fireside on a Sunday, after prayers! Yet it is of just such bald airs that the supreme composers make their greatest compositions. Another example, this time from Beethoven:

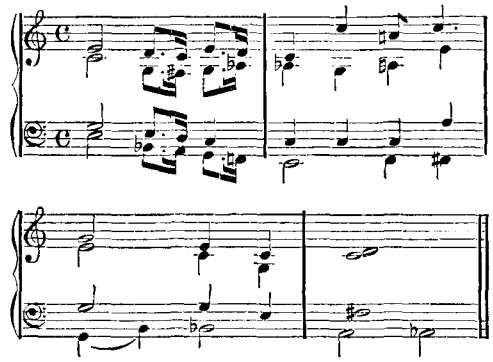


The very baldness of these themes, as they stand alone, fits them for musical use. They do not, by themselves, satisfy. The sense of satisfaction comes only when they are given the fullest, the most adroit treatment.

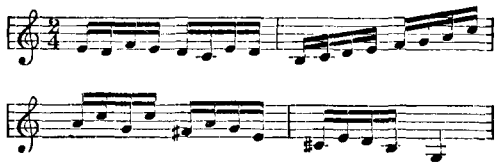
It is quite otherwise with folk-tunes. They are the product of naïve minds, and are designed only to meet a naïve and undeveloped æsthetic and emotional craving. Consisting of simple melodies of a primitive order, they satisfy that craving without further elaboration. Their development, indeed, is almost always dangerous to their primitive emotional validity. Let us take, to illustrate, a simple, self-sufficing tune such as "Suwannee River." Let us submit it to harmonic and contrapuntal treatment. Here it is simply harmonized:



Here it is harmonized more elaborately:



Here the air is presented contrapuntally:



Try these on your piano! They are not exaggerations; they are respectable, not to say conservative, elaborations. The second is an instance of the "grand" style of decoration. The result, as will be at once obvious, is simply vulgar. The original tune is notably preferable to all these sophisticated modifications of it. And the same thing holds true in nearly all other cases where folk-tunes are subjected to musical expansion—no matter

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who the composer.[1]

But doesn't the fact remain that they *can* be elaborated and that effective use of them *has* been made by composers of high repute? It does, but it proves nothing. I have not denied that folk-tunes *may* be expanded. From a theme in four-part song-form it is possible to build a composition as involved as a fugue, but such a theme does not inherently invite this treatment, save as a demonstration of virtuosity. Conversely, it is possible to take virtually any theme from the celebrated composers and reduce it to a jig or a fox-trot. Thus, "Say It with Music" has the identical succession of intervals in its first four measures that occur in Schumann's E major "Novelette," and "Yes, We Have No Bananas" opens with the same thematic intervals, in the same rhythm, as Händel's Hallelujah Chorus in "The Messiah," save that the major mode is altered to the minor. If the undisputed use of folk-tunes by eminent composers proves their value to musical art, then the converse may be argued with equal plausibility—that the aforecited smouching of themes proves the fitness of first-rate music for use as jig-songs and patriotic ditties.

It may happen, undoubtedly, that a composer of high ability, fetched by the sunsets, taverns, beer and wenches of the provinces, may also be seduced by a provincial tune. That tune, as they say, may inspire him; he may make use of it. But in his loftiest moments he certainly does not lust after materials so obvious; he is not lifted by simple tunes. At such moments his mind turns, instead, to harmony, to polyphony, to the problems of rhythm, and to the tone-colors of orchestral choirs.

Let us turn to actual compositions based on folk-songs—to the works of Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Dvořák and Rimsky-Korsakoff. To what measure have they succeeded in their well-authenticated use of folk-tunes? Dvořák provides an admirable example of the composer who, in an effort to employ them, destroys utterly the original savor of simple song and deprives it of all its fundamental significance. Consider the threadbare *largo* movement of his symphony, "From the New World." Here he endeavors to pass the appealing tunes of the American Negro through a symphonic filter. The result is their utter denaturization. The movement contains but a single faithful transcription of any slave-tune in existence, and with this pretty, sentimental air, complete in itself, Dvořák gets nowhere. He finds himself baffled, unable to do anything with it. It has no influence upon the music in which it is embedded; it is as extraneous as a grain of sand in an oyster.

As for Brahms, his use of folk-tunes is chiefly to be found in his Hungarian dances. No one will deny that these are effective—but what of Brahms' fame if they were his sole legacy to music? The fact is that when he set out to stalk genuinely big game, he left the peasants to their jigs and songs, and brought down themes more fit and apposite for great music. Examine all his symphonies, examine his two piano concertos, examine, in brief, all his endeavors to create an abiding art, and try to pick out the folk-tunes! There is nothing to be found in them from the cow-pastures of Germany. And, in their higher efforts, the same is true of Schubert and Schumann. As for Rimsky-Korsakoff, look over the first and best movement of his best work, "Scheherezade." Give ear to it and then acquaint us from what tuneful province, from what humble but melodious peasant's thatch, he abstracted the thematic basis of *that!*

I sum up: folk-songs are not themselves music in any real sense—they are simply tunes. Nor are they a source of authentic inspiration to the highest musical art. When they are used at all they either baffle the composer by their inherent completeness, or, manipulating them, he destroys all their savor, and causes them to vanish utterly.

[1] These examples were composed for the author by Winthrop Parkhurst.

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HOMO AFRICANUS

BY L. M. HUSSEY

It was in the year 1916, being then out of employment, that I was telegraphically summoned to New York by a naïve gentleman who believed himself in need of a writing man. He was engaged in that profitable form of the Uplift known as the Drive; his immediate task was to raise I forget how many millions for a venerable and well-known Negro educational institution somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. After a brief chat I discovered that this commander-in-chief of the Drive wanted, not a stylist, as I then fancied myself to be, but a press-agent. However, it was no moment to quibble over words. I kept my eye upon the essential chance, which was an opportunity to line my empty pockets; the honorarium, it seemed, was generous, and within fifteen minutes I had taken the oath.

The Drive was conceived upon an ambitious scale. It was to take place, consecutively, in five large cities. The job assigned to me promised interest and instruction. I was to live for a number of weeks in each of the appointed cities, study the resident Ethiopians, and then recount, in the local press, such of their activities as might be favorable to the cause. In short, I was to be a subtle, opening wedge; I was to acquaint five uninformed publics of the black brother's high, deserving merits; I was to gild the tiger-lilies with discreet and delicate praise. Bidden at once to visit headquarters in Chicago, I journeyed thither and spent several weeks reading a collection of inspirational books and pamphlets upon the Negro problem. Fortified with these readings, and with the counsel of the commander-in-chief, I entrained for Cincinnati, the first of the five cities to be plowed.

Lest there be a misapprehension at the outset, let it be remembered that I was not employed to unearth the truth. My appointed task was to present a newspaper portrait of the Negro that should be favorable to him, and yet palatable to the Caucasian. Like all uplifters I was, for a price, enrolled as the servitor of a strict preconception. I understood clearly that my researches were to have no more relation to any inconvenient fundamental facts than the pulpit utterances of a Baptist ecclesiastic bent upon demonstrating that Charles Darwin was an ignoramus and Ernst Haeckel an agent of the Kaiser. Thus understanding the task, nothing, it developed, could be easier than its accomplishment. Gathering formidable statistics in support of a preconception never demands anything more than a reasonable talent for industry. Exercising this talent, I called upon the mayor, the heads of the local social service bureaus, the real-estate operators, and the superintendents, works-managers, secretaries, vice-presidents and presidents of all the large factories employing Negro labor, and by copious quotations from their bland remarks was soon able to demonstrate in the Cincinnati press that the Aframerican was a willing worker, a deserving brother, honest, Christian, patriotic, humble and a credit to the town.

Meanwhile, although afloat like a bubble on all this sweet stuff, I could not keep down a certain insistent curiosity. It arose to trouble and perplex me. It harassed my conscience and kept me awake of nights. In the end, it is perhaps shameful

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to confess, I succumbed to it. That is to say, I set out deliberately to gather observations upon *Homo africanus* that could in no way be useful to the Drive, although I received and cashed a check from headquarters punctually every week.

II

Part of my official job was to obtain from colored preachers, editors, school teachers, tradesmen and other prominent Moors pious expressions of opinion upon the charitable Caucasian's efforts to make this vale of tears, as the black man passed through it, a less rigorous preparation for a glorious hereafter than it had been aforetime. The words of gratitude for which I sought were found. They reached me *viva voce* and by suave and eloquent gestures. Time and again, going forth from the presence of some dark clergyman and remembering freshly his mellifluous words, I was momentarily persuaded that the end of the so-called race-problem was at hand, that old prejudices were dissolving, that the Negro, albeit with suitable deference, was about to lie down with his white master in the manner of the apocalyptic lamb with the lion.

But always there went with this a subtle something, a vocal color, an insinuation of the gesturing hands, that somehow bade me pause. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the learned and pious blackamoors whom I made free to interview were not meeting me with perfect candor? What was the peculiar and elusive feeling of doubt that reasserted itself each time I confronted, in my official capacity, any one of these polite gentlemen? I call it a peculiar and elusive feeling. It was an echo of something that I had seen and understood before, but that was now, in this environment, nameless. It perplexed me. It was like a desired, illuminating word, forever on the tongue's tip and ceaselessly refusing to shape itself into clear, united syllables.

This haunting perplexity drifted like a wraith between me and the Ethiops when, on business of the Drive, I was called away for a week to a side-investigation in the region of Richmond, Virginia. Companioned by an affable Confederate friend, I was walking one morning down a serenely shaded street in Richmond when an aged Negro man, in the press of business, rounded the corner precipitately and nearly collided with both of us. He contrived, however, a hasty shuffle curbward, and began to murmur apologies like a litany, removing meanwhile his hat. My Confederate friend smiled genially.

"Good morning, Uncle Joe," he said. "That's all right. Never mind."

As we passed on, the old darkey still stood near the curb, smiling, bowing, gesturing.

"There," commented my friend, "is what we call a good nigger. You all don't know anything about that kind in the North. If a good nigger happens to come north you all don't know how to treat him."

His words entered my consciousness to be pondered later. They were not, at the moment, significant. At that instant the one significant thing was my consciousness of a revelation. The good nigger, with his hat off, was speaking with a subtle inflection I had heard before, moving his hands about in a way I had seen time and again. With a bit more emphasis, a bit more exaggeration, he was raising the same peculiar and elusive feeling that I had derived from every quashee I had interviewed during the Drive. What was the word it evoked? Where had I seen this same phenomenon of voice and gesture before, years before?

At last I knew! Where else, for the first time, but at the old Trocadero melodramas and burlesque shows, the fifteen-cent upper gallery matinées I attended as a schoolboy? Where else but at every theatre I had entered from those days to this moment of comprehension? The long-sought, elusive word spoke itself. These coons were—theatrical! They adopted, in their intercourse with me, with every white man,

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the voice and gesture familiar in all mimes. They were enacting, subtly, ineffably, very persuasively, a self-imposed rôle. They were playing a part in a comedy!

The fact of this universal histrionicism, so long observed and at the same time so long puzzling, became now as clear and indisputable as an Euclidean axiom. The fact, I say. It became glaringly apparent that every time I got within sniffing distance of a Moor he postured himself back of the footlights and began to perform. With his native mimetic talent this was as natural and easy to him as mendacity in an Armenian. But however clear the fact, its underlying cause and necessity were not at once obvious.

Turning over in my mind, during succeeding days, certain well-known fundamentals of biology that are as applicable to psychic as to physical phenomena, I began, in the pulpit phrase, to see the light. That is to say, I saw the Africano, back of the smoke-screen of his constitutional guarantees, all wispy and valueless, facing an elementary biologic necessity—the necessity of adapting himself to a harsh and often lethal environment. The meaning of all the suave vocal inflections and histrionic antics with which I had been favored was now revealed. These posturings of the mime in every tinted gentleman of my acquaintance, from the elegant pastor of the First (African) M. E. Church to the corner bootblack, were all mere manifestations of a simple defense mechanism. In other words, they were part of a biologic process that was as natural and native to a blackamoor outnumbered twenty to one as his green color is to a grasshopper or his hard shell to a lobster.

III

As a result of my researches I do not hesitate now to affirm that almost every black man on these shores maintains his place in the sun by this process of histrionic cajolery. In sheer self-protection he has made of himself a slick, slippery, deceptive fellow. On the one hand the object of half-affectionate derision, the butt of the immemorial watermelon and pork-chop jokes, the eternal clown, and on the other hand, in darker representations, the ceaseless, potentia menace to every one-hundred-proof virgin south of Mason and Dixon's line, he is no more what he appears to be to the naïve Caucasian eye than the girl three rows back in the chorus, exhibiting herself under half an inch of cinnabar, antimony and talc.

In those places where white prejudice bears most oppressively upon him his histrionicism becomes most active and apparent. Thus, the traditional coon is never more coonish than in the South. There, carrying his activities as a mime to their most persuasive pitch, he actually contrives, against the most inimical imaginable social conditions, to gain certain gratuities, considerations and benefits for himself that are seldom vouchsafed his northern brother. There is, indeed, much truth in the common assertion of Southerners that "the nigger is better off in the South." There is much truth in it—provided he is apt in playing his part. But let him, in an ill-advised moment, undertake to lay aside the mask, and the amiable Confederates are at him, as everyone knows, with all the familiar devices of lynch-law.

In spite of his assertions to the contrary, the Southerner knows less about the black man, understands him less, than anyone else on this planet. To the Confederate, he is either a clown, sometimes virtuous in the Uncle Tom fashion, or a sinister figure villainously bent upon wholesale felony. Having a certain weakness for the poetic aspect of all myths, I am loth to say this. I am further loth to say that my researches indicate that the white gentlemen of the South are in error in yet another of their cherished beliefs—that they know, very soundly and properly, how to handle the African, and that they are, out of their superior knowledge and better nature, kinder to him than the obtuse Yankees, and more generous. Nevertheless, having

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set out to tell the truth, I must affirm that all this appears to me as so much flubdub.

The superior favors and condescension allotted the "good nigger" of the Confederacy do not derive from the supereminent kindness of the southern gentleman's heart, nor from his better understanding of the blackamoor. They derive, instead, from the fact that the southern gentleman is the dupe of the good nigger's histrionic wiles. He is the victim of hundreds of thousands of black Salvinis, playing their parts naturally, almost instinctively, under the brutal urge of a mere biologic prompting, yet withal superlatively. What is, in plain words, the aim of this universal histrionicism? Its clear aim is to flatter the white man, to confirm him in a sense of preconceived superiority, to make it apparent that the black who confronts him, speaks to him, gesticulates before him, is docile, subservient and worshipful, and at the same time combines with these qualities the drolleries of Harlequin.

This is the "good nigger" of the South, the nigger who in acting his rôle plays expertly upon the fundamental vanities of the dominant race. It is also, albeit to a lesser degree, the nigger of higher latitudes. His clowning is the protective apparatus of an outnumbered race that might otherwise find the conditions of existence too harsh for survival. It is the frustrating, disarming mask worn by every Negro confronted by the white man. And, being virtually instinctive, it is highly effective.

Nevertheless, it sometimes fails, with dramatic consequences. It fails, at times, both North and South, because it is not possible to establish in the consciousness of men without any authentic merits a sense of perdurable and unassailable superiority. Even the ceaseless, adept and instinctive flattery of the Ethiopian will not bring such men to an enduring sense of elevation. They will on some dark, questioning night begin to doubt, to fear. They will observe, without finding or daring strict words for the observation, that their superiority results from the accidents of numbers and conventions—not from higher talents. Their fears will be no longer assuaged by the memory of the good nigger shuffling curbward with doffed hat. Subconsciously they will perceive that the black can get as much cotton or sugar-beets out of the soil of his farm as the white, that he has a disconcerting ability, not wholly explicable on the basis of his clownishness, to get superior laughs, tunes and jig-times out of life, that he can even pass through an educational mill and come forth with baccalaureate letters tagged to his name, and that, worse, he can make himself agreeable to traitorous white women.

Arrived at these intolerable facts, such a man is ready to run out and gather a mob. On his dark night of perturbing revelation he does so go out—and finds plenty of others in a psychic state similar to his own. Someone has been knocked in the head a day or two earlier, or some white woman stared at. Shorn of his sense of mastery, the hysterical overman feels his own skull in danger. He sees, abruptly, a horde of "good niggers" ripping off their masks, no longer paying tribute to his accidental eminence. And forthwith he and his brothers in hysteria bear down in overwhelming numbers upon the first isolated cabin at hand—and proceed to lynch a nigger.

IV

According to my researches, this is the genesis of lynchings and race riots—a faltering in the white man's sense of authentic elevation, a temporary failure of the quashee's histrionicism. If that sense of elevation, of superiority, were genuine and not a mere product of flattery, it would never yield to insane fears. Its weapon would not be the tar-brush, the shot in the dark, the length of hempen rope, the barbaric pyre; it would be that most compelling, subduing arm of all genuine superiority everywhere—contempt, and above all, indifference.

Back of the histrionic mask there stands, of course, the man, the negrillo shorn of

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his persuasive, sycophant antics. During the course of my official investigations and unofficial probings I began vaguely to apprehend him.

It will be remembered that a part of my task was to secure formal expressions of his gratitude for all the varied uplifts the white brother had launched to his benefit. Did he not agree that Hampton Institute, founded by General Armstrong, was a marvelous example of Nordic goodwill and one that opened a splendid opportunity to his race? Marvelous . . . splendid! And Tuskegee, the child of Hampton, the extension of the Hampton idea, the monument indeed to a Hampton man—Booker T. Washington? Ah, Tuskegee . . . Booker T. Washington! And the separate public schools for Negroes, manned by Negro teachers—was this not a forward step, a magnanimous gratuity, a recognition at last that the Africano should be permitted to run his own affairs? A forward step . . . a magnanimous gratuity!

And so on. And so forth. In answer to my questions, always the flattering gesture, the grateful, expected word. But always I detected, under it, a cynical flavor. Little by little it became apparent that the fellow behind the mask had opinions of his own, and that his opinion of the uplift was by no means so gracious as his words affirmed. Indeed, it presently became my conviction that save for a few asses and interested job-holders the intelligent black had very little patience and less respect for the white man's devices for his betterment. Back of the mask he sniffed and snorted. Now and then, over the Bourbon and juniper water, I found it possible to get from his lips some expression of his real view.

It was a view neither gracious nor flattering. Lumping all the white-inspired uplifts together, the institutes, the schools, the urban leagues, the bi-racial programmes, he whiffed suspiciously of the whole stew. He was not, unhappily, bubbling with gratitute. His soul was not, alas, inundated with a great, tepid wash of good-will. For, betrayed into an unwonted frankness, what he saw and sees back of all the pious labor in his favor was and is the continued efforts of the Caucasian to make of him—a good nigger!

He has, for many decades, accepted this rôle of good nigger as his main chance of survival. But as he grows more alert and critical he begins to tire of it. He, the Moor, grows restive. Into the suave and dulcet flatteries he has so long practiced there enters a franker note, a tincture of hostility. The good nigger means the servile nigger, the nigger who has not, at least openly, presumed to aspire to any of the more important human activities, or even to the common, daily dignities that make for self-respect. Now, at last, looking at the Nordics who approach him with their uplifts, he begins to view them warily as Greeks bearing gifts. What is it they propose, indeed, but an extension of his good nigger status on a somewhat different plane?

Nothing more. As the emerging Africano sees it, the uplift is colored from skin to core by a philosophy made popular—among the Caucasians—by the late Booker T. Washington. Washington did his work in the South aided by the southern white man. He received that aid because he was careful not to violate the good nigger tradition. He acquiesced in all the immemorial affronts against a genuinely human dignity. In his celebrated Atlanta speech he justified all the forms of Jim-Crowism. He aimed to educate the black—for the higher servility. He was the white man's hero, not the black man's. And so with all the diverse varieties of the uplift, white inspired, for the benefit of the black man. He begins to see beneath their seductive glitter a perpetuation of his current and past status. Against any such perpetuation his emerging self-respect rebels. His rebellion becomes, in these days, distinctly vocal. He agitates for fuller opportunity, and to my mind very entertainingly. He has played a part so long that his mind, ac-

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customed to shams, has taken on a habit of charming cynicism.

This cynicism distinguishes all his current utterances. It informs and enlivens the propaganda that he prints in his periodicals. These periodicals are seldom naïve. They make use of the weapon of irony. To the white brethren seeking civilized amusement, to the Nordic overman a bit soured by the pallid timidities of his accustomed journals, I recommend a trial glance at such Negro papers as the *Crisis*, the *Messenger* and *Opportunity*. Taken after a dose of the usual savorless blather of white journalism, their effect is akin to that of four ounces of ethyl hydroxide.

The Moor begins, as I say, to function as an autonomous organism. True enough, his sycophancy and servility under the good nigger tradition have won for him a certain place in the sun, but he now realizes that that place is neither very warm nor very fertile. He tends now to more belligerent tactics. The comprehension comes to him that belligerency may be, after all, the safer and more productive device. Certain phenomena in his experience begin to impress him. In particular he casts a searching eye over the genetic factors in lynchings and race-riots. He is startled to observe how seldom it is the group of tough, obnoxious niggers that encounters the riotous wrath of the Caucasian mob. No, the riot usually begins in some pacific street with the mob breaking up the pianolas and victrolas in the homes of inoffensive and unprovocative blacks. When the tough niggers enter the fray with eight-inch Barlow knives and high-speed steel razors the enthusiasm for battle among the Nordics wanes. He remembers a case in point during the Atlanta riot. He recalls how the Peach Tree street coons, a raucous, belligerent company, put up an improvised sign bearing these words: "Send the white mob down here." According to his recollection the invitation was ignored. . . . He ponders these things.

Meanwhile, his sense of self-respect, his aspiration for an authentic human dignity, is sustained in numberless instances by a scarcely suspected pride of birth. A pride scarcely suspected, I mean, by the dominant white man to whom he still renders his stereotyped flatteries. Nevertheless, back of the mask the black asks himself: "Who is this white fellow, anyway?" Nobody! Exactly—nobody. The black of understanding begins to have an aristocratic contempt for this white man whose family has no significance. He recognizes his own distinction. He sees himself as the inheritor of an old, submerged and, in its pure white strains, almost vanished aristocracy —and in dozens of instances I have found him able to trace his lineage very persuasively. In whatever antagonism the Ethiopian may hold the Nordic, he seldom fails to be proud of his own white blood—not because it is white, but because it is of the best strains of the old South.

This pride in his ancestors, an emotion almost unknown to the rabble of nameless white Babbitts, gives to the intelligent blackamoor a touch of contempt in his intercourse with the customary white man—a more or less veiled contempt that is quite frustrating to the investigator until it is understood. In the mouth of such an Ethiopian the common expression, "poor white trash," takes on more than a naïvely derogatory significance. It acquires, in addition, a strictly biologic, Mendelian sense. Few of the Nordic brethren, even those of more penetrating and liberal mind, know anything of this phase of the black man's psyche. They conceive him, in his efforts to emerge, rather as an individual doing ceaseless battle with an inferiority complex. Now and then an artist essays to make artistic capital of this fictitious complex. It was, for example, the pseudo-psychological basis of Eugene O'Neil's "All God's Chillun Got Wings"—combined with another piece of false psychology which postulated that a low-class white woman, born among the blacks, spending her childhood in play with them, should develop a hypersensitive race-prejudice after her marriage with one.

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Those who are acquainted with miscegenation as it actually exists are aware that no such prejudice exists. The black, reading many like "studies" of himself, permits himself a laugh.

As I intimated before, this ability to laugh, and to laugh ironically and cynically, is one of his outstanding characteristics. It illuminates not only the sophistries of the dominant Nordics, but his own aspirations and efforts. Aspiring to conditions of life that will vouchsafe him the common amenities and dignities, that will support his self-respect, the black propagandist, in his own press, agitates for numerous human rights and advantages now denied him. But I detect, in his writings, no steadfast belief in the value of these rights and advantages *per se*. He does not see them with the eye of the white reformer. For example, the Negro weeklies and monthlies carry on an unremitting campaign for the constitutional rights of the black man at the polls, but I have yet to discover any of them affirming, in the manner of the old women's-rights propaganda, that once the black is able to vote everywhere without restriction he will forthwith bring about a new order of civilization, a lush and sinless world. It is not that he is too modest to promulgate such a programme; it is, instead, that he is too sharp-eyed and cynical.

This enlivening cynicism plays, like a will-o-the-wisp flame, over all his cogitations, however profound and weighty. For instance, since the beginning of my researches it has always interested me to discover what the blackamoor thought of his future on this continent. What, in his opinion, would ultimately be his status, his position? Upon this question I found him not lacking in prognostication. Moreover, his prediction was curiously uniform: he grounded it upon the charmingly cynical recollection that he is already from a quarter to a half white. According to the concerted opinion of all the knowing Ethiopians that I have approached, two or three hundred years hence there will be but one race on these shores! Shocked as I am for the sake of all my Confederate friends, I sometimes find a gritty grain of sense in this prediction. My friend, Professor W. P. Dabney, of Cincinnati, supports it by a subtle observation in his estimable journal, the *Union*. Writing of the antics of Garvey and his Universal Negro Improvement Association, and in particular of the Association's proposed debate upon the tint of the Lord God Jehovah, the Professor says:

> One fact is assured: if Garvey and company decide that black is the appropriate color for God, Jesus, and the Virgin Mary, then most American citizens will become infidels and go to hell rather than worship black divinities. . . . The only thing black the white man loves is a woman.

I invite you, gentlemen, to observe and ponder the professor's concluding sentence. Is it the voice of libel? Or is it the voice of prophecy?

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OUT OF THE LAND OF EGYPT

BY JOHN PENTIFER

> You ain't done right by our gal, stranger! Marry her termorrer, or I'll shoot yer as I would a dawg!
>
> —*From the Author's Works*

For the past four years I have been exclusively; at present I am successfully; and in the future I intend to be, to such extent as may seem convenient—a writer of popular fiction; in making which introduction I may remark to the Bystander with the Contemptuous Smile that there was a time when I, too, believed that aspera were a prerequisite to astra, and that the Heights of Literature were to be reached by not less than four flights of stairs, preferably with tattered oilcloth on them. I am not sure whether I absorbed this idea from a professor who once booned me a medal for an essay on the Political Ethics of Mazzini, or whether I got it from the movies; in which demi-monde of art (terrestrially located in Brooklyn)—I was successively employed as Chief Reader of Manuscripts, Editor of Subtitles, and Continuity Writer.

I am inclined, on reflection, to give the blame to the movies. The idea involved is just on the level of the monocellular intelligence of the flickergraph; and indeed it was an everyday thing for me to witness the elevation of some young hero to the literary peerage after a few rounds with a Remington in his attic's bitter cold. If, in addition, he had pawned his shirt, broken a pane of glass in his window, plugged the hole with a sock, and caught bronchial catarrh, nevertheless he was publicly kissed by critics in Windsor ties, and literally pelted with millionaires' daughters. Of course, I knew all this was fiction, and even cheap fiction; but it is a significant fact that when I left Vitagraph to become an author I took my literary aspirations and my two hundred dollars and my wife and my incipient nervous breakdown to Milligan Place, New York, instead of to some cheaper place with less stairs and more plumbing. Here I completed my nervous breakdown and two highly polished stories, neither of which sold; even though our funds were totally exhausted; though we had lived on rice for two weeks; though the Winter of 1917 was upon us; and though—in the absence of quarters for the gas-meter—I had developed a most satisfactory cough.

I dropped Literature, of necessity, when the rent was two months, or forty-six dollars, overdue; but I was constant still in mind, and accepted an editorship at seventy-five dollars a week only until such time as I should be able to pay the advance rental of another attic. The magazine was an anti-Bolshevist weekly which also opposed Negroes, Percy Stickney Grant, Chinese, the Kaiser, Labor, Free Speech, bomb-throwing, Capital, the Pure Food Laws, Jews, and all Gentiles except 100% Americans. I wrote all the articles, and my only pride is that the proprietor thought I myself was a Bolshevist. His text, I think, must have been *cogitat, ergo est.*

Having accumulated a thousand dollars at which, and having failed—ay di mi!—to deduce anything at all from the hundreds of dere sur Letters to the Editor, I took another fling at Art, and had another nervous breakdown. It was really rather funny, that smash-up. I exploited it in the movies, impersonating an unsuccessful au-

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thor to the tune of four hundred dollars. My face was pale and thin, my overcoat and boots were unmentionable; my eyes (I have the stills before me at this moment) were indeed what the director called fine hokum; and it was forbidden to cut my hair, which already hung over my ears, until the termination of the contract. I emerged looking like a phantom golliwog, and instantly charged Parnassus for the third time.

II

This is, roughly, the chronological order; one tries to forget. Anyhow, I ended my purgatorial period with a grand spectacular explosion of all the mental faculties excepting the Scandinavian; in which frame of mind I dropped in to see the editor of a magazine which sells a quarter of a million, but is not known as the *Cowboy*.

"What kind of stories," I asked him, dully rejoicing in the comfortable chair and the steam heat, "do you want for your magazine?"

He looked at me—or rather, I thought he did. Now I realize that there must have been someone behind me; probably the chucker-out.

"What we require," said the editor rapidly, "is stories of clean, rapid action with a wholesome love interest, as, for instance, bandits rob a train, sheriff gets after them, bing bing bing, ride ride ride, bandit shoots back, bing bing bing, terrible fight, marries the girl."

"What girl?" I asked him.

"Any girl," said the editor.

"Well, who marries her?" I inquired. "The sheriff, or the bandit?"

"Either," said the editor. "Good afternoon!"

I went home and wrote that identical story.

My wife and I and our Persian cat were in one room of an apartment which also contained a garrulous landlady; but I wrapped a woolen muffler around my head to keep out her conversations with the nigger in the kitchen, and wrote five thousand words a day for four days. I did not copy the product, though I corrected the misprints in ink; and on the fifth day I took it down to the editor.

The day after that, rather skeptical of the promised promptness, I called for his decision; and he invited me into his office instead of seeing me in the reception room.

"Aren't you the chap," he inquired, fumbling in a desk-drawer and running his eye over my salient deformities, "who came in last week and asked what kind of story we wanted, and I said bandit robs a train, sheriff chases him, bing bing bing, ride ride ride—?"

"Yes," I said.

The editor turned the manuscript over reflectively.

"W-e-e-ell," he said, "you went and wrote just that, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"We-e-e-ell," said the editor, "you know, I was only joking. I thought you—well everybody asks that fool question; so I just gave you a fool reply; said anything that came into my head—gave you a kind of parody, you know."

"Then you're not buying it?" I asked.

He looked at me appraisingly, and smiled.

"Oh, yes, I am," he said, pitching the script behind him into the safe. "And—say; go home and write some more stories like it."

"Just like it?" I asked.

"Exactly like it," said the editor.

And that—with occasional debauches of essay-writing—is what I have been doing ever since; my success becoming greater, and my profits larger, as I have become less and less inclined to dispute the patent fact that the public intelligence of the United States is just about equal to that of the mud-turtle. At first, for some reason, this was difficult to realize. I remember, for instance, how on the third Saturday following my interview with the editor, I returned to him worried. I had received two hundred dollars for the first story; two hundred and fifty for the same yarn with different names for the characters; and two

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hundred for yet another telling of it, with Wyoming for the locale, instead of Nevada. This seemed too easy to be moral, and I said so. The editor smiled. He also pointed to a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary on a stand. Knowing there was no God, he naturally wished to convince me of the fact, so that we could be friends.

"You're getting a cent a word," he remarked. "You can have a cent and a half after this, if you're a good boy; but even at a cent—you see that book? It contains a quarter of a million words—worth a penny apiece. All you've got to do is rearrange them a bit. Not very much. See?"

Well, it took me some seconds to see it just as he did; some seconds thereafter to get an intangible pile of clinkers out of my throat; and, as I say, I have had relapses into frenzied incredulity occasionally since then. But basically, I became a new man on the spot. I had seen a great light; and I am not alluding to the phosphorescence of the bones of the dead, either. I felt very Matthew iv, 8, as we he-men say in our simple devotions around the camp-fire.

So that the amenities of our apartment might not interfere with my devil-worship, I hired a furnished room in Twenty-third street. The rent was three dollars a week, since I didn't sleep there; the landlady, whom may God reward, gave me bowls of hot soup on cold days; I sat on one wooden box with my typewriter on another; and with these simple facilities knocked down six thousand seven hundred and eighty-four dollars the first year.

Then I waxed intellectually fat, and kicked. Walking along Riverside Drive in deep thought and a rainstorm, I had, toward the sixth month of the year, considered my new trade in all its bearings, and decided to apply Efficiency to it. I don't think I used that word at that time; I was still mentally tender in spots. But I had perceived that Literature was a business, like soap-selling; and that, if its practitioner was to escape the fate of Chatterton, for instance, it must be run as such. It appeared to me that the part of wisdom would be to work the staple and sure-selling lines to their utmost; to accumulate a surplus of profit, and to use this surplus for the flotation of any artistic experiments, keeping the staple lines in hand against possible failure of the experiments. It further appeared that the way to accumulate a surplus was to cut down Overhead while increasing Output; and that the way to do these things simultaneously was to buy a house in the country, where expenses and financial worries would be at a minimum.

One Sunday morning, I went forth and with one thousand dollars cash bought a $4,900 Colonial farmhouse in Connecticut. On the following Wednesday we were installed there with our cat and our furniture—consisting, in addition to my typewriter-boxes, of one double bed; and on Thursday, while my wife drew water from the well and made slashes at the immemorial muck, I began a story designed to allay my doubts that anybody with common-sense could possibly write anything worth reading.

III

What a fool!

That story took three days to write, and three months to market, and it brought in one hundred and fifty dollars, as against the four hundred I could have got for a Western story written in the same length of time. Worse—the O. Henry Memorial people crowned it; and for a year I was not to be convinced that the reading public prefers bad work to good. I actually wrote a Western novelette in which the heroine did not marry the most unspeakable ruffian in sight; and when this was rejected, hurled her into his arms in five lines and a manner which was designed to be a blood-insult to the editor's intelligence. I got six hundred dollars for the revised version; it then sold into the movies for a thousand dollars; and since then it has brought me about four hundred in second-serial and similar minor rights.

Delighted, the editor chose me as the

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standard-bearer in a daring new departure. He felt like trying something kind of imaginative, and he insisted that I should write a fantasia on the original theme. Once, he remarked frigidly, they had run a very successful story about a prospector who was overtaken by the end of the world while looking for the lost Blue Bucket gold-mine. The readers had been much struck by his ingenious methods of keeping his matches dry when the Last Flood had covered the earth.

I blush when I think of what I did; but I was unusually nauseated in the first place, and I had a gem of a two-thousand worder out for sale, in the second. I went home, perched on my wooden box, and raved twenty-five thousand words about a hollow mountain, near Dallas, Tex., in whose interior lived the Lost Tribes of Israel, drinking out of golden mugs. Of course nobody will believe this; and public proof would be in the highest degree indiscreet. But, *sub sigillum confessionis*, I stand ready to produce both the story and the record of the seven hundred and fifty plunks received for it.

The gem of a two-thousand worder came back, by the way. The editor in whom I had trusted wrote that he had had it on his desk for six weeks—it was seven, as a matter of fact; that he had read it innumerable times, and on two occasions had nearly bought it. But it was an indisputable fact, gloze it over how one would, that the principal male character had picked the principal female up with intent to violate a commandment; and his advertisers were very particular.

Even this did not turn me away from my infatuation; though it did, by chance, fling me into a rather relevant situation with a strange editor. I had written a cowboy story with a half-way civilized hero, and it had been rejected by all my regular markets just as I was receiving bills for an artesian well, a pumping system, plumbing, a septic tank, and similar fortifications for my redoubt. I had sent it, blindly, to this man who knew me not save by reputation, and he had offered me two hundred dollars for a two hundred and fifty dollar yarn, simultaneously inviting me to lunch with him.

My normal feelings completely submerged in ill-temper, I met him; and, after he had bought me my first drink since Prohibition, I surprised myself by attacking him in the most approved style of bull-necked, gold-toothed, fat-armed business man. Is that class, I wonder, perpetually in the fusel-oil frame of mind that I was then?

Anyhow, I bullied that editor. Alternately, and quite deliberately, I fascinated him and hypnotized him. I lied to him ostentatiously; I flapped his competitors in his face; and I tore three hundred and fifty dollars shrieking from his bosom.

Blood to a tame wolf! Before the little brothers of that drink had ceased to degrade me, I wrote a curt letter to another editor who, God knows, had never harmed me, announcing that my rate had risen a whole cent; and before I was sober enough to be apologetic he telephoned, agreeing with me fulsomely, and asking when he could expect some stuff.

"Your *old* stuff," he begged pathetically. "None of this damn highbrow business. Just have a nice cowboy on a nice cayuse or whatever they call the damn things, and have him ride along, and have things happen to him, and then have him stop riding and get married, and let it go at that."

"What else have I ever done?" I demanded.

"Why, you've been working this damn trick of having him ride out of one place, going to another, and then meeting him when he gets there, in the next chapter," protested the editor. "Our people don't get that, I tell you. They say, 'Who the hell's this guy, anyway, and where's he come from, and what's it all about, anyhow?' And then they write in and say I don't know the Great West."

"I sympathize with you," I told him; and so I did; but I didn't believe him, because the appointed day of my salvation was not yet come. It did not arrive until

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I stopped my Ford at the local gas-pump, on the seventeenth day of the March before last.

"I hear," said the gas-man, as he turned the crank, "that you're a writer. Is that so?"

I said it was.

"What book," he inquired, "do you write for?"

I began a list; but he caught at the first item in it.

"The *Cowboy?*" said he. "Why, I read that every month."

"And I'm in it almost every month," I told him, "so we must have met."

He corrugated his brow, thought for some time, and shook his head.

"I don't pay much attention to the names of authors."

"Perhaps," I said gently, "you know the character I use. He's been running for nearly three years. Scarecrow Wilson, his name is."

The gas-man thought again. He thought for a long time; but at last he gave it up.

"I don't pay much attention to the names of the characters," he said diffidently. "Lessee—that's five gal—"

There was a tremor in my soul.

"Well," I cried, "surely you remember the big fight with the sticks of dynamite, in last month's complete novel. Did you read the magazine last month? Yes? Did you read the complete novel?"

"I guess I did," said the gas man uncomfortably, "I always read the book through from cover to cover."

"Well," said I, "the fight with the dynamite, now—where Scarecrow is in the cave, and all the Mexicans and Indians attacking him, and one stick of dynamite blows the trousers off Snorting Horse, showing that he's a white man, and the heroine's missing father?"

I felt mean, when I saw his haggard, contorted face as he cerebrated. But I felt I must have this matter settled. When, at last he shook his head again, a rush of bitter-sweet relief filled my soul as he had filled the Ford tank.

"I don't—" he began.

"In the name of the Captain General of the Society of Jesus," I cried, "what do you mean?"

"Why, I don't take much notice of the stories," he said slowly. "I—just read 'em."

Nobody will believe this, either. And yet I can take any discreet person and show him the very man—alive, and at large, and very prosperous.

IV

I am very prosperous, now. I have been, ever since that day. I went straight home and conceived a plot containing less than nothing; during the next three days, I wrote it, in a style as devoid of even elementary tempo as is a hen's pup of dundrearies; and from then onward unto this last, I have never looked back.

Unto this last, I say—because the end, my dearly beloved 'earers, is in sight; the time of the singing of birds, if not actually arrived, is at least on the bulletin-board. For the last four years, I have turned out, on an average, ten thousand words of buckeye a week; in spurts and ebbs, but averaging that, I have acquired, in return, a house which is perfectly suited to me, personally and professionally, which, with its appurtenances, including two acres of land, a motor-car, and two part-time servants, costs me forty dollars a week to run when my wife and I are in residence; and which can be shut up and left indefinitely. The forty dollars includes our food, the car's gasoline, the servants' wages, and the taxes, electric light, and telephone; everything, in short, but unusual expenses, such as the wiring of my barn-garage for electricity. The maintenance cost during our absence will consist of taxes and insurance only.

So much for the house.

I have enough in the bank to support me in the South of France for five solid years; and I need not touch the capital if I choose to do two hours' work a fortnight, on Western stories or their equivalent in other settings. This amount of work will support me either at home or abroad; but I

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feel the traditional desire to flee the scene of my crime, and so Provence is chosen. We sail next month.

I have the privilege, in various cheap-magazine offices, of borrowing up to one thousand dollars immediately; without interest, without fixed date of repayment, and without any obligation, save verbal, to repay, and moral to repay in cheap fiction. I have, from minor royalties which I had almost forgotten, an income of five hundred dollars a year.

I had thought that this comfortable state of affairs was exclusive to myself; that I alone, of all the men whose names appear on Those magazine covers (and who never, by any chance, meet in the flesh)—had had brains enough to work the system I have indicated herein. But when I went in to announce my plans to my principal editor, he merely smiled and yawned. He was the same editor who bought my first story; and who has been buying it ever since.

"All right—all right!" he said. "I know the rest. You chaps don't meet each other, tucked away in dog-holes the way you all are, but I meet you all, you know. Jenkins got through three months ago—he's in England, translating Horace, of all the birds that fly in the air! Yes—the Bloody Jack Blair man. Wilkins was in yesterday, talking about essays just the same as you are. He finished up his pile by selling us that Roberts character of his—and his own name—and he's going to do his essays under a pseudonym. Ah, well—you boys were the first generation of this method. Due to the war or something, I suppose. There's a second growth coming up to take your places, though. By the way, do you want to sell us this Scarecrow Wilson character, and your name? Give you a thousand cash. It's your own name you've been using, isn't it? Second generation's got you beaten there. They're putting pen-names on this stuff, so they'll have their own for the real etcetera. One of 'em did sixty thousand words last week. You'll have to get a nom-de-plume, like Wilkins."

Arboreally speaking, it's a shock to be changed from a Lone Pine into one of a Grove of Sequoias in the twinkling of a conversation.

"Yes," said I, rather deciduously. "Yes—I suppose so."

"What's it going to be?" he asked.

I couldn't answer the question then; but I have since.

The reply, as my sophisticated future readers will have observed, stands at the head of this article.

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SCHOOL DAYS IN THE SNOW

BY THOMAS J. LE BLANC

THE air glittered with frost crystals. The morning sun sent long shafts of light through the woods, and in the distance a pale blue ribbon of smoke swayed above the pointed tops of the pines. It came from the school-house. The feast of Thanksgiving had been celebrated during the previous week, and this was the first day of school. Ernie Trudeau and I stumbled over the frozen ground, breaking out the trail that had become overgrown during the Summer. We had both reached the eminence of seven years and our second year in school. This last placed us in a class of scholastic old-timers. Ernie lived farthest from the school and in the Winter he stopped at my house in the morning and we alternated in breaking a trail through the snow, the leader wallowing in the soft fresh flakes that sometimes reached his waist while the one behind stalked along in a superior way, trying to hide his impatience at the delay. Today we hurried, for unusual sights were to be seen on the opening day and we did not want to miss them.

We liked school. It was a place where teachers showed us something new every day. Even the teachers changed frequently, and they were very different from the other people that we knew. Before we ceased to wonder at the strangeness of one, another took his place. They made us do strange things that entertained yet puzzled us, like punching holes in cardboard in the outline of an animal and then sewing through the holes with colored thread. Sometimes, when one was sweating and tugging one's way around the curve of a rabbit's back, one was suddenly called upon to tell what an island was. What queer people these teachers were! Anybody knew what an island was. Or maybe it would be something about a lake, as if anybody didn't know a lake when he saw one. But on the other hand, they could write long words on the blackboard without a book and they had whole boxes of crayons in brilliant and fascinating colors: reds, greens and purples that danced before our eyes. Ernie and I used to speculate on the enormous value of these crayons.

This was before the days of suppression, expression, and sublimation, and of the different grades of morons. A well-meaning government had decreed that the Indian youths of the vicinity should attend the white man's school and learn the lore of their white brothers, so that when Ernie and I wriggled through the underbrush into the clearing that surrounded the school-house, we walked among the pick of the younger Indian bucks. They stood silent and straight, their arms folded and their eyes gazing off into the distance. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested and slim-hipped, they ranged in age from fifteen to twenty-two and were about equally divided between Chippewas and Objibways. I recognized Chief Kukooche at one side of the clearing and Chief Shaganegi at the other. Ernie and I were the only white boys. With two girls about our own age we made up the whole white enrolment.

Soon a bell clanged, the chiefs grunted a few words and we marched into the school-house. We entered through a long hall that opened into the school-room, a square room with windows on three sides and a blackboard across the front. It always smelled dusty and seemed unclean. At the

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front, on either side, were two long cast-iron stoves that were fueled with large pine logs brought in from the nearby woods. In mid-Winter, with the wind whistling around the building and the draft roaring up the chimney, these stoves became red-hot and sent out an odor of scorching paint. I sat in the front seat, face flushed and gasping for breath, while the bucks in the back seats shivered in clouds of their own breath.

We filed to our seats, the white children in the first four and the Indians gathering in the back. The two chiefs shook hands with the teacher, and then turned and nodded to the bucks. Our eyes turned to the teacher. He was a handsome fellow, with greased hair that swept down over his forehead in a wave, a huge drooping moustache, a shiny collar and a necktie that rose in wondrous billows of color from his chest. Long white cuffs, suspended by metal clasps, hung from under his coat-sleeves. As if to stun us completely he wore button shoes, a kind of footgear that had never been heard of in that part of the North country. These shoes broke down the reserve of the Indians and they nudged one another and shot quick glances at the teacher's feet as he passed among them, assigning them to their seats. The teacher took his place at the front of the room and read short sentences which we repeated after him. The Indians sat silent, their faces like masks. At noon we were dismissed and the Indians disappeared into the bush. An hour later the bell rang and they reappeared, swinging along silently in their soft buckskin moccasins. The afternoon's work consisted of weaving mats from colored strips of paper. The Indians refused to touch theirs, and when asked by the teacher for an explanation, one lean-jawed buck stiffened a little and grunted the single word—squaw. Later they took the same attitude toward sewing on cardboard and this attitude was the cause of no little trouble. The afternoon wore on and at three o'clock we were dismissed. The first day of school was over.

II

That teacher was the beginning. He lasted about a week and then left. Another took his place, and another, and so on. Some stayed only a day, while others stretched their stay into a week. Some whined, pleaded and cajoled. Others roared and threatened. Some read the lessons in a tired voice, beaten before they started. Others pounded on the desk and hurled the words at us like a challenge and then left at the end of one day. The one response that could be wrung from the Indians was *kaween*—their word for no. A typical recitation was as follows: The teacher fixed his gaze upon one of the bucks and asked him to spell cow. The answer came back *kaween*. The teacher insisted that the buck could spell the word. Again the *kaween*. Another buck was appealed to, and the answer was likewise *kaween*, and so on down to the last one. No matter what was required, sewing cards, weaving mats, counting, spelling or repeating words—the inevitable answer was *kaween*.

With the passing weeks I came to know all my school-mates. Somewhere I had acquired the idea that as a white boy I was superior to injuns, but this soon gave way to a feeling of admiration. I admired those tall, easy moving fellows. I admired their strength and especially their ability to look at the teacher with level gaze and say *kaween*. Suspicions began to steal into my childish brain that, after all, maybe this weaving and sewing and reciting was not quite a man's work. I learned their names—curious names, neither English nor Indian, but rather words or syllables that may have been corruptions of English words, or nicknames that some white man had applied to them. There were Ton-ton, Beak, Bozhou, Ganog, Baulky-splits and others, each one a leader among his own people. The leader of them all, no matter whether Chippewa or Objibway, was a lean, wiry brave, well over six feet in height, who went by the name of Kadow. He was the son of Chief Kukooche and looked every

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inch a prince.

A few weeks after the opening of school, the snow came and soon the ground was covered and great folds hung from the sloping branches of the trees. The Indians came to school on snowshoes from all directions, leaving broad trails behind them that lay like huge ribbons of lace on the surface of the snow. The shoes were of the graceful tapering Chippewa pattern and were made on a basswood frame with the net woven from deer sinews. Some of the more vain among the youths had the border of their shoes decorated with tufts of brilliantly colored yarns. Arriving at the school, the snowshoes were stacked in the hall, where the temperature was low enough so that no thawing took place. Wetting was disastrous to the sinews in the net and the shoes were always kept at a freezing temperature. The dress of the Indians was quite uniform and consisted of a squirrel or rabbit skin headpiece, a heavy woolen shirt, muskrat mittens, buckskin trousers, knee-length woolen socks, and soft buckskin moccasins, usually embroidered in intricate designs with beads and vari-colored porcupine quills. The headpieces were left in the hall with the snowshoes. They wore the mittens in the classroom.

As the snow grew deeper, the bucks became more and more restless and increasingly harder to manage. Every fresh snowfall meant a fresh tracking snow and the time was ripe for running down deer on snowshoes. The sharp hoofs of the deer cut into the deep drifts and a swift young brave on snowshoes, stubbornly holding to the trail, soon overtook the laboring animal and with a quick thrust of the long knife carried at his belt, added another portion of venison to the family larder. These active fellows chafed at the business of sitting in a room and listening to a person who to their minds was neither chief nor squaw. Why sew on cards or weave mats or even try to learn the white man's writing when there were deer to be run and fish under the ice waiting to be speared? It all seemed so stupid. One couldn't eat mats or cardboard. Sometimes a soft heavy snow would begin to fall early in the morning. During the classes the bucks sat gazing out of the windows and an hour or so later Kadow would grunt a few words, and half of the Indians would rise, stalk to the hall, lash on their snowshoes and disappear into the bush. The teacher stamped and blustered, but they paid no more attention to him than if he had been a chattering blue-jay.

III

In the meantime our teachers were as fitful as the Winter winds. They came from unknown parts, remained a day or so, and then left for unknown parts again. In one month we had eight. Finally Mr. Bowles arrived. He wore no glorious tie nor button shoes, but a woolen shirt and shoepacs. We did not know it at the time, but his specialty was man-taming and he had been imported for the purpose of teaching these injuns how to sew and weave and making them say something beside *kaween*. Mr. Bowles immediately became "Bells" to us. He had a huge shock of hair streaked with gray, and a purple complexion which acted as a setting for eyes like two shiny beads that glittered behind a pair of nose glasses. Every morning he arrived with a package under his arm. He made frequent trips to the store-room and as the day wore on his breath took on an unmistakable bouquet and his voice grew husky. By three o'clock he was completely swizzled. He grew more mellow and tolerant with each trip to the store-room. Once he even volunteered the statement that he didn't give a damn if these injuns *kaweened* for the rest of their lives. Thus for a while he was a triumph as a teacher. His stay stretched to the unheard-of length of two weeks and one night at supper I heard my father thank God that there was somebody who could run that school.

But it did not last. One Monday morning Bells roared louder than ever and went to

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the store-room more often than usual and instead of growing more tolerant with each trip he began to swear at us and to pace up and down the aisles, swinging a heavy leather strap cut from a piece of belting. I sat in the front seat, afraid to turn around to watch him and yet afraid to let him go unwatched. Finally his pacing stopped. He planted himself beside Kadow and pointing to a crumpled wad of cardboard that lay on the floor he roared, "Pick that up." Kadow gazed straight ahead and in an even tone said "Kaween."

"What did you say, you damn injun?"

This time the answer came back, "No."

Bell's face grew livid as he pointed with a shaky finger.

"Pick that up!"

The buck without a change of expression or tone answered,

"No put-um, no pick-um."

The man's voice rose to a maddened yell and he drew back the heavy piece of leather.

"Pick that up, er I'll break every bone in yer damn injun body," and the answer came, "No put-um, no pick-um." The strap whistled through the air and landed with a loud report across the buck's shoulders. Blow followed blow in rapid succession, while Kadow sat with arms folded, head back, gazing straight ahead and apparently oblivious to the raining blows. How I admired him! How his character seemed to tower above that of the so-called teacher, who labored and puffed as he swung the strap. Finally Bells paused from exhaustion and the silence that fell was broken by Kadow's saying in a cold tone, "No put-um, no pick-um."

The teacher, in speechless fury, dropped his strap and seizing the Indian's hair in both hands began to rock his head from side to side. Then things happened. Kadow rose with the smooth, easy motion of a cat, spun the teacher around by one shoulder, seized him by the back of the coat and the mid-posterior portion of his trousers and swung him in an arc, clear of the floor. With a mighty heave, he sent Bells skittering along the floor, face down, the whole length of the room, to end up wedged under the red-hot stove, and helplessly stunned. Then all the Indians, as if by a signal, quietly left the room, led by Kadow, who hesitated long enough to grind into dust beneath his foot a pair of nose glasses that lay in the aisle. By this time the air was filled with the odor of scorching cloth. Ernie and I applied ourselves to the protruding legs of Bells and by dint of much pulling and weaving from side to side finally dragged him forth and beat out the smouldering places in the back of his shirt. We propped him up against his own desk and left him there. We never saw him again.

Bells was the beginning of a long line of man-tamers. Even as a child I felt nothing but scorn for their ignorance and bungling. Everyone failed to recognize that these braves were young men of dignity and influence among their own people and that they had certain ideas as to what was a man's work. Each one tried his particular method of man-taming. Some tried a club; some used a black-snake whip; and some used their fists. Each one lasted until he outraged the dignity of one of the bucks and then his term ended. The Indians attended school regularly, but simply would not be driven while there. Things went from bad to worse. One teacher lashed Ton-ton around the legs with a birch rod and had his head beaten against a door-frame for his pains. Finally during an attempt to make one of the bucks sing, there was the flash of a knife, a lurching fall, a stain on the floor and school was closed.

IV

A month later, the word was passed that it would re-open on the following Monday. Upon our arrival we found to our amazement that the new teacher was a woman, a Miss Hudson. She was small, with a little round face and puffy cheeks, and moved with quick jerky movements. She was soon

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known as Chipmunk. She wore a white shirtwaist with sleeves that rose in mounds over her shoulders, and a dark skirt. She smiled at us continually and her teeth were even and white. She earned our admiration on the first day by eating large pieces of charcoal that she plucked from the ash-pan of the stove. I tried it and found it to be tasteless stuff that gritted between one's teeth, and not half so pleasant as spruce gum. But Kadow chewed it stolidly and the bucks followed his example.

During the first week of her stay the new teacher gave her entire attention to the white children and ignored the Indians completely. This was an unexpected method of attack and the bucks were puzzled. Many things had happened to them since the opening of school but never had they been ignored. By the end of the week they began to gather in groups before school was called to discuss this new situation. One day in the middle of a recitation, Kadow walked boldly to the stove, brushed up a handful of charcoal and passed out pieces to the Indians, which they chewed solemnly, looking to Miss Hudson for approval. Apparently it had no effect, for she made no comment.

The first sign that the new teacher was aware of the existence of the Indians came in the second week of her term, during a whirling snowstorm with the temperature well below zero. The supply of wood for the great iron stoves had become low. Just after the first recitation in the morning Miss Hudson walked down the aisle between the rows of silent braves and stopped at the desk of Kadow, who stiffened at her approach. In a pleasant voice she asked him to stand and he rose and towered above her, arms folded and gazing over her head. Then in a manner of almost formal address, she said, "Kadow, your father is a brave man and does not lie. He has told me that you are the son of a chief and a man among your people. He has said that for a youth you are wise and that your people obey when you order. Tell me, Kadow, does your father lie?"

The answer came in a deep voice, "*Kaween.*"

"Very well, Kadow. We need wood. It is cold and snowing outside, but it would please me very much if you would have some of *your men* fetch logs for the stoves so that we may be warm and *your men* may take off their mittens while they are inside."

The effect was like magic. Kadow, unfolding his arms, inclined his head to indicate that he understood, whirled on his heel, let fly a string of throaty syllables and every Indian in the room flew to the hall. There was a clatter of snowshoes and they were gone. A half hour later they marched in like soldiers, each carrying a pine log. The logs were heaped around the stoves and overflowed across the front of the room. Then each Indian solemnly placed his fur mittens in the hall with his snowshoes and returned to his seat. Kadow was the last to return and as he took his place Miss Hudson smiled at him and said, "Kadow, I thank you." The Indian looked pleased and bowed slightly as he answered, "It is well, Chipmunk." This was the first English sentence ever spoken by an Indian in that school-room.

The incident of the firewood marked the beginning of a new era. Bringing in the logs became an office of honor and Kadow and his braves turned it into a highly enjoyed ceremony. Next we were told to get a piece of cloth to be used in wiping our slates. The method in vogue up to that time was to apply an abundance of saliva and then polish the slate with the right shirt-sleeve. The Indians had no slates, but the next morning they appeared with both slates and vari-colored pieces of cloth. Then Miss Hudson showed us a can filled with water and having a hole in the top, and told us that at the end of the slate lesson a little water was to be placed on each slate aud then we were to use our pieces of cloth. To his delight she designated Ton-ton to distribute the water and he placed the few drops on each slate as though he were conferring knighthood.

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The cardboard animals and the mats were left in the store-room and their place was taken by stories concerning the early history of the region or the life habits of familiar animals. These tales interested the Indians tremendously and they exchanged observations on certain points in an undertone.

Then Miss Hudson explained to Kadow that she would be pleased to hear the stories of his people, the deeds of his father and his father's father, of Ton-ton's father, of great hunts, and long Winters, but that it was impossible because he and his people could not speak or write her language. This marked the beginning of a furious attack on English, and the braves, with brows knit and jaws set, repeated sentences or fashioned words on their slates. The place took on an air of intense work. Kadow was the vengeance that hung over the shirker, and woe unto the one who caused Miss Hudson to frown! Any misdemeanor by one of the bucks brought a swift and sure punishment from his fellows. This was accepted without a whimper by the culprit and he returned to work with a clearer idea of what to avoid in the future.

The Indians were quick to learn and it was not long before Kadow was able to tell in simple terms the story of the change in the course of the river as it had been related to him by his father. For this feat he received a celluloid flower, pinned to his shirt by Miss Hudson herself. No crimson-tipped eagle feather in his family's collection meant more to him. Later Bozhou told the legend of Shewano, the great bowman who shattered a star with his arrow. The fragments fell to the ground among the trees, and in the Spring, when the Great Spirit rolled back the blanket of snow that covered the earth, the places where they fell were marked by the trailing arbutus.

Soon a strong friendship grew up between the teacher and her pupils, a friendship colored by staunch loyalty and a desire to please. The bucks who had successfully resisted all the different technics of the man-tamers were plastic in the hands of the little woman who ate charcoal. They seemed tense and ready to spring at her slightest command. Every morning her desk was piled with squirrel tails, muskrat and beaver skins; articles made of buckskin and embroidered with beads and quills; baskets made of basswood strips dyed with the juices from berries; mats woven from the fragrant sweet grass that grew in the clearings; or sometimes a quarter of young venison, or a delicately tinted rainbow trout stretched on a bed of moss. And when school closed there was a great feast held on the school grounds and the Chippewas and Objibways came for miles around to join it. Chief Kukooche made a speech of farewell that Kadow proudly translated, and then the boat came to take Miss Hudson away. The braves stood in line and were silent as she shook each one by the hand. Her eyes were moist and her voice a little low as she called each one by name. As the boat drew away from the shore, Kadow stepped from the crowd and raising his hand in farewell, shouted across the water, "Good-bye, Chipmunk."

V

A short time ago I returned to the town of the little school-house. Kadow now owns a fleet of canoes manned by half-breeds who take squealing tourists for a plunging ride over the rapids. He recognized me immediately, and as we shook hands I said sternly, "Kadow, spell cow." His expression did not change, but his eyes flashed a smile as he answered, "Kaween."

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NEBRASKA

BY GRETCHEN LEE

EVERY so often there comes over the exiled Nebraskan, if he's honest enough to admit it, a stinging and penetrating longing for home. The show of the world goes suddenly stale and flat, its posings pointless and affected. The condescending drawing-rooms of his newly-made friends turn noisy and garish. His urban clothes begin to draw across his neck and chafe his wrists.

Worn down by the struggle of learning to lower his voice, to wipe from his eye the look of wild surmise, to make calls after four o'clock, to talk about London and the meals on the *Majestic*, he succumbs to a tragic and incurable *Heimweh*. Try as he may to take root in these far fields, he can never properly flourish. The alfalfa remains in his hair and the dust on his shoes. Though he plod the galleries until his arches fall, he still hankers for a good clear hand-painted oil-painting of a melon cut in half, well dotted with black seeds. Though he run an enlightened thumb over a spurious Bristol flask to find the ground pontil, he'll still be thinking that it's exactly like the old bottle of horse liniment at home.

He grows as lost and useless as the country dogs that are moved to town by retired farmers. He barks feebly at imaginary wolves and rabbits. He's lonesome for the sights and sounds of the prairie country. He may pretend all he likes and write home glib letters about new adventures and new triumphs, but every Spring will see him in the Burlington station at Chicago, jammed into a horde of other expatriates, a little flushed with anticipation, a little garrulous with the thought of getting home again, of taking the good old 6:01 for Ogalalla, or Red Cloud, or Bennett.

For a Nebraska rearing is a rigorous experience, and once you've known it you never get it out of your blood. There is the first great hazard of getting born at all, what with the incompetent country doctors and the traveling healers with nostrums and three shell games in their wagons. There are the perils of childhood, with the local hardware man turned chiropractor, hard at work on the young down with typhoid fever. There is that soul stirring moment which comes to every Nebraska youth when he is prayed over. Then Hannah Flowers leads the singing in a high, screaming soprano. The tremulo stop of the Estey organ whines and quivers through the bones. The traveling evangelist (slightly exhilarated, it develops, by a swig of Doc Barnes' rye) calls to you from the pulpit to "make your choice tonight."

No matter what choice you make you suffer the torments of the damned. You may bolt, white-faced and frightened, for a gasp of the sweet night air, and keep hidden at home until the excitement has died down. Or you may go forward on curiously weak knees to receive the accolade of the blessed. In either case something dreadful has happened to you. God has been changed from a pleasant-faced gentleman in the Sunday-school quarterly to a ruthless monster, and your nerves will jangle forever at the sight of a country church or the sound of a voice singing "Shall We Meet Again?"

Then there is the great struggle to get something into your head. For the most

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part, the rural Nebraska schools are still taught by beautifully incompetent teachers—usually the poor relatives of members of the school board, or the ambitious wives of village ne'er-do-wells. The high-schools are little better, though here and there an earnest young pedagogue does his best to ram an idea or two into the Nebraska skull. The small colleges are struggling but sincere; their teachers stay on year after year, blindly striving to do something. The State university. . . Well, if you're lucky and some one warns you before matriculation, you may draw a Pound, or a Barker, or a Seavey, or an Alexander. Otherwise ——!

II

Why, then, with such dreary scenes behind them, should there be those who itch to return? Because out there in Nebraska, on a small canvas, is displayed a perfect panorama of mankind—moiling and wallowing in indecision, buffeted and belabored by chance and circumstance, but getting to its legs and staggering along. There life runs against such terrific odds that it stirs the sporting blood. So the struggle, in its gigantic completeness, becomes strangely beautiful.

Where but in Nebraska is there such stark tragedy? Weatherbeaten mothers milking cows to keep worthless sons in more worthless schools. A sun-burned father plowing corn to keep a graceless daughter with a goiter in the Acme Musical College, Voice Placing a Specialty. Pretty country girls running away to Saint Joe to meet the engaging young men they've learned to love through the columns of the *Cupid's Aid* matrimonial paper.

Where else is there such comedy? The rural spectacle of the mating season, with the lovers strolling in lugubrious pairs through the village cemeteries, wooing among the stones. Old George Hanks who will not die: he has been on the town for three generations, eating up the funds they hoped to spend for an entrance arch to Main Street. Or "them Harpers," assembling once a year to pool the most presentable clothes of the family and get Little Tessie, now in her forty-third Summer, off to Illinois and a marriage with anyone.

Where else is man so natural and so honest in his reactions to life and death? "Well," sighed John Fletcher, turning from the grave of his wife, "She's gone . . . And at last I can have a motor-cycle."

"They elected me," explained George Ellithorp, when he filled the county offices with incompetents who could barely sign their names. "I owe 'em something."

"I've always wanted to ride one and here's my chance," said Bob Sales. So he traded his farm for a merry-go-round and dragged it through the eastern end of the State from town to town until its awnings grew gray and the paint peeled from the crimson chargers and the sheriff attached it for debt. Then he alighted from his favorite mount, a dappled wooden horse with a jeweled bridle, and said simply, "Well, I've rode."

Where else are there such awe-inspiring hopes? Old Bill Weltern, who has been training a silver cornet band for competition at the State Fair for thirty years and has never had five members at once who could play "The Corn Flower Waltz." Jennie Wells, keeping a neat garden and white Wyandotte chickens, and waiting the return of a husband who ran off years and years ago with a shabby show troupe, "The Pittsburgh Belles." Andrew Tillinger, working from sunup to night on an old set of clock works, trying to make a binder to oust the McCormick.

Where but in Nebraska are the God-fearing people tormented with such dilemmas? What to do about Mrs. Tuggs,—the village harlot, but the best cake-baker in the State? Should she be allowed to contribute her cakes to the Presbyterian socials or should she not? Shall they call in Doc Withers, notoriously a villain, but

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the only man within fifty miles who can take out an appendix and keep you alive? And if it's true, as is said, that the new Mrs. Plimpton carried on with old George for years before her marriage, should they ask her into the Aid or ignore her?

Where else are such spectacles to be seen? A baptizing in Stall's pond, the only water for miles around, with eager children crowding to the edge of the pool to watch the bubbles rise to its green surface —and to hope against hope that the pastor will slip and go under with the convert. Where else are they witching for wells with forked sticks under the tutelage of a professional dowser at ten dollars a well?

Where but in Nebraska could the Kansas City Terror have had such a miraculous escape? He had come up in a tent show. In his dirty gray tights and an orange sash he threw weights and juggled iron bars and went a fast two rounds with his trainer. He filled in the gap between the sale of the "Kickapoo Indian Sagawa" for man and beast and the presentation of a gold watch to the most popular girl of the community. He was willing, for a small wager, to take on the local middle-weights at the conclusion of his act.

He had done well in Kansas, where the fighting is largely verbal. But when he drew into Hay Springs, Nebraska, and issued his customary defiance, he found that things were different. There was a shuffling and a scuffling in the audience as a number of gentlemen rose to their feet to accommodate him. They were the Jacksons. Man and boy, they made for the platform with eyes aglow. The Colonel himself was peeling off his mohair coat (the standard uniform of Nebraska country bankers after they reach fifty), and his five sons of assorted ages were grabbing off their neckties and loosening their suspenders.

It might have been the last appearance on any stage for the Terror but for the fact that the Jacksons fell to quarreling among themselves about which one should have the first go at him. In the melée which followed, father upon son and brother upon brother, the Terror slipped out under the canvas and took to his heels.

III

It is the Colonel and his like who make the charm of Nebraska—those good Old Timers who hung on in spite of hell and high water. They bobbed up after the wheat crop was lost by rust, only to be confronted by the hog cholera. They watched the little country banks pop out after their corn crop had been burned. They kept thinking a Moses had come and they voted once more for Bryan. All the while they pulled and tugged along with a vigor that was beautiful to see. Less truculent than their Kansas cousins to the South, they lacked the constant stimulus of a bitter fight. Less venturesome than the Dakotans to the North, they never had a real land boom . . . or a crash. They had none of the ambition of their Iowa neighbors to save enough to get to California to die. They were there to stay and stay they did. Something of their hope and courage is everywhere in their land today.

When their blood runs thin (alas, it has already begun, what with prosperity and the booster's clubs!) Nebraska will be as drab and ordinary as upstate New York. Then its schizophrenic youths will be dogged out in Brooks Brothers suits and sent to Yale. The girls will be trooping in herds to Paris to learn the great secret of French culture—perhaps that it's Helstern's for boots this year. But that time is not yet. With its ragged cottonwoods against the sun, with its fogs whirling and cascading by night over rustling fields of corn, with the Old Timers still in the saddle, Nebraska is still a place to dream of on a lazy afternoon. Which explains, perhaps, why you can never get it out of your blood—why, on any night in May, the Burlington station at Chicago is jammed with exiles taking the 6:01 back to Ogalalla, or Red Cloud, or Bennett.

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A CHARMING MEXICAN LADY

BY MUNA LEE

JUANA INÉS of the Cross was thirty-eight years old when her poems were published in Madrid in 1689, the title-page hailing her as "the Unique Poetess, the Tenth Muse, who in various meters, languages, idioms, and manners, enriches various matters with elegant, subtle, limpid, ingenious, and profitable verses."

"Subtle, limpid, and ingenious" are apt adjectives to describe the complex personality of a wise and passionate woman, capable of complete detachment in the analysis of her own emotions. The poetry is the exquisitely ironical record of the adventures of a soul. It is neither colonial nor provincial, although, at the time when her book appeared, she had been a nun in the Convent of San Geronimo in the City of Mexico for more than twenty years, and had never seen more of the external world than the capital and the neighboring villages.

Born in the hamlet of Nepantla, between the flame and smoke of Popocatepetl upon the one hand and Ixtaccihuatl upon the other; taken as a child to Mexico City that the viceroy might witness the prodigies of her learning; educated there, a part of the gay and cultivated vice-regal court and a favorite of the vice-reine; she was only sixteen years old when the viceroy, the Marquis de Mancera, declared that the responsibility of measuring the depth and scope of her talent was too great for him alone. He called in a committee of forty—poets, painters, theologians, courtiers, and, as the old chronicler is careful to tell us, several famous beaux and wits—to question the beautiful, brilliant child, and come to some agreement as to what should be done for her.

For several hours the examination continued, Juana de Asbaje—as she was in the world—confounding them all, especially the beaux and wits, by the discretion and justice of her responses. "As a royal galleon defends itself from the canoes that assail it," says the contemporary record, "so Juana Inés extricated herself from the questions, arguments, and responses that the assemblage propounded, each in his own department."

Shortly afterward, the vice-reine, the "Laura" of much of Sor Juana's verse, offered to make her a lady-in-waiting. For whatever reason, the young girl refused. The mysterious love affair which colors her poetry, and which according to tradition ended unhappily because of her lover's exalted station, must have taken place about this time. Mystical by nature, she turned to religion, and at once the viceroy's confessor urged upon her the advisability of entering a convent. She records her initial recoil from the idea; but at last she let herself be persuaded, years later explaining the step in an illuminating comment: "I thought to fly from myself, but alas! I brought myself with me."

She spent part of a novitiate in the order of the Carmelites. That discipline proved too severe, and upon the recommendation of her physician she withdrew. A year and a half later she was admitted to the convent of San Geronimo. She seems never to have regretted her profession, and certainly the brilliancy and color of life was hardly dimmed for her because of it. She did not go out from her retreat, but the world came to her.

Life in the Mexican monasteries in the

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Seventeenth Century was anything but monotonous. Between court and convent flowed a constant stream of little notes, of music, of verses and compliments, of presents such as embroidered slippers or those delicate light pastries called "nun's sighs," or richly blended confections of yucca or wild orange. Did distinguished visitors stop at the cloisters? There were apartments regally furnished for their reception, and a play was sometimes arranged for their entertainment. A dance, even, might be held in the great hall where the Velásquez or the Ribera hung. Afterward, upon cloths weighed down with fringe of gold, spiced wines would be set out, and that ancient Mexican refreshment of chocolate and honey whipped together, and dry cakes fat with citron and almond; and there would be conversation, very learned and witty.

They loved good talk, these sisters with their pale, ascetic faces and slender hands —they shone at repartee, and quoted the classics appositely, and made puns in lisping Latin. Even when visitors did not come, they met at stated hours and fenced in gallant argument with one another. The number of their servants was a scandal, one convent counting six attendants for each sister; but their learning was a matter of national pride.

As for Sor Juana Inés, her brilliancy in conversation was a legend, and her industry passed belief. She made verses in Spanish, in Latin, in Aztec; she composed music and sang to the harp; she lined her cell with volumes on mathematics and astronomy, physiology, philosophy, and canonical law; she understood the principles of medicine; she was famous as a grammarian; she painted upon wood and ivory; she wrote enchanting occasional verses upon the birthday of her patroness, upon the festivals of the saints. Beneath all this and around it flowed the stream of her serious poetry, simple and passionate and marvelously restrained, like the poetry of no other woman in Spanish, like none in English till Christina Rossetti; although in its unrest, its bitterness, its mockery of its own pain, and its sudden, thrilling laughter, it belongs less to the period of the pre-Raphaelites than to our own.

II

Spanish culture thrust its deepest roots into Mexico, and established there the first institution of learning and the first printing-press of the New World. It had grown old before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. There was continual contact with Madrid, socially and artistically as well as politically. The musicians for a single banquet were sometimes brought from Spain on one vessel to return upon the next. The literary period was that of Góngora, the Euphues of Spanish verse, who was distorting with gorgeous ornament a style just simplified by Cervantes and Calderón. It is one of the amazing things about Sor Juana that she yielded so slightly to Gongorism. In an age when poetry was esteemed in proportion to the elaborateness of its figures, her lines are stripped and bare, achingly direct. Her dramatic work shows the unwholesome influence to some degree, at times, in the *autos*, becoming a glittering tangle of inversions; but even here, the most famous of her dramas, "Los Empeños de una Casa," is comparatively simple in treatment, a delicious comedy of manners, pithy with proverbs after the Spanish tradition.

This comedy contains Sor Juana's well-known discussion of her own fame, in the mouth of her heroine:

> I went to my studies
> From earliest childhood
> With such sleepless ardor,
> With such rapt desire,
> That I reduced to brief period
> Fatigues of much compass . . .
> In such manner that people
> Revered as inherent
> Laurels hardly acquired.

"The sublime style" was easy for her. All methods, indeed, seem to have been easy for the facile pen which glided from

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a sarcastic madrigal upon a pretentious and unlovely "Queen of Beauty" to the impassioned feminism of her "Redondillas":

> Stupid men, who accuse
> Women, in and out of season,
> Never seeing you are the reason
> Of the faults that you abuse! . . .
>
> With vain pretensions rife,
> You would a She discover
> Who is Thaïs as a lover,
> And Lucretia as a wife. . . .
>
> With whom shall blame begin,
> However evil they—
> With her who sins for pay,
> Or him who pays for sin?

While her poetry, at its best, has the sombre, reticent beauty of the sonnet on her own portrait:

> This which you gaze upon, a painted lie,
> Blazoning forth with niceties of art
> False syllogisms that the hues impart,
> Is a shrewd snare, the sense being ta'en thereby.
> This, wherein the flatteries try to cover
> The horrors of the years, and to erase
> The rigors Time has left upon the face,
> Age and forgetfulness to triumph over:
> Is an artifice most vainly wrought,
> Is a frail flower carried on the wind,
> Is a shield against a sure Fate borne;
> Is the idle labor of a vagrant mind,
> Is a solicitude ponderous and out-worn,
> Is corpse—is dust—is shadow—and is naught.

When the Marquise de Mancera died, Sor Juana wrote three sonnets which, as Amado Nervo—most devoted of her adherents—has pointed out, evidence the depth of her grief by their mediocrity. She had the consolation, however, some years later, of finding in another vice-reine, the Countess of Pareda, whose "little name," Lysi, sparkles through an entire volume of Sor Juana's verse, a friend who seems to have fulfilled to admiration the rôle the nun ardently desired for her friends, that of smiling benignly as they received the myrrh with which she bathed their feet. In verse as deft as Matthew Prior's—and the resemblance extends to subject-matter so strikingly that some of Prior's poems are more like Sor Juana's than most translations are like their ostensible originals—she celebrates Lysi's beauty: Lysi, whose hand should receive the rose which surely blossomed from the impress of her foot; Lysi, who needs no Easter greeting, because she has only to look into her mirror to see Paradise and glory; Lysi, who could never be adequately portrayed, since the "unfortunate and vain" century offered only outworn phrases and metaphors soiled with use, leaving the poet to envy her peers of the springtime of poesy, when to say for the first time

> "Those locks are a golden treasure,"
> Was worth another beyond measure.

The *villancicos*, which she delighted in writing, are charming carols, light and musical:

> Between the stars and the flowers
> A dispute began to loom:
> How wisely they used their powers,
> The first with the voice of light,
> The others with shrieks of perfume.

One turns always with a feeling of relief, however, from this lighter work to the spring from which flowed her beautiful "Sonnet on Hope":

> But I, in my condition wiser much,
> Am holding both my hands before my eyes—
> I see only those things which I touch.

Her moods vary, but the prevailing tone of her work is a deep tenderness. She was, says her chronicler, the gentlest and best beloved of the sisters; though there is a mischievous story of her once having silenced her mother superior with an impatient, "Oh, don't be silly, Mother!" When the Mother complained, she received only the satisfaction of having Don Fray Payo de Ribera write himself into legend by saying, "When the Mother Superior disproves the accusation, I shall be glad to reprimand Sor Juana Inés."

Very characteristic of her tenderness, and very beautiful in the original, is the following sonnet:

> This evening when I spoke with you, my love,
> From your face and gesture well I knew
> That with words I had not persuaded you
> Of what you saw my heart desired to prove.
> And love, who aided me in what I willed,
> Achieved what seemed impossible to attain,
> Since in the tears wherewith I clothed my pain,
> All my heart was melted and distilled.

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Enough of rigors, beloved: let them end!
No more shall tyrant jealousies intervene,
Nor vile suspicions your quietude offend
With hideous shadows and with vain demands;
Since in liquid essence you have touched and seen
All my heart melted here between your hands.

She took all knowledge for her province; but she loved to embroider and garland her serious studies with playful verse. When a comet came to Mexico with the Conde de Pareda, whose vice-regency was certainly ill-starred enough, Sor Juana celebrated the wisdom of the astronomer who explained the nature of comets to the frightened populace by writing a Gongoristic sonnet to him "who gives more light to the stars." She had a Latin fondness for courtly generalities:

One suffers for the good fortune of a neighbor
Much more than for one's own hardship!

III

It is hard to see how she found time for all this varied production after her fame began to spread. She never refused to hear and advise the stream of visitors who sought her in her convent, nor to read critically the manuscripts with which importunate authors besieged her; and she did not relax her studies.

These activities were to end, nevertheless, before her death, while her enthusiasm still was high. About the time of the publication of her book, Sor Juana became engaged in a theological controversy with a famous Portuguese preacher of the time, Padre Vieyra. They argued courteously but impassionedly. The attention attracted by the controversy, and the public delight in the nun's agility in argument, and the frequently expressed popular opinion that she had met the padre on his own ground and overcome him, drew a remonstrance from the Bishop of Puebla. In a suave but severe letter, after praising her skill and polish in the theological interchange, he suggested with an irony perhaps unconscious that she leave off the study of profane letters and devote herself wholly to religious writings. He did not ask, he added, that Sor Juana give up entirely the study of poetry, for the examples of Santa Teresa and Fray Luis de León, as of several others, had proved poetry not incompatible with piety; but he should be glad to see her imitate those holy personages in meter and manner as well as in matter.

The effect upon Sor Juana was immediate and disastrous. For several months after receiving the Bishop's letter she remained in her cell, overcome with humiliation and distress; then she answered with what was to all effect an *apologia pro vita sua*, tracing her career from childhood, and her spiritual development. This document, the most striking example of her prose, and enough in itself to have secured her fame, closed with the expression of her desire to comply in all things with the Bishop's wishes. Shortly afterward, she sold her library, gathered through so many years, and devoted the proceeds to charity.

Without her books, cut off from poetry, she shut herself up for the few years she was still to live; and, finally, nursing others of her sisterhood through an epidemic, she "sickened of charity," as her biographer puts it, and died in her convent in the City of Mexico on April 17, 1695, in the forty-fifth year of her age; "not only with serene conformity," adds the chronicle, "but with lively indications of eagerness."

She was even then to the popular mind what she seemed to Menéndez y Pelayo when he came to write his history of Spanish American literature two centuries later, a being "supernatural and miraculous." The crowds surged about the chapel and beat upon the doors and windows in their eagerness to look upon her for the last time; and she was celebrated in memorial verses by the poets of two hemispheres.

"What shall they say in my praise?" she had asked in her last poem,

What should they say except that fancy
Has dominion over the mind?

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DAVY CROCKETT

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

Davy Crockett was born on August 17, 1786. His father was of Irish descent; whether American born or not Davy didn't know. His mother was a native of Maryland. They settled first in Pennsylvania. Davy believed they were married but did not know where. He had heard that his father fought in the Revolution and that his grandparents were killed by Indians. Among his earliest recollections was a tavern owned by his father on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, in Tennessee. At the age of twelve he was hired out by his father to a passing drover and travelled four hundred miles with the man, receiving in payment five dollars. This sum was so large that Davy correctly guessed the purpose of it: namely, to induce him to remain. But he walked home, entered school and four days thereafter ran away to escape a beating at the hands of the teacher.

At eighteen he "learned his letters" while employed as a plowhand near the paternal home but "concluded that I couldn't do any longer without a wife and so cut out to hunt me one." After several failures he succeeded, and then discovered that he and she would require a place to live. Farm tenancy soon palled upon him, so he cut out again, this time for the unfenced lands farther West, but in the same State. This home had not been long established when the Creek Indians went on the warpath and Davy enlisted to serve in the army under General Andrew Jackson. He frankly confessed that he was afraid and had no taste for war; nevertheless, he served with distinction and learned to like it.

Shortly after his return his wife died, as pioneer wives usually did, leaving him three small children. Whenever he suffered a misfortune he invariably moved. Later that habit was to send him to Texas, but this time it started him in search of new lands farther West. First, however, he "cut out" to replace the lost wife and returned with the widow of a neighbor who had fallen in the recent Indian war. She brought two children with her. Matrimonially, Davy was an oddity: he could never get along without a wife, but just as soon as he had one duty called him away to fight Indians, or to hunt bears or votes. Of the frontier community to which he moved this time he later wrote: "We met and appointed magistrates and constables to keep order. We didn't fix any laws for them, though, for we supposed they would know law enough." He himself was one of these magistrates and tried many cases; the whip was used freely. Finally, the improvised government was recognized by the State and judges were required to issue written warrants and to keep records; this annoyed Davy, because writing was still very difficult to him. However, his constable could write fluently, and did. At this time Davy had never read so much as one page of a law book, nor even a newspaper.

In 1821 he offered himself as a candidate for the Tennessee Legislature, solely for the sport of running, "which was a bran-fire new business to me." "It now became necessary," he wrote years afterward in his autobiography, "that I should tell the people something about the government and an eternal sight of other things that I knowed nothing about." On his first at-

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tempt to speak in public he "choaked up" but managed to baffle his opponent by leading the crowd away with the remark: "I'm dry as a powder-horn and I think its time for all of us to wet our whistles." A delegation called upon him to present a proposal to change a county line and ask him to state his position. "There's no devil," he wrote, "if I knowed what this meant, and so I kept dark, going on the identical same plan that I now find is called non-committal." He was elected by a large majority. Soon thereafter, "one of Noah's freshes" came down the river and destroyed a mill and distillery he had built, so he moved farther West once more, and out of his district.

Not long after his new home was established he happened to overhear three politicians in a barroom parcelling out candidacies among themselves. Instantly he decided to offer himself for the Legislature again, and again he was elected. As a campaigner he says that all feared him, as indeed they might. Listen to this: " I would have me a large buckskin hunting-shirt made with a couple of pockets holding about a peck each; in one I would carry a great big twist of tobacco and in the other my bottle of liquor; for I knowed when I met a man and offered him a dram he would throw out his quid of tobacco, and after he had taken his horn I would out with my twist and give him another chew. And in this way he would not be worse off than when I found him."

As to what happened when the Legislature met or what he thought of its deliberations Davy left us no record. Campaigns, indeed, interested him vastly more than offices. He entered all of his political combats save one without a platform. In 1824, during his third term in the Tennessee Legislature, various delegations came to ask him to run for Congress. "I told the people I couldn't stand that; it was a step above my knowledge, and I knowed nothing about Congress matters." Nevertheless, they forced him into the race and he was defeated. He gives the following reason: "But Providence was a little against me in this hunt, for it was the year that cotton brought twenty-five dollars a hundred and so Colonel Alexander would get up and tell the people it was all the good effect of this tariff law; that it had raised the price of their cotton, and that it would raise the price of everything else they made to sell. I might as well have sung psalms over a dead horse, for they knowed their cotton had raised sure enough and if the Colonel hadn't done it they didn't know what had."

But he suspected that the tariff had not actually raised the price, so he waited patiently. At the end of Colonel Alexander's term it was down to six dollars a hundred. Immediately Davy decided to "take another hunt," and this time he was elected. His platform seems to have been confined to the single proposition that if Colonel Alexander had raised the price of cotton he must also have lowered it.

II

With what zest he describes his campaigns! On one occasion while his opponent was delivering a speech "on government matters that I knowed nothing about" a flock of guinea-fowls appeared, making their usual clattering uproar. Crockett had no speech to deliver nor did he know how to answer his opponent, so he called out that the very guinea-fowls were saying: "Crockett! Crockett! Crockett!" This so delighted the crowd that they followed after him "to wet their whistles."

On another occasion, with that solicitude for the human whistle which played so important a part in all his campaigns, Davy led the throng to the bar and to his dismay confronted a sign reading "No Credit." As usual, he was without money. Embarrassed, but far from defeated, he hastened away into the nearby forest and shot and skinned a coon. Returning, he threw the hide on the bar, and ordered a quart of whiskey. Coon skins were cash at

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that time, and so the quart was forthcoming. While the crowd drank Davy observed where the coon skin was deposited, and, seeing the bartender busy, recovered it. Half an hour later he again threw it on the bar and ordered another quart. This performance was repeated until finally the crowd got on to the trick, but they said nothing. Ten quarts were obtained with the one skin. The bartender was a Yankee and had often boasted that no one could get ahead of him. Davy relates with gusto that he won the crowd because they thought that anyone who could get ahead of a Yankee "in fair trade" was "the man for them in Congress."

During all this political activity he was also trying to advance his fortunes otherwise, but business had a way of frowning upon the gay adventurer. However, his fame as a bear-hunter spread far and wide. In one year he killed a hundred and five bears; seventeen in one week. Reading his accounts of his hunting trips one might conclude that Bruin stood still for his shot and then promptly dropped dead when he fired, but occasionally some suggestion of danger slips through. Very few of his neighbors hunted bears. Most of the frontier settlers, in truth, were neither good shots nor competent woodsmen. In a country abounding with game they lived miserably and were often short of meat. Bears terrified them, so they ate razor-back hogs.

Davy's first term in Congress, with John Quincy Adams in the White House, merely entertained him, but when Andrew Jackson was inaugurated in 1829 so many things happened in rapid succession that—to his own astonishment—he began to feel a serious interest in public affairs. President Jackson did whatever he pleased and answered his critics by saying: "I will take the responsibility." That sort of procedure was new and startling, and so, when Davy spoke of Jackson as "the Government," millions laughed. Old Andrew was obviously grooming Martin Van Buren to be his successor and that was also something new. Davy called Van Buren "the little flying Dutchman" and again the people roared. Thus Congressman Crockett, within a very short time, became the nation's favorite wool-hat wit. For fourteen years thereafter he was a power in politics, whether elected or defeated; the public recognized him as one of the most interesting personages of that gaudy, noisy, hot-tempered, pistol-toting era. No politician since his day has ever so unmercifully caricatured politics and politicians; he did not even spare himself. At a time when men in public life quaked at the mere mention of Jackson's name, Davy lampooned him with the crude humor of a Tennessee backwoodsman. Nor was that humor always crude. In some unaccountable manner this backwoodsman could understand simple economics, and soon he found himself associated with the soundest minds in Congress.

That was a day when the issue of sound money or paper offered the demagogue his ever-recurring opportunity to bellow for the peepul and paper. But Davy stood for sound money. Grafters were rampant in high places and he called them what they were. Federal funds were being scattered among small, insecure country banks; he denounced the business grotesquely, but devastatingly. Public lands were being disposed of on questionable terms; he spoke against it without mercy and without grammar, but with abundant wit. The conservative East thus liked him, even if he was a professional bear-hunter. Just how he happened to be sound on all these economic questions remains among the mysteries of politics, but the record proves that he was. New England marvelled and applauded. He was all the more a hero because everyone knew that Tennessee worshipped Jackson.

However, in 1830, Davy made the political error of letting his constituents know how strongly he disapproved of the President. He was trapped into this by his own sincerity; the United States government was young then—Jackson was only our seventh President—and Davy innocently

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believed that the nation could not possibly survive his assaults upon the Constitution. He was alarmed. He records that every lawyer and editor in his district fought him in this campaign, but that they accomplished almost nothing because they dared not meet him in public. This boast must have been true, for in the last five days of the campaign his enemies resorted to a trick that shows their state of mind. They arranged more than a score of debates, all in different places, and failed to notify him. Thus, just before the polls opened, they were able to taunt him in his absence with failing to appear. The strategem succeeded and he was not reëlected. While he was out of office they gerrymandered his district, but in 1832 he was nevertheless returned to Congress by a large majority, still opposing Jackson.

III

Davy was proud of his prestige in Congress, but he did not realize that he had become a national figure until April, 1834, when he set out to see the big cities of the East. He went first to Baltimore and innocently relates that the hotel man there seemed glad to see him. He rode seventeen miles in fifty-five minutes on a railway train. The chief wonder of this trip was that when he spat out of the window "it flew back in my face." He arrived in Philadelphia by boat and was amazed to discover flags flying and an enormous crowd waiting at the dock to see him. Philadelphia offered him a continuous round of banquets. In front of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange he estimated his crowd at five thousand.

The theater interested him, but he thought that some of the things said there were not fit for ladies to hear and he wondered why each fiddler played a separate tune. "It was all twee-wee-tadlum-tadlum-tum-tum-tadle-leedle-tadle-leedle-lee." The stiff, formal dancing of the East displeased him because one could not hug the girls. "I do not think from all I saw that the people enjoyed themselves better than we do at a country frolic, where we dance till daylight and pay off the score by giving one in our own turn. It would do you good to see our boys and girls dancing. None of your straddling, mincing, sadying; but a regular sifter, cut-the-buckle, chicken-flutter set-to. When one of our boys puts his arm around his partner it is a good hug and no harm in it." In Philadelphia, Davy was presented with a gold watch charm that "cost thirty dollars" and a rifle that he declared could not be excelled in the world. He and that rifle perished together at San Antonio less than two years later.

New adventures awaited him in New York. He nearly broke up one reception in his honor by dashing wildly to the door on hearing a fire-alarm. His host explained that professional fire-fighters were hired to attend to such business, but he was ill at ease during the remainder of the evening. Conscience told him that he should be helping a neighbor in distress. Theater managers announced in their advertisements that he would occupy a box and then brought pressure upon him to attend, even if only for a few minutes. He was forced, time after time, to go and make a bow.

Finally, he took ship for Boston, and, being told that the following morning would find him out of sight of land, rose before sunrise to verify the fact. On the ship he was constantly the center of pawing crowds; in fact, he relates that it was necessary for him to make his toilet several times daily and he describes this proceeding in detail: "I combed my hair and swallowed a tumbler of brandy." All of New England delighted him, especially the factories employing women. He was stoutly in favor of women having plenty of useful work. At the banquets "champagne foamed up as if you were supping fog out of speaking trumpets." The East, he thought, was amazingly populated with "patriotic citizens bent on eating a dinner for the good of their country." Evidences of gambling displeased him, however, for

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he believed there was only one lawful and gentlemanly bet, "a quart of whiskey on a rifle shot." New England's stone fences made him wonder what sort of cows the people had; his own would have gone over them almost without effort.

The country roared with laughter over his comment upon being shown the venerable *Constitution*, which was then in Boston harbor. "She was lying in dry dock and had been new-timbered in grand style. The likeness of Andrew Jackson was placed on her for a figurehead. I was asked if it was a good likeness. I said that they had fixed him just where he had fixed himself, that was, before the Constitution." By now his sporting attitude toward politics had begun to desert him, and he was desperately alarmed about the future of the country. For instance, at Bunker Hill, "I felt as if I wanted to call them up, and ask them to tell me how to help to protect the liberty they bought for us with their blood." That sentiment sealed his doom as a politician.

Meanwhile, he had a chicken-flutter set-to with art in the effete East. For instance: "I did not like the statute of General Washington in the State House. They have a Roman gown on him, and he was an American; this ain't right." On being invited to visit Harvard, he was in a panic and declined the invitation with scant politeness. He spoke of the university as "a place where they keep ready-made titles or nicknames to give people." If he should come off with an LL.D. he felt certain that Tennessee would translate it "lazy, lounging dunce." In this connection he recalled a deputy quartermaster-general who placed over his door the letters "D.Q.M.G." and was promptly dubbed "Damned Quick Made Gentleman." Harvard probably had no designs upon him, but Davy was being mentioned for the presidency and could not afford to take a chance. In Massachusetts he had his first encounter with a dry hotel and promptly abandoned it for another where he could get "the stuff that runs friends together and makes them forget which is which." In New York he found the politest man in the world. This paragon was Philip Hone, who invited him to have a drink, set out the various bottles, and then turned his back. What a comfort that must have been to a man whose regular dram was half a pint!

IV

Davy returned to Washington a week before the session closed, but in time to vote on nearly all of the important bills on the calendar. He says that it was the custom to put all business off until the last few days in order to get more time for talking. Listening to the speeches, he said, "made the splitting of gum logs in the dog days child's play." After Congress adjourned he accepted every opportunity to speak against Jackson. His return journey to Tennessee was one long triumph. At last he knew something about "Congress matters," but the knowledge made him unhappy in spite of his jokes.

On arriving in Tennessee, he announced his candidacy for reëlection and opened his campaign with all of his usual confidence. But Jackson had scattered the Federal funds far and wide in small country banks, and so there were corn-fed financiers all over Davy's district who felt it necessary to defeat him. He relates that the price of votes went up to twenty-five dollars and adds: "This is a pretty good price for a vote and in ordinary times a round dozen could be got for the money." The judges of election, he learned, had bet all they had on the outcome of the contest—and against him. In spite of all this the opposition began to flee in panic before his lethal wit, but he defeated himself in the end by suddenly becoming earnest. He descended to patriotic gargling and implored his astonished neighbors to stand by the Constitution and save the ship of state. That wasn't their idea of Davy Crockett at all; he was out of his rôle. They admired Andrew Jackson and they loved Davy; therefore, they had intended to vote for both. But it

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now seemed to them that Davy objected to this. They concluded that he had spent too many years in Washington, learned too much about Congress matters, and wasn't funny any more. He gave them a poor show and they gave him a stunning defeat. His two previous failures had made him laugh but this one hurt. As soon as the result was announced he delivered his farewell address. It follows: "I am going to Texas and you can go to hell."

The open road revived his sense of humor and there was one more laugh before his towering figure disappeared. He tarried for a few days in Little Rock, Arkansas, and, as usual, was the guest of honor at a banquet. Of his speech there he later wrote:

> I told them that I would lay down a few rules for their guidance, which, if properly attended to, could not fail to lead them on the highway to distinction and public honor. I told them that I was an old hand at the business and as I was about to retire for a time I would give them a little instruction gratis.
>
> Attend all public meetings,—says I,—and get some friends to move that you take the chair; if you fail in this attempt, make a push to be appointed secretary; the proceedings, of course, will be published, and your name is introduced to the public. But should you fail in both undertakings, get two or three acquaintances, over a a bottle of whisky, to pass some resolutions, no matter on what subject; publish them even if you pay the printer—it will answer the purpose of breaking the ice, which is the main point in these matters. Intrigue until you are elected an officer of the militia; this is the second step towards promotion, and can be accomplished with ease, as I know an instance of an election being advertised, and no one attending, the innkeeper at whose house it was to be held, having a military turn, elected himself colonel of his regiment.
>
> If your ambition or circumstances compel you to serve your country, and earn three dollars a day, by becoming a member of the Legislature, you must first publicly avow that the constitution of the State is a shackle upon free and liberal legislation; and is, therefore, of as little use in the present enlightened age as an old almanac of the year in which the instrument was framed. There is policy in this measure, for by making the constitution a mere dead letter, your headlong proceedings will be attributed to a bold and unshackled mind; whereas it might otherwise be thought they arose from sheer mulish ignorance. "The Government" has set the example in his attack upon the Constitution of the United States, and who should fear to follow where "the Government" leads? When the day of election approaches, visit your constituents far and wide. Treat liberally, and drink freely, in order to rise in their estimation, though you fall in your own. True, you may be called a drunken dog by some of the clean shirt and silk stocking gentry, but the real rough-necks will style you a jovial fellow, their votes are certain, and frequently count double. Do all you can to appear to advantage in the eyes of the women. That's easily done—you have but to kiss and slabber their children, wipe their noses, and pat them on the head; this cannot fail to please their mothers, and you may rely on your business being done in that quarter.
>
> Promise all that is asked, and more if you can think of anything. Offer to build a bridge or a church, to divide a county, create a batch of new offices, make a turnpike, or anything they like. Promises cost nothing; therefore, deny nobody who has a vote or sufficient influence to obtain one. Get up on all occasions, and sometimes on no occasion at all, and make long-winded speeches, though composed of nothing else than wind—talk of your devotion to your country, your modesty and disinterestedness, or on any such fanciful subject. Rail against taxes of all kinds, office-holders, and bad harvest weather; and wind up with a flourish about the heroes who fought and bled for our liberties in the times that tried men's souls. To be sure you run the risk of being considered a bladder of wind, or an empty barrel, but never mind that, you will find enough of the same fraternity to keep you in countenance. If any charity is going forward, be at the top of it, provided it is to be advertised publicly; if not, it isn't worth your while. None but a fool would place his candle under a bushel on such an occasion.
>
> These few directions,—said I,—if properly attended to, will do your business; and when once elected, why, a fig for the dirty children, the promises, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the offices, and the subscriptions, for it is absolutely necessary to forget all these before you can become a thoroughgoing politician, and a patriot of the first water.

This is old stuff today, but it was not yet shopworn in 1835.

The reader will observe that Davy apparently wrote "I says" in some places and "I said" in others. Friends, anxious about his political future, edited his autobiography, in spots, until he stopped them. Davy was not ashamed of his lack of education and said so in his preface: "I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honorable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar?—I hadn't time to learn it and make no pretensions to it." Nevertheless, his friends did enough to the book to rob it of all possible greatness. In their opinion Davy had already won a permanent place in American history. He still stands, in-

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deed, among the few Congressmen of any period with an instinctive sense of national unity; he chortled over good roads and canals in Pennsylvania or harbors and industry in New York and Massachusetts with the same enthusiasm that he felt for a sensible Indian bill. This quality is still rare enough, but in that day of superheated parochial devotions it was nothing less than sensational. Something of the prophetic vision of Washington and Franklin had been re-born in this waif of the primeval forest. Sensing this, his friends believed it was their patriotic duty to present him, in his book, as an inspiration to youth. It is my surmise that they mutilated one of the best autobiographies ever written.

V

But we left him in Arkansas. Just before leaving Little Rock he had met an itinerant preacher selling a pamphlet entitled "God's Revenge Upon Drunkenness." Davy disliked the man, but later on, encountering him on the road, his horse and buggy stuck in a creek, and the old man fiddling quite merrily while waiting for help, he went to his assistance and they got drunk together, and the preacher delivered such an eloquent sermon that Davy wept because of the nearness of God and the realization of His glory. With a new-born conviction of the beautiful immortality awaiting him he rode on to Texas, enlisting a shell-game river-boat gambler on the way. Together the two cut their way into the Alamo through the encircling Mexican lines. On March 6, 1836, when the little fort succumbed, Davy was behind a breastworks constructed of the bodies of the dead—in one hand a dripping butcher knife and in the other the wreck of his Philadelphia rifle. Having arrived just in time for the siege, he knew nothing about Mexicans or the province of Texas or the war then in progress, so he made the ridiculous error of surrendering. General Santa Anna was conducting a war of extermination, not of subjugation, so he nodded to his officers when Davy was brought before him and five swords were buried in the Tennesseean's breast.

If telegraph wires or war correspondents had been available that morning few American editors would have asked for more than one hundred words on the Battle of the Alamo, but they would have taken all they could have got on the death of ex-Congressman Crockett of Tennessee.

Today, Davy is a Texas hero. He lives also as the small boy's favorite bear-hunter. However, no man appreciated a joke more than he.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

FIRMIN GÉMIER, of the Théâtre National de l'Odéon of France, invited to display the splendors of his art to the natives by the United States government! The event held a hotsie-totsie promise. A proclamation of welcome was issued and signed by such rabid apostles of æsthetics as John Aspegren, James M. Beck, Paul D. Cravath, James K. Hackett, David Belasco, John W. Davis, Victor J. Dowling and George W. Wickersham. Following the proclamation, a banquet was spread by Otto Kahn at which the guest of honor, seated between the dramatic critics for *Women's Wear* and the *Delicatessen Dealers' Digest*, was greeted with a dozen affectionate and eulogistic speeches, including eleven long ones by Mr. Kahn himself. There was a visit to Washington during which the French artist shook hands four times with President Coolidge, was kissed on both cheeks by the Secretary of the Navy, was given an autographed photograph by Louis Brandeis, laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, and was taken to the top of the Washington Monument and allowed to drop an apple over the edge to see how long it would take to fall to the ground. Returning then to New York, the M. Gémier laid wreaths on Grant's Tomb, on General Sherman's statue at the entrance to Central Park, on the statue of William Cullen Bryant in Bryant Park, on the statue of Admiral Farragut in Madison Square, and on Saks and Company's new store in Fifth Avenue. Luncheons, teas, receptions and dinners were tendered in the official visitor's honor by the president of the Board of Aldermen and by Lee Shubert, Frank A. Munsey, Jackie Coogan, Larry Fay of the El Fey Club, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Columbia University football team, Samuel Shipman, the Keene Twins, Samuel Rothapfel, Texas Guinan, the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Ted Lewis' Jazz Band. The M. Gémier was, further, given a key to the city, a season pass to Minskys' Winter Garden, a trip around the city in the police boat, a front table in the Lido restaurant, free sittings at White's, Campbell's, Muray's and other photographic studios, six cases of Silver King mineral water, a view of Brooklyn from the Woolworth tower, a trip to the synthetic champagne factories over on Staten Island, and was taken to the Saturday services in St. Bartholomew's Church. The town buzzed with the glories of the eminent French artist for two excited weeks, and then the curtain went up in the Jolson Theatre. The play that Firmin Gémier, chief exponent of modern French theatrical and dramatic culture, revealed to his admirers was "L'Homme Qui Assassina," a melodramatic potboiler by the potboiling Pierre Frondaie out of a potboiler novel by Claude Farrère. And the play that Firmin Gémier, chief exponent of modern French theatrical and dramatic culture, next revealed was "Le Procureur Hallers," an even more melodramatic potboiler by the potboiling MM. de Gorsse and Forest out of a doohinky by Max Lindau.

But, after all, Shakespeare and Molière were announced to come later, so the M. Gémier's admirers might, they meditated, preserve their enthusiasm by giving over their attention from the plays themselves to the M. Gémier's acting in the plays and his staging and direction of them. Yet the M. Gémier's acting, they found, showed the effects of too many banquets and Otto Kahn speeches. Or something. For the performances that the distinguished visitor

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gave in these two plays—and, to the astonishment of all the admirers, in the Lenormand play that succeeded them, as well—were seen to be no better than the average performance that one encounters in the average Broadway production. But still, thought the admirers, there was hope. For Gémier is considered to be the greatest of modern French producers. And in his productions of the plays, whatever the plays themselves and the acting might be, one would detect his true genius. Yet something appeared to be wrong in this department, too. The décor, the costumes, the direction of the stage were, the admirers reluctantly had to confess to themselves, not nearly so good as the better-grade Cleveland or Rochester stock company's. Borders of foliage that screened off the top of the proscenium as in the 1890's, houses painted on the backdrop with cut-out windows wherein cerise lights glowed, tapestries painted on the interiors and with no regard for the panel lines, polo players dressed like moving picture directors, military and naval attachés who wore what were presumably full dress uniforms not only at evening affairs but in the morning to boot, a single pair of red curtains that economically represented varied scenes in the Alps, in Paris, in Algeria and elsewhere, a single pair of brown curtains ditto, a small table lamp that cast a light as of Luna Park at the height of the season —it was rather difficult, the admirers found, to reconcile such things with the foremost producer in present-day France.

The days passed. And presently came the productions of "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," each duly prefaced by the M. Gémier's further laying of wreaths on the statue of Chester A. Arthur in Madison Square, on the bust of Cervantes in Central Park, on the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square, on the Obelisk in the Park, on the Straus Memorial at Broadway and 106th street, on the statue of S. S. Cox in Astor Place, on the New York and Long Branch Railroad station at the foot of Desbrosses street, on the Y. M. C. A. building in West Fifty-seventh street, on the Heinrich Heine fountain at Mott Avenue and 161st street, on the Sloan Maternity Hospital, on the Colored Working Girls' Home in West 131st street, on the St. Joseph's Institute for Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, on the Gansevoort market, and on Lüchow's restaurant. There were also more luncheons, teas, receptions and dinners at which the guest was welcomed anew and proclaimed the greatest theatrical genius of France by Ed Wynn, J. Warren Kerrigan, Augustus Thomas, Vincent Lopez, Montrose J. Moses, S. Stanwood Menken, French, Shriner and Urner, Bernarr McFadden, and twenty or thirty other devotés of international art. And there were also, as a fitting climax, a few additional two or three hour speeches by Mr. Kahn. And then again the curtain went up. The admirers, having put on fresh boiled shirts, sat on the edges of their seats ready to discharge their bravos. The air was pregnant with a thousand anticipations. But once more something seemed to go wrong. While slightly, very slightly, better than his antecedent exhibits, the Shakespearian plays appeared to be, at best, *tours de force* in freakishness, stunts rather than well-composed dramatic productions, beanfeasts of vainglorious producing idiosyncrasies rather than coldly reasoned out and warmly projected dramatic works. And the Molière play showed little more to inspire the intelligently critical among the guest's hosts.

What, then, seems to be the truth about Firmin Gémier? The truth, distilled from a contemplation of his labors both here and abroad, seems to be that he is exactly what he is commonly regarded to be: the best producing director of the present-day French theatre. But in that truth lies a second truth and this second truth is that the present-day French theatre is a distinctly third-rate theatre, not to be compared, even remotely, with the German theatre, or the Austrian theatre, or our

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own theatre. Gémier is, therefore, merely a big frog in a little puddle. In that little puddle his producing talents take on a bulk that in any of the other theatres I have named would not be even faintly discernible. But in his puddle, a puddle wherein the only other producer with even half-way modern ideas is Pitoëff, he seems comparatively something of a genius. To say that Gémier is the foremost of modern French actors, however, as he has been locally press-agented, is to make a whopping detour from the fact. He is, to put it bluntly, nothing of the kind and, what is more, no judicious Frenchman regards him as anything of the kind. He is a fairly talented actor, and one with a certain amount of imagination and a pleasing presence, but he is far, very far, from the first, or even the second, level.

II

The indignation aroused by the late social activities of the MM. Leopold and Loeb was as nothing compared with that excited by the recent appearance of Marilyn Miller in Maude Adams' old rôle in "Peter Pan." The reviews of Miss Miller sounded as if they had been written by the Creel Press Bureau at the height of the war, with an obbligato by the Vigilantes, the National Security League and the Ku Klux. Miss Miller was reviewed not so much as an actress as some particularly loathsome de Medici who had murdered her parents, set fire to a couple of churches, robbed an orphans' home, and bitten the family dog. As an erstwhile song and dance girl she was charged with rank effrontery for presuming to play such a rôle by all the reviewers who rhapsodize, and properly, over the erstwhile song and dance girl, Ina Claire, as the best of our young dramatic comédiennes and who apparently have never heard of such other erstwhile song and dance girls as Rose Coghlan, Ellis Jeffreys, Laura Hope Crews, Julia Marlowe, Elsie Ferguson, Edith Wynn Matthison, Alison Skipworth, Pauline Frederick, Madge Kendal, Sadie Martinot, Percy Haswell, Grace Filkins, Alla Nazimova, Annie Russell, Marie Tempest, Cissie Loftus, Margaret Illington and Marie Wainwright, to say nothing of the charming Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who first kicked up her pretty legs as a Peter Pan fairy in the extravaganza known as "Turco the Terrible." (The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for much of the information in the foregoing essay to his grandfather.)

But this was only the minor portion of the reviewers' fermentation, a schnitz'l so to speak. The rôle of Peter Pan, they expounded, demanded a "magic," and if that "magic" was not forthcoming in the person of its interpreter everything was destined to go blooie. (The word "magic" is a convenience employed by reviewers to transfer to their readers the burden of whatever baffles their own powers of critical penetration and explanation.) Miss Miller, being an erstwhile song and dance girl, did not possess this thaumaturgy and hence caused "Peter Pan" to collapse, it was observed by all the gentlemen who are apparently unaware that such other quondam song and dance girls as Pauline Chase, Faith Celli and Gladys Cooper, none of whom has any considerable necromancy, have made a regular popular and critical success of the play in Barrie's home. Again, it appeared that Miss Miller's speaking voice was hardly the voice of a young boy, this point of view being most staunchly promulgated by those reviewers who were most enthusiastic over the voice of Mrs. Fiske as a seventeen-year-old girl in the first part of Edward Sheldon's "The High Road." Still again, the dancing of Peter as negotiated by Miss Miller was asserted to be too proficient; a more informal and careless species of the art of Terpsichore, it was announced, was imperative. In other words, what is imperative to the rôle of a mythical boy played by a girl in the kind of fantasy wherein children, among other things, capture and put to death a shipload of pirates and ride

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through the air on broomsticks, is realism.

I have read much ungenerous theatrical criticism in the last twenty-five years—I have written some myself—but I have seldom read more ungenerous than that unloaded upon the little Miller girl. That she failed to realize the rôle of Peter Pan as Maude Adams realized it is perfectly true, but the reasons assigned for the failure have been set forth in absurd falsefaces. No actress in the world, Maude Adams included, could have triumphed over the coal-barge production of the Barrie play which Basil Dean pitched against Miss Miller. The Maude Adams voice with all its peculiarly persuasive quaver combined with the youth and beauty and straight boyish legs of Marilyn Miller could not survive such a thousand-ton Drury Lane nightmare as Dean dumped upon this fragile and charming forget-me-not of a play. It was not so much Maude Adams, the actress, that made "Peter Pan" the delight it originally was to us, as Maude Adams, the director. Miss Miller, with all her deficiencies—and she has very many and very clearly obvious deficiencies as a legitimate actress—may be a better Peter Pan than appears from her performance at the Knickerbocker Theatre. But that is a secret that will not be revealed until someone permits her to play in Barrie's play of the same name. What has been staged by Mr. Dean in the Knickerbocker Theatre is hardly that play.

III

A finely imagined and dignified piece of dramatic writing, Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" moves along engrossingly for about half its distance and then gradually loses its quality of theatrical interest. I have read the play and seen it acted. It reads extremely well and holds the attention unwaveringly from start to finish. But it does not play so well. Behind the footlights, after a vigorous hour or so, it slowly peters out. I have tried to figure out the reason for this, but my deductions do not entirely satisfy me. It may be that in this drama O'Neill has seen human emotions too greatly in the altogether and has been too uncompromising in the surgery he has performed upon them. It may be that these eminently admirable and praiseworthy qualities of his have been the very things that have removed the necessary theatrical effect from his play. For the stage, after all, as I have observed in the past, is not the place for consistent and resolute analysis, but rather the place for a deceptive simulacrum of consistent and resolute analysis. What the theatre calls for, in other words, is not forthright perception and intelligence so much as only those elements in forthright perception and intelligence as lend themselves to a show. The finest drama must be at bottom a show; unless it be first and foremost a show its place is less in the theatre than in the library. "Desire Under the Elms" is half theatre and half library.

The theme of the play may perhaps most quickly be described as a dramatization of the possessive "mine." The bitter struggle to possess—material and spiritual: gold and land and love and faith and the body—constitutes the play's essence. This theme O'Neill has related in terms of a single household in the bleak New England of 1850; and his narration embraces lust, murder, seduction, theft, hate, blasphemy, illegitimacy and almost all the other sins and crimes on the index. The dramatic intensification method of Strindberg, of which O'Neill is so ardent a disciple, is here again brought into play: emotions and actions are from moment to moment crowded together and piled atop one another into a series of constant explosions. It is a method full of danger to the playwright, as there is always the difficulty in keeping this side of the hair-line that separates and distinguishes intensification from mere bald over-emphasis and exaggeration. O'Neill is not always successful in differentiating between the two, and the result, when he becomes confused, runs his drama perilously near the rocks of anamorphosis. One feels this, as I have observed,

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much more in the acted play than in the printed play. And one feels it doubly when the play is acted as it is currently being acted in the Greenwich Village Theatre.

IV

In "Too Many Cooks" and "The First Year" Frank Craven revealed himself as an actor turned playwright. In "New Brooms" he reveals himself as a playwright turned actor again. The play lacks all the qualities that made the others the amusingly observant pieces of dramatic writing which they were; it is machine-made stuff of the showshop, artificial as an actor's boutonnière and unalive as a cobblestone. Where, in the other pieces named, Craven was an actor only in the construction of the plays but, beyond that, a man who looked on the world about him with a humorously realistic eye, in this latest play he is the actor all the way through. The world he has looked on on this occasion is one peopled entirely by Winchell Smiths, sweet ingénues and wise-cracks, and the play that his survey has produced is of the kind in which truth is constantly sacrificed to immediate theatrical effect.

"New Brooms" seems doubly bad and cheap when one reflects upon its author's previous work. In both "Too Many Cooks" and "The First Year" there was a feel of homely Americana, a folk touch such as Kin Hubbard evokes, a photograph, as it were, upon the plate of a slightly ironical but sympathetic heart. In "New Brooms" there is nothing but ordinary vaudeville, as far removed from actual life as Craven's antecedent plays were close to it. The strain for curtain lines and situations is illuminatingly indicative of the manner of what goes before. Surely one has a right to expect something better from the author of "The First Year" than a curtain which descends upon the heroine standing wistfully on an empty stage and gulping a sentimental allusion to her old home and another which descends upon a man's announcing in all seriousness that he is going to Palm Beach and that he plans to remain there until the end of the first week in June!

Robert McWade and Robert Keith are moderately good in the two leading male rôles. The rest of the company was doubtless selected with an eye to reducing costs.

V

One of my most trustworthy and proficient secret agents informs me that Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand" was not quite the same play originally as the one at the Morosco Theatre which is so stimulatingly comic. This spy reports to me that the manuscript initially contained considerable fancy writing of the "yon moon" and "thine eyes are like twin limpid woodland pools" variety and that during the preliminary try-out of the play some experienced showhouse professor, giving ear to the verbal beauties from the vantage point of the rear aisle, said 'raus-mit-'em. "What you got here is a damgood Al Woods farce," observed the professor. "Cut out all the 'yon moons' and the rest of that stuff and play up the riskay stuff straight. If you think you can get away with the poetry, you're bughouse." So persuasive was the suave professor that his advice was followed. And the result is a theatre piece very nearly as funny in its naughty way as "The Werewolf."

I trust that I do not do Mr. Mayer an injustice in publishing my secret agent's report, for there is still enough credit remaining to him. By the trick of writing a modern French boulevard farce-comedy and calling the characters Benvenuto Cellini, the Duke of Florence and the like, he has produced a divertissement with a doubly comic edge. The idea, of course, is anything but new, but, new or not, it is a good one, for what might not be funny in the instance of a character named Raoul Duval becomes peculiarly humorous when that character, without changing the lines or situations in the slightest, is named Cellini. The device is exactly akin to the

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old burlesque dodge which consisted in loudly heralding the entrance of George Washington, sounding the trumpets, and then having the German comedian come on. The Cellini of Mr. Mayer's play is no more Cellini than he is Amerigo Vespucci, but it doesn't matter in the least. It is the grotesque idea that he is the estimable Benvenuto that produces the laughs. Mr. Mayer's stratagem recalls to me a favorite diversion of my college days. In that innocent and idiotic period I used to derive great pleasure from fashioning burlesque shows by the simple device of taking a script like "The Lady of Lyons," say, and, keeping it intact, merely changing the names of the characters from Claude Melnotte, Colonel Damas and Pauline Deschappelles to Grover Cleveland, Doctor Munyon and Lillian Russell, or one like "East Lynne" and changing Sir Francis Levison, Archibald Carlyle and Lady Isabel to Stonewall Jackson, Adlai E. Stevenson and Josie Mansfield.

Frank Morgan, as Herman Krausmeyer alias Alessandro the Duke of Florence, gives a performance rich in the fragrances of the seltzer-siphon. Joseph Schildkraut, as Bozo Snyder alias Cellini, is not a happy choice for the rôle. Mr. Schildkraut's gifts do not include oblique comedy.

VI

Shorter Mention.—"They Knew What They Wanted," by Sidney Howard, is a pleasantly sophisticated little tragi-comedy, ably produced and adroitly acted, that has been greeted as another great American masterpiece. A praiseworthy attempt, it yet hardly deserves all the buglings it has called forth. Every now and then a playwright comes along, handles a stereotyped theatrical situation without sentimental gloves and, by the surprise and shock of the sortie, takes the critics off their feet and dizzies them into an overvaluation of the play itself. Stanley Houghton with his "Hindle Wakes" was an example. Mr. Howard with his latest play is another. Mr. Howard deserves commendation, but he is far from deserving thunders of applause. "Dawn," by Tom Barry, is a second play that handles a rubber-stamp sentimental theatrical situation unsentimentally, but it is so badly planned and written that the firecracker fails to pop. Barry showed much promise when he wrote "The Upstart" and "Anne of Harlem"—and promise, too, in such of his vaudeville playlets as "Nick Carter"—but he has gone off disastrously in his recent work. "Parasites," by Cosmo Hamilton, is trash. Mr. Hamilton's plays are always much the same. The first act is generally given over to a scherzo of butlers, whiskeys and soda and kid-gloved *facetiæ;* the second to a fugue in which the hero invades the heroine's boudoir and indignantly demands that she surrender her person to him in return for some humiliation she has conferred upon him in the previous act; and the third to a psalm in which the hero comes to the conclusion that the heroine has a heart of gold, after all, and duly marries her. "The Magnolia Lady" is a musical comedy fashioned from the play known as "Come Out of the Kitchen," which offers the dramatic actress, Miss Ruth Chatterton, in the rôle of a song and dance girl. It is now Miss Marilyn Miller's turn to laugh. "Close Harmony," by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice, deals with a thrice-familiar theme in a skilful, bitterly tender and amusing manner. Theatrically, however, the play is somewhat monotonous.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Crime and Punishment

THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING, by George S. Dougherty. New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES, by F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

CRIME: ITS CAUSE AND TREATMENT, by Clarence Darrow. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

THREE extremely interesting books. Though they are all on the one subject, they differ greatly in approach and treatment. Mr. Dougherty, formerly a Pinkerton detective and later a police official in New York, describes crime as it is practically encountered by the men of his profession, showing its common varieties and discussing the means employed to hold it within bounds. Miss Jesse studies the motives behind murder, and argues that there are but six: the desire for gain, revenge, the desire to eliminate an inconvenient person, jealousy, political conviction, and the mere lust to kill. Every murder, she says, falls under one or another of these heads. The motives she lists, of course, are common; all of us share them more or less. What restrains us from killing is partly fear of punishment, partly moral scruple, and partly what may be described as a sense of humor. The actual murderer almost always lack the last. His vanity works his undoing. He glories in what he regards as his courage. He looks upon the rest of us as poor simpletons. Maybe we are, but it is more comfortable to be so, and much safer.

Mr. Darrow's book is a short but very searching study of the criminal, and into it there has gone the life-long experience of a thoughtful and able lawyer. That experience brings him to the conclusion which caused such Christian indignation when he stated it during the Leopold-Loeb trial: that the acts of man are determined, not by free will, but by fate, and that it is absurd to try to separate them rigidly into those that are right and those that are wrong. A criminal, he says, is simply a man whose behavior in a given situation appears to be different from that of the rest of us. That behavior is the product of forces both within him and without him, and neither within nor without are they wholly under his control. We should not have at such a man blindly and subject him to cruel and irrelevant penalties; we should try to ascertain what influences urged him to his crime, and make an effort, if it is possible, to change them. In other words, every criminal is a psychopathic case. He may not be insane, in the ordinary sense, but something inside him or bearing upon him has made him act in a way that, to the rest of us, is irrational. If his trouble is internal, medicine may find a way to cure it. If it is external, sociology, on some distant tomorrow, may find a way.

This doctrine, in its essence, was set forth in THE AMERICAN MERCURY last month by Dr. Harry E. Barnes. Mr. Darrow elaborates it, and defends it with a simple eloquence that is very effective. The trouble with it is that it is based upon the assumption that society is itself rational—that it can bring itself, by a purely intellectual effort, to view the criminal scientifically. This, I believe, is a great error. If the criminal's act is irrational, then society's instinctive reaction to it is equally irrational. The fact blew up the work of the old-time criminologists. They accepted the current scheme of punishments, but tried to purge it of revenge. They found very quickly that revenge was an essential part of it—that no criminal

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would ever be brought to justice if there were not somebody in the background, full of strong feeling against him. When the crime that is proceeded against is one that seems to offer a menace to the general security—that is, when every citizen feels that he is himself in danger unless something is done about it—then that feeling is generally dispersed, and we have a spectacle such as was witnessed during the Leopold-Loeb trial, with a District Attorney applying all the arts of forensics to the undoing of the accused, the press full of inflammatory stuff about them, and even the ambassadors of Christ snorting and bawling from the pulpit against them. It is idle to say that such a process is rational. It is as full of pure emotion as a necking match. Its aim is to discharge emotions, to achieve a communal orgasm, not to establish and enforce a scientific fact.

There is even more to it than this. Criminal trials, if they are gory and obscene enough, make capital shows—perhaps the best shows that the average human being can imagine. They offer hunting in the grand manner; the quarry is man. They thus take on something of the character of war, and are just as powerful in their emotional appeal. To convert them into scientific investigations, entirely calm and impersonal, would be as grave an offense against the public happiness as to enforce Prohibition. Thus, even when *mobile vulgus* is not enraged against the criminal, and hence eager to see him barbarously used, it is delighted by the battle that goes on over him. Such battles make heroes. The District Attorney, if he wins, is sure to be elected to higher office; some of our most eminent statesmen got their starts that way: the names of Hughes, Folk and Brandeis come to mind at once. And if the District Attorney loses, then the counsel for the defense is the hero. The fact explains the fickleness of the public's moral indignation, so distressing to Christians whose hates never flag. It bawls for blood while the trial is going on, but as soon as the accused is convicted, condemned and in the death-house it begins demanding the he have mercy. The fight is over. Its emotions have oozed out. It is now sentimental, which is its normal state between rages. Thus it happens, at least in the United States, that the surest way to escape the noose is to be sentenced to wear it. A man in the death-house is actually in less danger of death than a man crossing Fifth avenue. Here feeling eats feeling. In neither case does the public think. How could it? With what? As well ask a mud turtle to think.

A Wholesaler in Journalism

FORTY YEARS IN NEWSPAPERDOM, by Milton A. McRae. New York: *Brentano's.*

THIS McRae, now retired, was for years the field manager and general handy man of the Scripps-McRae league of newspapers, founded by his partner, Edward W. Scripps. Scripps still survives at seventy, a hearty old buck, still smoking forty cigars a day and still full of enterprise and even pugnacity. He is probably the most successful newspaper owner America has ever known, and yet he is seldom heard of. Hearst and Munsey get a hundred times as much notice; even old Cyrus H. K. Curtis and young Ned McLean are far better known. Yet Scripps has probably made more money out of daily newspapers than all of them lumped together, and his papers are in a sounder position than theirs today. Perhaps his obscurity is due to the fact that most of his sheets are published in small towns, and that those that are not still bear a small-town air. The best of them is the Cleveland *Press*, an immensely valuable property and so influential that it carried Cleveland for La Follette at the last election. Yet when newspaper men think of Cleveland they usually think of the *Plain Dealer*, a paper of much less importance. The *Plain Dealer*, indeed, is a poor stick, even as newspapers go in the provinces, but it at least maintains a sort of metropolitan air, and aims to lead the

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Best Thought of its town. The Scripps papers are all aimed frankly at the common people.

Scripps himself has never written a book, and it is extremely doubtful that he ever will. He is not the kind of man who delights in self-exposure; he is far too intelligent (and maybe I should add too cynical) to posture as a great leader of thought. McRae is a much more naïve fellow. His autobiography, in fact, is a dreadful give-away of him, and of the civilization which enabled him to amass millions moulding public opinion. His own opinion, it appears, is substantially that of any respectable owner of a door-knob factory, a prosperous lime and cement business, or a chain of one-arm lunch-rooms. He is, as he depicts himself, Babbitt to the life. It is his delight in his retirement—he was rich at forty-nine—to tour the country addressing "Y. M. C. A.'s, colleges, Chambers of Commerce, realty boards, Boy Scouts' meetings, and other organizations." The perfect Rotarian. The ideal of Kiwanis. He has served as director-general of many drives. The Boy Scouts owe much to him. He believes that the Y. M. C. A. is a great moral force. His book is adorned with letters from Presidents of the United States, some of them in proud facsimile, certifying that he is "a gentleman of wide experience in public affairs, and of the highest business and social standing," and calling upon all diplomatic and consular officers of the United States to be polite to him. Curiously enough, the letter of the martyred McKinley, dated August 3, 1896, and that of the illustrious Roosevelt, dated April 20, 1907, are in almost precisely the same words. Can it be that a form is kept for such documents? Or did McRae dictate the text himself?

The Scripps papers do not run to literary finish, and so it is not surprising to find one of their owners writing very badly. What *is* surprising is to find such a man as he depicts owning papers that are so advanced, and even radical, in their politics. How does he square his eloquence before Chambers of Commerce and realty boards with their support of the Bolshevik monster, La Follette? Perhaps the answer is to be found in the fact that he is no longer engaged actively in their management. But a good deal of his money, I take it, is still in them, and so I fancy that they must sometimes give him disquiet. Certainly not, however, as properties, for there are no more profitable papers in the United States. What is more, the profits are not all hogged by the owners. In every Scripps-McRae (or, as they are now called, Scripps-Howard) paper, the chief men in both editorial and business offices have shares, and in some cases those shares are very valuable. Who invented this system, whether Scripps or McRae, I don't know, but it has certainly worked very well. The slaves work like Trojans in order to deliver themselves from slavery, and many of them succeed. All over this great free land there are ex-reporters and former advertisement solicitors rolling around in Packards and smoking thirty-cent cigars. They are the alumni of Scripps-McRae papers. The Munsey papers, I believe, turn out very few such graduates.

A Butterfly of Yesterday

CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

THERE was never a more lively fellow on this earth than Clyde Fitch while he lived, and there is no deader man in Gehenna, now that he is dead. He died so recently as 1909, and yet he already seems like a figure out of some remote past. A few of his sixty-two plays, perhaps, still survive among the bucolic stock companies, but Broadway has forgotten him. Yet he was its pet dramatist for almost a decade, and not only its pet dramatist but also one of its most glittering figures. His gaudy house in Fortieth street and his various country houses were described by the newspapers almost as copiously as the farm of Pa Coolidge is described today. Every morning brought the announcement that he had

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begun work on another play, that he had discovered another star, that he was just off to Europe or just back. Money poured in upon him, and he spent it in the manner of the actors, his friends. That is to say, he arrayed himself with striking elegance, surrounded himself with regal objects of art, and was ministered to by hordes of lackeys. The man, indeed, was always far more the actor himself than the literary gent. He wrote his plays in and for the theatre; they were full of fat parts; they staggered Broadway for a season, and then they vanished. Today, I believe, they are all dead, including even "The City," which made Broadway gasp. "The City" was not produced until after Fitch's death. Mr. Moses and Miss Gerson grow lyrical over its success, but the truth is that it succeeded only for one terrific night. After that it shocked no more, and soon it was shelved. It is Broadway legend that its shocks were not actually inserted by Fitch himself, but by a post-mortem collaborator. That collaborator is said to have been the late Theodore Kremer, author of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

Fitch had a sort of talent, but it was extremely slender. The minutiæ of current manners interested him, and he reproduced them in his plays with great fidelity. No one could do a fashionable funeral better than he, or a dinner party, or a conversation between mistress and maid. What ailed him was that he had no mind—that he never thought about the things he depicted so cunningly. He came into the theatre at a time when ideas were beginning to invade it, but he brought in none of his own, and he seems to have been unmoved by those of other and better men. As a result, even the most amusing of his plays were as hollow as jugs. They got out of date as soon as the fashion in mourning changed, or in shaking hands, or in idle vice. Had he lived long enough he would have written a parlor melodrama about mah jong. He was interested in waistcoats, rugs, lip-sticks, Biarritz, the rise and fall of the crinoline and the bustle, but there is not the slightest sign in any of his plays that he had any interest in the eternal struggle between man and his fate. The letters printed by Mr. Moses and Miss Gerson are instructive and at the same time devastating. They depict a grown man with the interests and manners of a somewhat intelligent girl of seventeen.

Stevenson Again

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by John A. Steuart. Two volumes. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

Two months ago, in reviewing Miss Rosaline Masson's book on Stevenson, I bemoaned the lack of a critical biography of him, separating the facts about his life and work from the romantic gurgling of his admirers. Mr. Steuart's two large volumes make a gallant attempt in that direction. They depict the young Stevenson of the Edinburgh days very realistically: a grotesque young mountebank about town, dressed like a guy, boozing in the lowest pubs, and carrying on a long series of depressing love affairs with ladies of the town. One of them, a street-walker, he even proposed to marry. Whence came such aberrations in the son of a respectable Presbyterian? Mr. Steuart, with Scotch smugness and lack of humor, blames them all on a touch of French blood: on the Stevenson family tree, distaff side, there hung the glands of a certain Lizars, or Lisouris, who settled in Edinburgh about the year 1600. Perhaps the theory has something in it: for a pure Scot to become an artist, even a bad one, is surely rather unusual. But the long hair, the beer-bibbing and the wenching are sufficiently accounted for, it seems to me, in a simpler way. Louis came to adolescence in an era of rising doubt, with the name of Darwin on every Christian's lips and Huxley in full eruption. He was, furthermore, an only son, and greatly spoiled by a doting mamma. What more natural than for him to rebel violently against the paternal Calvinism, and what more natural than for

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C. Hartley Grattan *is in charge of the department of English at Urbana Junior College, Urbana, Ohio. His article on Lowell appeared in an earlier number of* The American Mercury.

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Thomas J. Le Blanc *is a former fellow of the Rockefeller Institute and has been engaged of late in public health researches. The school he describes in "School Days in the Snow" was in Chippewa county, Michigan, on the Canadian border.*

Gretchen Lee *is a native Nebraskan and a graduate of the University of Nebraska. At one time she was a member of its faculty. Later she was in newspaper work in Chicago. She now lives in Buffalo.*

Muna Lee *has published a book of verse entitled "Sea-Change." She contributes frequently to the magazines.*

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The John Pentifer *article is autobiographic. The author is a very successful contributor of popular Western fiction to the cheap news-stand magazines.*

R. le Clerc Phillips *is of English nationality and was educated in France. During the war she served in the French Ministry of Information. She came to this country in 1920 and has been been mainly engaged in writing and research work. She has served as an assistant editor on the staff of the Encyclopædia Britannica and is a regular contributor to the New York* Times Magazine.

Winifred Sanford *lives in Wichita Falls, Texas. "The Wreck" is her first published story.*

James A. Tobey *is administrative secretary of the National Health Council, a confederation of the fourteen leading national health organizations. A graduate in public health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has for the last ten years or so had experience as a city and State health official.*

Paul Wilstach *is the author of the standard work on Washington's life at Mt. Vernon, of a biography of Richard Mansfield, and of a number of successful plays. His essay in this issue will form a chapter in a book on Jefferson's life at Monticello, to be published shortly.*

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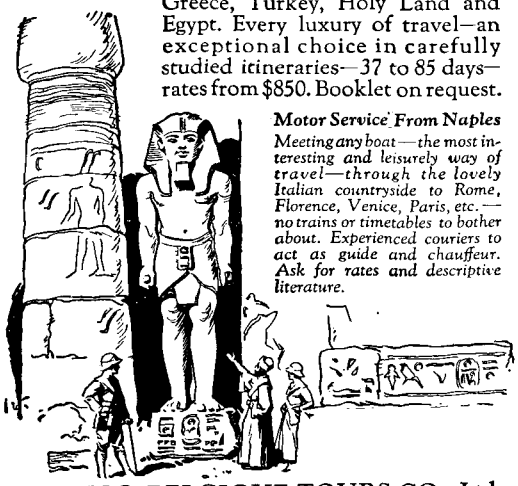

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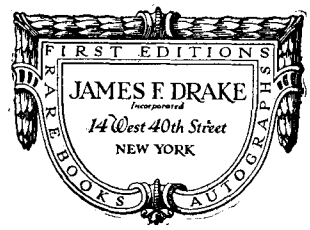

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